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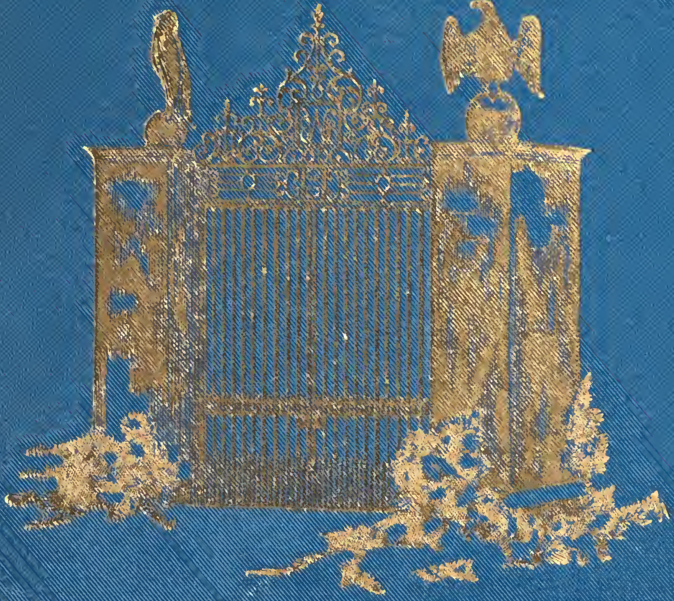

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MORE COLONIAL HOMESTEADS AND THEIR STORIES

BY MARION HARLAND

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Doughoregan Manor

Home of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Maryland

MORE COLONIAL HOMESTEADS AND THEIR STORIES

By Marion Harland

NEW YORK AND LONDON
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
1899

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MARION HARLAND

October, 1899

SUNNYBANK
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210

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MORE COLONIAL HOMESTEADS

More Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories

I

JOHNSON HALL, JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

SOME one of the many delvers in the strata of colonial history may beguile the tedium of statistical labours by computing what proportion of well-born pioneers were driven across the sea by unfortunate love affairs. The result would show that a Cupid-in-tears, or a spray of Love-lies-bleeding, might be incorporated with the arms of several of our proudest commonwealths.

In the year of our Lord 1738, William Johnson, eldest son of Christopher Johnson, Esq., of Warrenton, County Down, Ireland, settled in the Mohawk Valley. His was an excellent and ancient family. Sir Peter Warren, well known to readers of English naval history, was his maternal uncle. Another uncle, Oliver Warren, was a captain in the Royal Navy in the reign of Queen Anne and George I. Sir Peter Warren owned an extensive tract of land on both sides of the Mohawk River and a handsome residence in New York City. In the latter he lived for a dozen years or more after his marriage with a daughter of James De Lancey, at one time Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and prominent in the annals of the troublous times immediately preceding the American Revolution.

The dwelling built and occupied by Sir Peter, known in our day as No. 1 Broadway, and used for long as the Washington Hotel, was made an object of interest to succeeding generations by the circumstance that General Sir William Howe and Sir Henry Clinton used it as headquarters during the earlier years of the war. Here were held the conferences between Sir Henry and his young aide, Major André, in which were arranged the details of André's mission to Arnold. Under the venerable roof he passed the last peaceful night he was to know on earth, setting out on the morrow for his fatal expedition up the river.

Sir Peter Warren's nephew, William Johnson, although but twenty-three years of age upon his arrival in the New World, had been desperately in love with a fair one in his native land, suffering such grievous torments from the cruelty of his enslaver that he forswore her, his home, and his country, and fled into permanent exile. The distemper had abated somewhat, or was a thing apart from the workings of an uncommonly cool and sagacious brain, by the time he closed with his uncle's offer to become his agent in the management of his Mohawk estate. He landed in New York in the spring of 1738. In the autumn he was in the full tide of farm-work, timbering, and country-storekeeping. An advance of £200 per annum was to be made by the wealthy Baronet to his young partner for the first three years, and paid off afterward in installments. Money, and whatever was needed to keep up the stock in the "store," were sent up the Hudson and Mohawk from New York. This city was the quarter-deck from which Sir Peter issued his commands to his able first mate.

In 1742, there was much talk between the two of skins purchased and shipped down the river, and Sir Peter reiterates an admonition that the orchard be not neglected, and that "fruit-trees of the best kinds" be set out regardless of expense. His far-reaching policy included the blossoming of the wilderness and a just return to it, although not in kind, of the wealth the kinsmen were drawing from it. Young Johnson, at this date, "roughed it" as if he had been a peasant immigrant, with no rich uncle within call. He took his grain to mill on horseback, riding upon the sacks fifteen miles to Caughnawaga, on the opposite side of the river, bringing back bags of corn-meal and flour for store, camp, and farm-hands. In these expeditions he had cast his eye upon an eligible site for a saw-mill, also across the river, and bought it on his own responsibility and with his own money. He had no intention of building a dwelling-house upon it,—or so he assured his chief, who, apparently, had heard a rumour to that effect. Yet we find Johnson, in 1743, clearing ground in the neighbourhood of the saw-mill for a spacious house, and hauling to the eligible site so many loads of stone, timber, and pearlash as to whet the curiosity of his white neighbours into the liveliest wonder and admiration.

He had done well for himself in the five years which had elapsed since he turned his back upon his disdainful Dulcinea and the green shores of Erin. Sir Peter Warren's estate was in the very heart of the Iroquois and Mohawk tribes, then, and for many years thereafter, the friends in peace, and the allies in war, of the English. What Captain John Smith had hoped to do and to become in Virginia,—failing by reason of the envy of his colleagues, the distrust of the London Company, under whose orders he was, and, finally, through the accident that crippled and sent him back to England,—William Johnson did and became in the more northern province. Irish wit, the light heart, quickness, and facility of adaptation to environment and associates characteristic of his countrymen of the better sort, were equipments he brought into the wilderness with him. He joined to these an unbending will, resolute ambition, and personal bravery that would have made him a leader of men anywhere. There were more Dutch than English settlers in the valley. In a year's time he learned enough of their speech to bandy jokes with them over mugs of strong ale and tobacco-pipes, and to outwit them in trading. Within two years he could act as interpreter for Dutch boers and English landholders with the Indians, and in these negotiations held the balance of justice with so firm a hand that the most wary sachems were imbued with belief in his integrity. Here was one paleface who would neither cheat them himself, nor allow others to cheat them. He improved the advantage thus gained so cleverly that before the first rows of foundation-stones were laid for Johnson Hall in 1744, the owner and builder had more influence with the tribes than any other white man within an area of five hundred miles. In the winter's hunting-parties for moose and wolves; in trapping for otter and beaver; about the council fires; in the wild orgies and barbaric feasts followed by shooting-matches, races, and dances, in which picked young men of the tribes were competitors,—Johnson was not a whit behind the most notable of hunters and warriors. He was with, and of, them. He might outbargain Dutch, Germans, and English. With the Indians he was upright and generous to a proverb, liked and trusted by all. His was no ephemeral popularity. Thirty years afterward, the eulogium spoken by a Mohawk sachem above the wampum-bound grave of the friend of his race—the adopted brother of his tribe—condensed the experience of all these years into one mournful sentence:

"Sir William Johnson *never deceived us.*"

As the immediate fruit of his policy, or principles, his was the first choice of the pelts brought into the European settlement by the Indians. Had he wished to purchase all, he could have secured a monopoly of whatever was available to the white traders. He virtually controlled the fish market of the regions skirting the river, and had his pick of such redskins as could be induced to work in the fields in summer, and at logging in winter. While he lived in a log-cabin, larger, but hardly more comfortable than a wigwam, any Iroquois or Mohawk was welcome to a bountiful share of venison, or bear-meat, hominy, and whiskey. The host ate with him and they smoked together afterward, over the coals or out-of-doors, discussing tribal politics, or the growing encroachments of the guest's hereditary enemies, the Cherokees and Choctaws, upon the Iroquois hunting-grounds to the south of the Valley. When they were sleepy, both men rolled themselves up in their blankets on the floor, or stretched themselves upon pallets of fox- and bearskin. Disputes among the aborigines were referred to the wise and friendly white man, and no enterprise of note was undertaken without consultation with him.

When growing wealth and a growing family led him to build, besides Johnson Hall, a less ambitious dwelling, called Johnson Castle, some miles farther up the river, the savage horde was still free to come and go as will, or convenience, impelled them. Parkman says that Johnson Hall was "surrounded by cabins built for the reception of the Indians, who often came in crowds to visit the proprietor, invading his dwelling at all unseasonable hours, loitering in the doorways, spreading their blankets in the passages, and infecting the air with the fumes of stale tobacco."

What manner of housewife and woman was she who could submit with any show of patience to the lawless intrusion of uncouth savages, and the attendant nuisances of vermin, filth, and evil odours?

"Begging for a drink of raw rum, and giving forth a strong smell, like that of a tame bear, as he toasted himself by the fire,"—thus one writer describes a specimen visitor.

To be consistent with his adoption of Indian manners and usages, and to cement his authority with his allies, the astute trader-planter should have wedded some savage maiden and filled his lodge with a dusky race. At a later day the policy commended by France's king, urged by him upon France's colonists in America, and approved by them in theory and practice, seemed right and cunning in William Johnson's sight, as we shall see.

In religion, as in morals, he was catholic and eclectic, and a law unto himself. The fascinated student of his biography cannot resist the conviction that, within the stalwart body of this educated backwoodsman, lived two natures as diverse and distinct, the one from the other, as the fabled Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. There were Dutch and German Reformed churches up and down the river—one of which, "Stone Arabia," retains name and place unto this day. Each had its attendance of devout communicants, men and women who lived godly and virtuous married lives in lonely cabins and sparse settlements in the clearings they had made in the primeval forest. William Johnson was on neighbourly terms with them all, doing many a kind and liberal turn for them, as occasion offered ; subscribing money to build houses of worship, giving voluntarily fifty acres for a glebe farm upon condition that a parsonage should be built for the Lutheran minister, and, the next week, making a like gift to the Calvinistic congregation with a similar proviso. While calling himself an Episcopalian, he entertained British priests travelling from log-house to camp, in ministry upon the few sheep in the wilderness that owned allegiance to the Parent Church. He enjoyed conversation with the reverend fathers ; he fed them with the fat of lambs and of beeves, cheered them with his best liquors, and pressed them, with friendly violence, to tarry for days and nights in an abode that reeked with the fumes of raw rum, stale tobacco, and the exhalations of unwashed savages. While he had not had the university training most young men of his birth and class enjoyed in Great Britain, his education was far more thorough than is generally supposed by those familiar with his manner of living, and the outlines of his career. He received and read letters written in French and Latin, and made descriptive endorsements of the contents upon them in the same languages.

When he cast an eye of favour upon a buxom German lass, Catherine Wissenberg by name, the daughter of a fellow immigrant, he made his courtship brief. Whether his comely presence, his reputed wealth, and his nimble wits and tongue won the damsel's consent, or whether, as was hinted, the negotiation was purely commercial, and her father profited by the result, we do not know. It is certain that Catherine Wissenberg became the mistress of the stately new mansion on the river-slope and sharer of the master's fortunes.

Parkman, in his delightful history of *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, says that she was a Dutch girl whom, in justice to his children, Johnson married upon her death-bed. Stone's carefully prepared *Life and Times of Sir William Johnson* strips the alliance of the picturesque element by asserting that the marriage was in good and regular form and date, and thus recorded in the Johnson Bible. The introduction of this same family Bible lends verity to the latter story, and a smack of demure respectability to this important episode of the singular life that entitles it to a place on the Dr. Jekyll side of the page.

In birth and social position Mrs. Johnson was her husband's inferior, and, it goes without saying, in education also. She was gentle of temper, had plenty of good common sense, and was sincerely attached to her handsome spouse. Three children were the fruit of the marriage: John (afterward Sir John), Mary, who, in due time, married Guy Johnson, her cousin and the son of another pioneer, and Ann, or Nancy, who became the wife of Colonel Daniel Claus—a name that declares his Dutch extraction.

Mrs. Johnson did not live long to enjoy the dignities of the first lady in the Valley. She died early in the year 1745. In his will, made almost a quarter-century after the beginning of his widowerhood, Johnson refers to her as his "beloved wife Catherine," and directs that his remains shall be laid beside hers. In view of the relations which succeeded marital respectability, we are inclined to consider this section of his testament as a Jekyllish figure of speech, although the tribute to the amiable and dutiful matron may have been sincere.

The threatening aspect of the times in which he lived would have distracted his thoughts from honest and deep mourning. The political heavens were black with portents of storm. To quote Parkman:

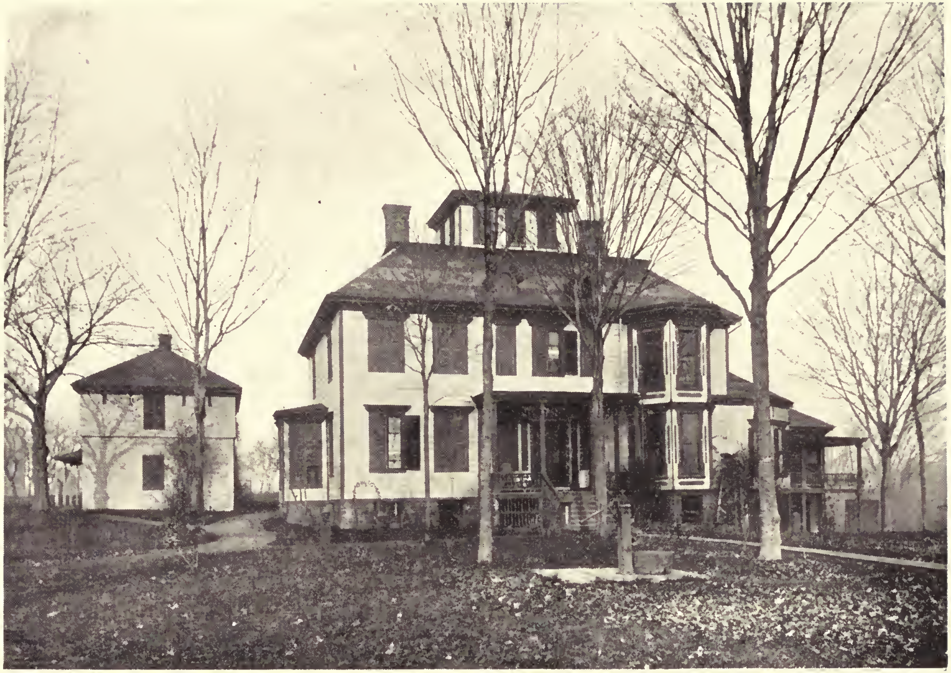
> "With few and slight exceptions, the numerous tribes of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, besides a host of domiciliated savages in Canada itself, stood ready, at the bidding of the French, to grind their tomahawks and turn loose their ravenous war-parties; while the British colonists had too much reason to fear that now those tribes which seemed most friendly to their cause, and which formed the sole barrier of their unprotected borders, might, at the first sound of the war-whoop, be found in arms against them."

Even the Mohawks and Iroquois living on the confines of Canada were gradually won over by the wily French, assisted by the powerful influence of the priesthood.

Johnson, up to this time, had taken little active part in the administration of public affairs. He was too busy shipping furs to London, and flour to Halifax and the West Indies, farming and clearing and lumbering, embellishing the extensive grounds of Johnson Hall with English shrubbery, setting, in the broad front of the mansion, the costly windows with "diapered panes," made in, and imported from, France expressly for him, and otherwise forwarding the interests of a fast-rising man in a new country,—to mix himself up with matters which he thought would right themselves without his interference. He would seem to have had his first definite indication that he might have a serious and imminent interest in the popular tumults, in the autumn after Mrs. Johnson's decease. An intimate friend, a resident of Albany, wrote to him from that place, entreating that he would not think of passing the winter at Johnson Hall, or, as it was otherwise called, "Fort Johnson."

"The French have told our Indians that they will have you, dead or alive, because you are a relation of Captain Warren, their great adversary," was the reason given for the friendly warning.

The writer went on to represent that there was room in his own home for his menaced friend, and as many of his servants as he cared to bring. As no mention is made of the motherless children, the presumption is that they were already in Albany, or some other safer asylum than their father's house. Johnson declined the urgent invitation and fortified the Hall with what our historian styles the barriers of the English frontier. He knew his Indians, and they believed in him. Through-



15

JOHNSON HALL
(BUILT 1762)

out the winter they lurked and loitered about, and in, the house on the hill, apparently as lazy and dull as hibernating bears—in reality alert in every sense for the protection of their patron.

In the spring his scouts corroborated the news from Albany that the French at Crown Point meditated an attack upon the nearest English settlements. He had his material ready when the request came from army headquarters that " a few Mohawks whom he knew to be trusty " might be sent to reconnoitre the Valley. Sixteen picked men were despatched upon this errand. Their report of the extent of hostile preparations aroused Johnson to the consciousness that his living "barrier" might be insufficient to protect his property from destruction, however well they might play the watch-dog for his person. He wrote to Albany, asking that a small force of regular soldiery be sent to Johnson Hall. Among other valuables that might tempt the enemy, he specified eleven thousand bushels of wheat ready for the mill. The white settlers all about him were fleeing for their lives into forts and fortified towns. A troop of thirty "regulars" was placed at his disposal, and, reinforced by a considerable body of militia, composed the garrison of Johnson Hall, bivouacking in lawn and gardens, and feasting at the master's expense.

Partly to show his unabated confidence in the loyalty of his Indian allies, somewhat incommoded now by the influx of white warriors, partly to strengthen and establish his influence with them, he offered himself for adoption into the Mohawk tribe. A great council of sachems and braves was convened, and with formalities many, speeches innumerable, and a confusing passing back and forth of wampum belts as tangible punctuation points and italic dashes, he was made a Mohawk, inside and out, and proclaimed a chieftain, with all the rights, powers, and immunities pertaining to the rank. "In this capacity," says Stone, "he assembled them at festivals and appointed frequent war-dances, by way of exciting them to engage actively in the war." He wore blanket, moccasins, and feathered head-gear,—a garb that became him rarely,—spoke their dialect, and deported himself in all things as if born to the honours conferred upon him by his "brothers." Many of the chiefs were persuaded by him to accept the Governor's invitation to visit him at

Albany for consideration of the best means of ensuring the safety of the colony. The younger braves were wrought upon by argument and flattery to pledge themselves to support the English cause in the event of active hostilities between the English and French. All but three of the Mohawk and Iroquois sachems were, by these means, committed to the side represented to them by their newly made chief.

In 1746, Johnson was made contractor for the trading-post of Oswego, trammelled in purchase and sale only by the stipulation that "no higher charges be made in time of war than it had been usual to pay in time of peace."

He had, that same year, a welcome visitor in the person of his brother, Captain Warren Johnson, of the Royal Army. He brought from Governor Clinton a letter addressed to "*Colonel* William Johnson," enjoining him to "keep up the Indians to their promises of keeping out scouts to watch the motions of the French," and concluding with the pleasant intimation, "I have recommended you to his Majesty's favour through the Duke of Newcastle."

Neither the Governor's favour nor the promise of royal patronage put money into the new

Colonel's purse. He told the Governor plainly, in 1747, that he was "like to be ruined for want of blankets, linen, paints, guns, cutlasses, etc.," which were not to be had in Albany,—all, as will be seen, commodities for his copper-coloured allies. The date of the letter is March 18th, and a touch of Irish humour flashes out in the closing paragraph:

"We kept St. Patrick's Day yesterday, and this day, and drank your health, and that of all friends in Albany, with so many other healths that I can scarce write."

In May he renders a curious and blood-curdling report of prisoners *and scalps*, brought to Johnson Hall by a party under command of Walter Butler, a name destined to become notorious in Revolutionary annals. Butler was a mere youth at this date, and, as we can but see, taking a novitiate in methods of warfare which stamped the family with infamy when the loyal subject of King George became, with no change of principle or practice, the bloodthirsty Tory. He had been skirmishing in the vicinity of Crown Point, at the head of a mixed band of whites and Indians, and brought back his prizes to the Colonel and chief.

"I am quite pestered every day," writes Johnson to Clinton, "with parties returning with prisoners and scalps, and without a penny to buy them with, it comes very hard upon me, and displeasing to them."

One speculates, in standing in the central hall of the ancient house, in what array the scalps were hung against the walls, and if the master carried his conformity to Indian customs to the length of wearing a fringe of them at his girdle. "Pestered" is a darkly significant word in this connection and one which Mr. Hyde would have snarled out in like circumstances. The rest of the letter is in the same vein. There is a requisition for "blue camlet, red shalloon, good lace, and white metal buttons, to make up a parcel of coats for Seneca chiefs." Also "thirty good castor hats, with scallop lace for them all,—white lace, if to be had, if not, some yellow with it. This, I assure your Excellency, goes a great way with them."

As he is finishing the letter, "another party of mine, consisting of only six Mohawks," renders a tale of seven prisoners and three scalps,—"which is very good for so small a party."

The cool complacency of the comment, and the calm and certain conviction that his news will not displease his Excellency, belong to that day and generation. Let us thank God they are not ours!

His house was "full of the Five Nations" as he penned this despatch to his superior. "Some are going out to-morrow against the French. Others go for news which, when furnished, I shall let your Excellency know."

The tenor of each communication shows that his fighting-blood was in full flow, and that his ways and means were dictated by the aroused savage within him. Clinton had given him his head in a letter written in April.

"The council did not think it proper to put rewards for scalping or taking poor women or children prisoners, in the bill I am going to pass," is a crafty phrase of the official document. "But the Assembly has assured me the money shall be paid when it so happens, if the Indians insist upon it."

In his turn, Governor Clinton assured his complaisant Assembly that,

> "whereas it had formerly been difficult to obtain a dozen or twenty scouts, Col. Johnson engaged to bring a thousand warriors into the field upon any reasonable notice. Through his influence the chiefs have been

weaned from their intimacy with the French, and many distant Indian nations are now courting the friendship of the English."

COLONEL JOHNSON.

In the month of February, 1748, Colonel Johnson was put in command of the Colonial forces under arms for the defence of the English frontiers.

At one of the regimental militia musters,—called by our forefathers "training days,"—reviewed by the Colonel in command, his attention and that of the officers grouped with him wandered from the business of the day to a "side-show," as diverting as it was unexpected. Hundreds of spectators stood on the outskirts of the training-ground, a large proportion being women and children. Conspicuous among the squaws in the inner circle was

Mary, otherwise Molly, Brant, a young half-breed, the dashing belle of her dark-skinned coterie, and known by sight to most of the white officers. Her step-father, in whose family she was brought up, figures in Colonel Johnson's letters as "Nickus Brant," "Old Brant," and "Brant of Canajoharie." Johnson's home, when in Canajoharie, was "at Brant's house," and the more than amicable relations between the two men were manifested in many ways. In 1758, Johnson records, in his Diary, the presentation by himself of a string of wampum to Brant and Paulus, two important sachems of the Mohawks.

Nobody assumed that Old Nickus was the father of Molly and her brother Joseph. They took, for common use, the name of their mother's husband, Barnet, or Bernard, corrupted by common usage to Brant. The mother was a Mohawk squaw. Her girl and boy were half-breeds. When Joseph became a warrier of renown under the title of Thayendanegea ("Two-sticks-of-wood-bound-together,"—a symbol of strength), an effort was made by his tribe to prove him a full-blooded Indian, and his father to have been a sachem of the Mohawks. It is but fair to state that Joseph

Brant, while signing both Indian and English names to letters and treaties, does not seem to have attempted to support this claim. If his mother confided to him the secret of his parentage, he kept it for her, and for himself. Jared Sparks—than whom we have no better authority upon Revolutionary history—believed the younger of the half-breed children, Joseph, to have been William Johnson's son. Other annalists of less note held the same opinion. The hypothesis draws colour and plausibility from Johnson's marked partiality for the lad. Although but thirteen years old when the battle of Lake George was fought (1755), he followed Colonel Johnson to the field, and had there his "baptism of fire,"—in ruder English, his first taste of blood. He was educated at Johnson's expense in Moor Charity School, afterward Dartmouth College. A fellow student was his young nephew, William Johnson, the son of Colonel Johnson and Molly Brant. Brant's after-life belongs to a later period of our story.

Return we to the handsome Indian girl, laughing in the front rank of the spectators of the parade, brave in bright blanket and fluttering ribbons, and shooting smart sallies from a ready tongue at such soldiers as accosted her in passing. A mounted officer presently rode up closer to the lookers-on than any private had dared to venture, and leaned from his saddle-bow to speak to her. His horse was a fine, spirited animal, and Molly praised him rapturously, finally begging permission to ride him. As gaily the officer bade her mount behind him. With one agile spring, the girl was upon the crupper, and clasped the rider's waist. The mettled horse reared, then dashed off at full speed. Round and round the parade-ground they flew, the astonished officer able to do nothing except keep the saddle and guide the frantic beast into the line of the improvised race-course. The blanket had dropped from Molly's shoulders as she leaped from the ground; her black hair streamed upon the wind; her shining eyes, white teeth, and crimson cheeks transformed the swarthy belle into a beauty. Screams of laughter, encouraging huzzas, and clapping of hands followed her flight. When the discomfited victim of the mad escapade at last regained control of his horse and Molly slipped from her perch as lightly as she had mounted, the first person to salute and congratulate her upon her grace and dexterity was the Colonel of the regiment, the great man of the Valley, and, as he made her and the lookers-on to understand, henceforward her most obedient servant.

No time was lost in preliminaries. Molly Brant became, without benefit of clergy or regard to the prejudices of society, the "tribal wife" of the adopted Mohawk, and retained the position until Johnson's death. Mrs. Grant, in her interesting work, *An American Lady*, launders the *liaison* into conventional decency and polish :

"Becoming a widower in the prime of life, he [Johnson] connected himself with an Indian maiden, daughter of a sachem, who possessed an uncommonly agreeable person and good understanding."

Molly and her tribe undoubtedly considered the connection as valid as if law had sealed and gospel blessed it. It served to rivet the already strong bonds by which Johnson held them to his and to the English interests. While he lived, no word or deed of his tended to cast disrespect upon the woman who reigned over his mighty establishment of negro and Indian servants, German and Dutch tenants.

After he became a Baronet-General, living in a style befitting his rank and wealth, Molly held her own without apparent effort.

> "Nothing could have better shown how powerful Sir William had become," says Harold Frederic,[1] "and how much his favour was to be courted, than the fact that ladies of quality and strict propriety, who fancied themselves very fine folk indeed,—the De Lanceys and Philipses and the like,—would come visiting the widower baronet in his Hall, and close their eyes to the presence there of Miss Molly and her half-breed children. Sir William's neighbours, indeed, overlooked this from their love of the man, and their reliance in his sense and strength. But the others—the aristocrats—held *their* tongues from fear of his wrath, and of his influence in London.
>
> "He would suffer none of them to markedly avoid or affront the Brant squaw, whom, indeed, they had often to meet as an associate and an equal."

Staid British matrons from over the sea, copper-sheathed in the proprieties of wedded virtue, accepted the hospitalities of Johnson Hall upon like terms. Lady Susan O'Brian, daughter of the Earl of Ilchester, with her husband, was entertained for several days by Sir William in 1765. The titled dame pronounced "his housekeeper, a well-bred and pleasant lady," perfectly aware, all the while, what were her relations to the courtly host, and whose were the children who called him "father," and had, apparently, equal rights with the acknowledged heir, John Johnson, and his sisters. Lord Adam Gordon, a Scotch peer, was domesticated at the Hall for a much longer time than the O'Brians, and when he sailed for England took John with him, "to try to wear off the rusticity of a country education," as the lad's father phrased it.

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[1] *In the Valley*, by Harold Frederic.

With all his outward show of affection for his black-browed mistress, and the tribute of deference he exacted for her from high and low, the other self of this dual-natured potentate set her decidedly aloof, in his thoughts and in legal documents, from the station a lawful wife would have taken and kept. The will, ordaining that he should be buried by his "beloved wife Catherine," provides for mourning and maintenance for "my housekeeper, Mary Brant," and scores a broad line of demarcation between "my dearly beloved son, Sir John Johnson," and "Peter, my natural son by Mary Brant." Also, between his daughters, Ann Claus and Mary Johnson, and the children of "said housekeeper, Mary Brant." There was never any blending or confusion of boundary lines between the two personalities in the single body. European and Mohawk, aristocrat and savage,—each was sharply drawn and definite. Neither infringed upon the other's rights, and the unities of the queer double-action life-drama were never violated.

In the outer world the signs of the times were ominous enough. That the Iroquois remained proof against the blandishments of the wily French, backed by the threats of the Indian allies of France, throughout the disturbances of 1747–49, was due entirely to Johnson's influence. "Anyone other than he would have failed," testifies a contemporary.

> "On one day he is found ordering from London lead for the roof of his house; despatching a load of goods to Oswego; bartering with the Indians for furs, and writing to Governor Clinton at length on the encroachments of the French, doing everything with neatness and despatch. At the same time he superintended the militia, attended to the affairs of the Six Nations, and, as Ranger of the woods for Albany County, kept a diligent watch upon those who were disposed to cut down and carry off by stealth the King's timber."

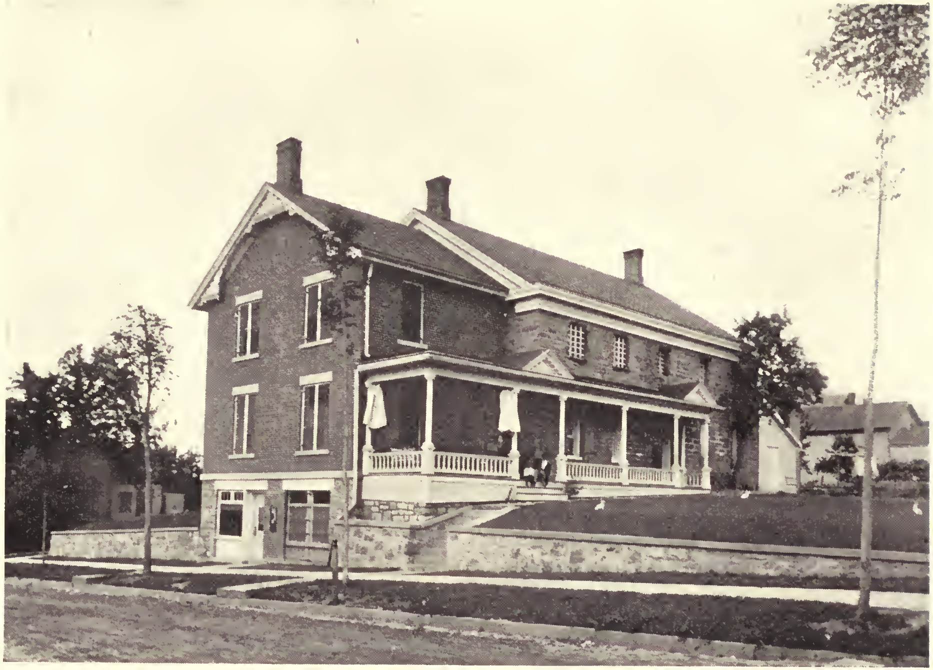
Envy at his success, joined to animosity against Clinton, moved the Assembly at Albany to neglect the payment of the Colony's debt to Johnson. They even accused him of making out fraudulent bills, and refused to meet his demand for the return of £200 advanced from his private fortune for defence of frontiers and treaties with the Indians. Stung to the quick of a haughty nature, he resigned his position as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, at the same time sending word to the tribes that his interest in all that concerned *them* would remain unabated. His resolution to have nothing more to do with public business was opposed strenuously by the Indians.

"One half of Colonel Johnson belongs to your Excellency, the other half to us," was the wording of a petition sent by a council of braves to the Governor. "We all lived happily while we were under his management. We love him. He is, and has always been, our good and trusty friend."

After the victory of Lake George, Colonel Johnson was created a Baronet and received a vote of thanks from Parliament, with a gift of £5000. Johnstown was founded by him in 1760. He was the active patron of an Indian Mission School at Stockbridge, also of one established in Albany in 1753, and was the father of that at Lebanon which grew into Dartmouth College. He built an Episcopal church at Schenectady, a Masonic lodge at

Johnson Hall, and, the war being over, had leisure to superintend the erection of two stately stone houses for his daughters, his gifts to them, together with 640 acres of ground apiece.

As years gathered upon him, his desire increased to educate and Christianise the race to which "one half of him" belonged by adoption. Upon this and other benevolent schemes he wrought as one who felt that the time for labour was brief. He had cause for the premonition. An old wound, received at Lake George, troubled him sorely. By the advice of his redskin friends, he visited Saratoga, to test the curative properties of waters until then unknown to the whites. When his son John, who had been knighted (for his father's sake) in England, brought a New York bride home to the Hall, she was received by her august father-in-law with all the state and cordiality due to her position as the wife of his heir and the prospective queen of the fair domain. For some days the Baronet played again, and for the last time, the courtly lord of the manor to the throng of guests from other mansions, for fifty miles up and down the Mohawk and the Hudson, invited to welcome the bridal pair.



OLD TRYON COUNTY JAIL IN JOHNSTOWN
(BUILT IN 1772).

Satin-shod feet skimmed the oaken floors ; the thick walls echoed all day long and far into the night with the clamour of merry voices ; there were feasting and dancing and song, and much exchange of curtsies and bows and fine speeches, and as little apparent concern on account of the impending quarrel between the mother country and colonies as apprehension as to the cause of the ashy pallor which had supplanted bronze and glow in the master's face.

Attended by a faithful body-servant, he set off for New London at the end of a week, in the hope of invigoration from the sea-air and sea-bathing, leaving the young couple in charge of the Hall during his absence.

Gradually one active duty after another was demitted, Sir William spending much time in his library, reading books he had, at last, leisure to study, and writing at length to the Governor of Virginia of Indian manners, customs, traditions, and history.

True to his pledges to his tribe, he emerged from his semi-seclusion in July, 1774, to preside over a congress of six hundred Indians assembled to confer with him upon divers and vital affairs, big with fate in the eyes of the Six

Nations. The gathering was in the grounds of Johnson Hall; the delegates were fed from the Hall kitchen; the floors of rooms, halls, and porches were covered at night with blankets, as was the turf of lawn and grove. Sir William occupied the chief seat of honour in the conclave of Saturday, July 9. The peculiar pallor that betrayed the ravages of the mysterious and subtle disease preying upon his vitals, and the shrunken outlines of the once powerful figure were all the indices of failing physical strength his indomitable will suffered to be seen. Wrapped in the scarlet blanket trimmed with gold lace, dear to the barbaric taste of his congeners, he sat bolt upright, his features set in stern gravity becoming a sachem, and hearkened patiently to the long-drawn-out details of the wrongs the tribes had endured at the hands of their nominal friends, the English. The boundaries of their territories were invaded by squatters; their hunting-grounds were ranged over by lawless furriers and trappers; the venders of fire-water brought the deadly thing to the very doors of their wigwams.

The sun was nearing the zenith when the tale began. It was not far from the western hills when the last orator ceased speaking. The presiding chief reminded them that the day was far spent, and that the morrow would be the Sabbath, on which their white brothers did no work. On Monday they should have their answer from his lips—the lips that had never lied to them.

Johnstown was now a village of eighty families, with shops and dwellings built with lumber from Johnson's saw-mills, and pearlash from his factories. In the centre of the town, named for his oldest son, stood the Episcopal church, a gift to the parish from the founder of the place. We wish we knew whether he sat in the Johnson pew that Sunday, or sought recuperation for his waning forces in such rest and quiet as were attainable in the solitude of his library, with six hundred savages encamped under the windows.

He began his oration to them at ten o'clock Monday morning, standing, uncovered, under the July sky. From the preamble, his tone was conciliatory; sometimes it was pleading. He assured the malcontents that the outrages they resented, and with reason, were not the act of the government, but of lawless individuals. He promised redress in the name of King and

Governor; recapitulated past benefits received from both of these; counselled charity of judgment and moderation in action. He had never been more eloquent, never more nearly sublime than in this, the final union of the finest type of Indian and of the upright white citizen of the New World. He was the warrior in every inch of his lofty stature, quivering with energy in the impassioned periods that acknowledged the red man's wrongs and maintained the red man's rights. He was no less the loyal subject of King George in the calm recital of what the parent government had done for its allies, and solemn pledges for the future.

He spoke for two hours. The day was fiercely hot. When he would have resumed his seat, he staggered and reeled backward. His servants rushed forward and carried him into the library. An express messenger leaped upon his horse and galloped off madly for Sir John Johnson, who was at his own home, nine miles away, thankful, we make no doubt, to escape the assembling of the tribes. The son rode a blooded hunter eight miles in fifteen minutes, the animal falling dead under him three-quarters of a mile from Johnson Hall.

Leaving him in the road, Sir John procured another horse and dashed on. His father still lay in the library, supported by his trusty body-servant. The son fell upon his knees at his side, and poured a flood of anguished questions into the dulled ear. There was no answer, and no token of recognition. In less than ten minutes the last breath was drawn.

"He died of a suffocation," wrote Guy Johnson to the Earl of Dartmouth. The report of the sorrowing Council at Albany said, "a fit of some kind." He had been subject for many months to "a sense of compressure and tightness across the stomach," diagnosed by his physician as "stoppage of the gall-duct." Whatever might have been the malady, he had battled with it long and valiantly; he died with his harness on, as sachem and Anglo-Saxon should.

Two thousand whites attended the funeral, and "of Indians a great multitude, who behaved with the greatest decorum and exhibited the most lively marks of a real sorrow." At their earnest instance they were allowed to perform their own ceremonies over the remains when the Christian services were concluded. A double belt of wampum was laid upon the body; six rows of the same were bound about the grave. Each was deposited as the "Amen" of a panegyric upon the virtues and deeds of the deceased chieftain. The pregnant sentence I have already quoted summed up the body and soul of the testimony:

"*Sir William Johnson never deceived us.*"

Thus lived and thus died, in his sixtieth year, the best friend the North American Indian has ever had, William Penn not excepted.

II

JOHNSON HALL, JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK

(*Concluded*)

THE progress of Sir William Johnson's mortal malady was accelerated by his grief at the rupture between the American Colonies and the Mother Country.

Parkman says:

> "He stood wavering in an agony of indecision, divided between his loyalty to the sovereign who was the source of all his honours, and his reluctance to become the agent of a murderous Indian warfare against his countrymen and friends. His resolution was never taken. He was hurried to his grave by mental distress, or, as many believed, by the act of his own hand."

Dismissing the latter hypothesis with the remark that there was nothing in the incidents of the death-scene, as related in our preceding chapter, to warrant the suspicion of suicide, we cannot gainsay the evidence that the indecision—a novelty to him in any circumstances—was a veritable agony. At one and the same time we find him writing letters condemnatory of the Stamp Act, and exhorting his Indian allies—"Whatever may happen, you must not be shaken out of your shoes in your allegiance to your King." Joseph Brant believed that he was following up the task his great patron had laid down at the grave's mouth, when he declared that he "joined the Royal army purely on account of my forefathers' engagements with the King." The Rev. Dr. Wheelock, Brant's preceptor at the Moor Charity School, was deputed to remonstrate with him upon his espousal of the Tory cause, and received a reply as suave, yet as stringent, as Sir William himself could have framed:

"I can never forget, dear Sir, your prayers and your precepts. You taught me to *fear God and to honour the King!*"

Sir John Johnson succeeded to his father's title and the bulk of his estates; Guy Johnson, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Joseph Brant was Guy Johnson's secretary. Colonel John Butler and his son Walter were among the Johnsons' nearest neighbours and closest friends. In all the disrupted Colonies there

JOSEPH BRANT.

(FROM ORIGINAL PAINTING AT VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE. THE SCARF BELONGED TO BRANT AND WAS GIVEN BY HIM TO JAMES CALDWELL, ESQ., OF ALBANY.)

was no hotter bed of toryism than Johnson Hall became in less than a year from the founder's death. In 1775, Guy Johnson, accompanied by his secretary and spokesman, made a formal progress from tribe to tribe of friendly Indians to confirm them in their allegiance to the Crown. Brant, who had, in his earlier youth, zealously "endeavoured to teach his poor brethren the things of GOD"; who had assisted an English divine in the preparation of an Indian prayer-book, had help translate into the Indian tongue the Acts of the Apostles, and a History of the Bible; the humble communicant in the Johnstown Episcopal Church,—harangued his race upon the imperative duty of resisting treason to the bloody death, adjuring them by the memory of his benefactor and theirs to join the Scotch colonists and the tenantry of Johnson Hall in the holy purpose of giving the King his own again.

Sir John fortified the stone house, garrisoned it with the white reserve, and surrounded it with the living "barriers" his father had cast about him for protection against the French. Then he awaited the results of his determined attitude.

On January 19, 1776, the fort was surprised by a body of rebels—still so called—under General Schuyler; the garrison was disarmed and disbanded, and Sir John paroled. In May of the next year news reached Schuyler's headquarters that the paroled man was in correspondence with the British in Canada, sending out and receiving spies, accumulating ammunition in and near the Hall, and inciting the Mohawks to a massacre of the Valley people. An order was issued for his arrest. He heard of it in season to escape with a few retainers to Canada. Before his flight he buried an iron chest containing family plate in the garden, another, filled with money and valuable papers, in the cellar, hiding-places known to none of those left behind except Lady Johnson.

She was living in Albany with her own relatives when Lafayette visited Johnson Hall in 1778. Once more the outlying slopes about the stone house were covered with Indians, and the resources of the establishment were taxed to the utmost to provide for their entertainment. Five out of the Six Nations were represented in the Council attended and addressed by the titled Frenchman.

Joseph Brant convened a very different assembly of his countrymen in the neighbourhood early in the year 1780. He was then a "likely fellow of fierce aspect, tall and rather spare," gorgeously arrayed in a short green coat, laced round hat, leggings and breeches of blue cloth. His moccasins were embroidered with beads, his blue cloth blanket was carefully draped so as to make the most of his glittering epaulets. His name was now a word of terror throughout the land; his fellow marauders were the Butlers and William Johnson (the son of his sister, Mary Brant, and Sir William Johnson), Colonel Guy Johnson and Colonel Daniel Claus, the husband of Nancy Johnson. Molly Brant had lived, since Sir William's death, at one of the upper Mohawk Castles, with her younger children. Tradition describes her as visiting the Hall, once her home, when especially daring expeditions were under discussion, sitting, as darkly handsome and as fierce as a panther, at the council-table, and fearlessly putting into words the project of devastating the beautiful Valley with fire, bullet, and tomahawk. She had secret means of communication with her brother wherever he was, giving him much valuable information as to the weak points in the defences of the Americans, and the movements of their forces.

It was suspected that she was one of the few dwellers in the Valley who was not surprised when on the night of May 21, 1780, a horde of three hundred whites—British and Tories—and two hundred Indians fell like a pack of hell-hounds upon the peaceful neighbourhood in which John Johnson was born and brought up. No mercy was shown to age, sex, or former friendships. Killing, scalping, and burning as they went, the invaders pushed their murderous way up to the doors of Johnson Hall, put the few inmates to flight, and occupied the house and grounds. No time was to be lost. The blazing houses and barns would tell the story of that night's work for many miles up and down the river, and Sir John had known something of the colonists in such circumstances—" the rude, unlettered, great-souled yeomen of the Mohawk Valley, who braved death at Oriskany that Congress and the free Colonies might be free." In hot haste he unearthed the treasure from cellar and garden ; forty knapsacks full of booty were laid upon as many soldiers' shoulders, and the bloody crew departed as swiftly as they had come.

"He might have recovered his plate," says Stone, dryly and sorrowfully, "without lighting up his path by conflagration of neighbours' houses, or staining his skirts with innocent blood."

Sir John's raid upon his homestead and the vicinity was followed in less than a month by Brant's as sudden descent upon Canajoharie, fifteen miles away. All the inhabitants who were not killed were carried off prisoners; towns and forts were burned. From the porch of Johnson Hall and the fields about Johnstown, groups of terrified men and women watched the rise and flare of the cruel flames against the sky, and guessed truly by whose orders they were kindled.

The town, which is, to this day, a memorial of the Baronet-General's fondness for his son and heir, was better prepared to repel invasion in 1781. Taught wariness by adversity, the stout-hearted burghers and boers stood ready and undismayed to receive the mixed force of four hundred whites and half as many Indians, that hurled themselves upon Johnstown, led by the Butlers, father and son.

A bloody fight ensued. Instead of making Johnson Hall their headquarters as they had hoped to do, the attacking party was beaten back with heavy losses. Walter Butler was shot and scalped in the retreat by an Oneida chief. His violent dealings had returned upon his own head. In connection with this expedition Brant had said, when upbraided with the cruelties committed by the invaders:

"*I* do not make war upon women and children! I am sorry to say that I have those engaged with me who are more savage than the savages themselves"—and named the Butlers.

The story goes that the Oneida who killed Walter Butler had aided the settlers in the abortive attempt to save their homes and families from the Cherry Valley massacre mentioned a while ago. When the wounded white captain cried for "quarter," the Oneida yelled, "I give you Cherry Valley quarter!" and buried his tomahawk in the wretched man's brain. Such was the abhorrence felt by the Indian allies of the American forces for the slain Tory that his body was left unburied where it lay, to be devoured by wild beasts and carnivorous birds, on the bank of a stream known from that bloody day as "Butler's Ford."

The Butler homestead is still standing, a few miles from Johnson Hall.

Sir John Johnson had left behind him, in his first hurried flight to Canada, the Family Bible, containing the record of his parents' marriage. As no other documentary proof of it was extant the act was culpably careless if he valued his birthright as a legitimate son. The book found its way to the hands of an Albany citizen, and was by him restored to the rightful owner. At the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, Sir John went to England and remained there for some years, returning to Canada in 1785. There, in acknowledgment of the services he had rendered the Royal cause in the struggle with the rebellious Colonies, he was made Superintendent of Indian Affairs in America and received valuable grants of Canadian lands. He died at the age of eighty-eight, in Montreal, in the year 1830. His son and successor was Sir Adam Gordon Johnson. Their descendants are numerous, most of them living in Canada.

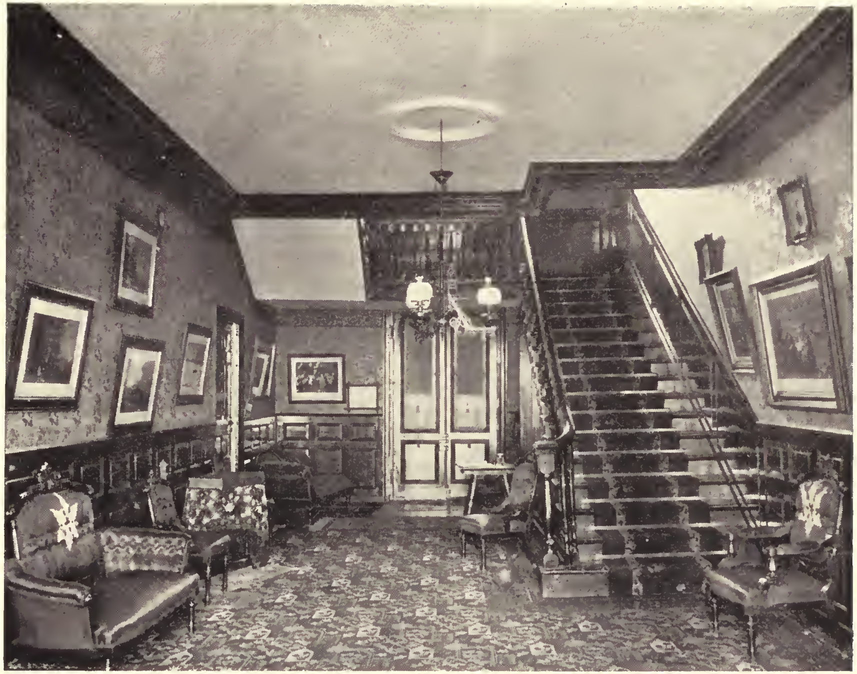
Other of Sir William Johnson's descendants intermarried with prominent New York families.

Johnson Hall, with the large estate surrounding it, being confiscated by the Continental

Government, was sold to James Caldwell, Esq., of Albany, for $30,000, "in public securities." Within a week from the day of purchase he sold it in his turn, and for hard cash, for $7,000, clearing a handsome sum by the operation. The place changed hands four times in the ten years lying between 1785 and 1795.

In 1807 Mr. Eleazar Wells was married to Miss Aken in the drawing-room of Johnson Hall. The mansion had been so well cared for that the paint and paper of this apartment were the same as in Sir William's time and in excellent preservation. Mr. Wells became the owner of the place in 1829. It is now the property of his widowed daughter-in-law, Mrs. John E. Wells, and retains the reputation for large-hearted hospitality established and maintained by the founder.

Lossing says of it in 1848, "It is the only baronial hall in the United States." But for the modernising touches visible in the bay-windows and the wing at the beholder's right, as he faces the ancient building, the main body of the Hall is unaltered. It is of wood, the massive clapboards laid on to resemble stone blocks. The front elevation is forty feet in width, and the depth is sixty feet. Two



CENTRAL HALL OF JOHNSON HALL.

stone blockhouses, with loopholes under the eaves, flanked the mansion as erected by Sir William, for nearly a century after his decease. That on the right was burned some years ago. These "forts" were connected with the mansion by tunnelled passages. A central hall, fifteen feet wide, cuts the dwelling in two, running from front to back doors. The broad staircase is fine. After the manner of their English forbears, the colonists made much of stairways, sometimes to the extent of cramping living-rooms to give sweep to the ascent, and breadth to landings. The mahogany balustrades, imported by Sir William Johnson, are in place, but the polished rail is hacked, as with a hatchet, at intervals of ten or twelve inches, all the way down. The tradition, which has never been doubted, of the mutilation is that it was done by Brant in 1777, the date of Sir John Johnson's precipitate departure from the home of his father to escape the consequences of his double dealing with General Schuyler, who had paroled him. In view of the strong probability that the deserted house might be entered, plundered, and fired by some wandering band of Indians, the half-breed leader left upon the wood hasty hieroglyphics which they would understand and respect. The roof reared by the patron who had filled a father's place to him,—whether or not he had a natural right to the office,—must be spared for that patron's sake.

We cannot but view the rude indentations reverently. With mute eloquence they awaken thoughts of the mark left "upon the lintels and the two side-posts" of the houses to be spared by the destroying angel on the Passover night. Nothing we have seen in any other Colonial homestead appeals more strongly to heart and imagination than these tokens of love and gratitude, stronger than death, and of the authority exercised by the educated savage over his fierce followers.

The rooms are large and lofty and wainscoted with native woods, rich with the dyes of a hundred and fifty years. The library, in which Sir William drew his last breath, is now used as a bedroom.

The late General Thomas Hillhouse was wont to say that "Sir William Johnson was the greatest Proconsul the English ever had in the American Colonies, and that if he had lived, the entire course of the Revolution might—would probably have been changed."

The stamp of his potent personality lingers upon the neighbourhood he rescued from the wilderness. Tales of a life without parallel in the history of our country are circulated in Johnstown and Fonda and Caughnawaga, as of one who died but yesterday. Some are grave; some are comic; many are unquestionably myths; all are interesting. We may discredit the story, seriously retailed by Lossing, that Sir William was the father of a hundred children. Presumably, although our delightful gossip does not state it in so many words, ninety-odd were half-breeds.

We incline a listening ear to the account of the seclusion in which Mary and "Nancy" Johnson were brought up after their mother's death. According to this, the two girls were educated by the widow of an English officer, a gentlewoman who had been Mrs. Johnson's intimate friend. She lived with her charges apart from the rest of the household, training them in the few branches of learning studied by young ladies of that day, teaching them fine needlework of various kinds, one with them in their pleasures and pursuits. They are said to have dressed after a fashion dictated by their governess and never altered while they were under her care; a sort of pelisse, or loose gown,—like the modern *peignoir*,—of fine flowered chintz, opened in front to show a green silk petticoat. Their hair, thick, long, and very beautiful, was tied at the back of the head with ribbon. We are asked, furthermore, to believe that up to the age of sixteen, the sisters had seen no women of their own station except their governess, and no white man but their father, who visited them every day, and took a lively interest in their education. When, in his judgment, they were ready to leave the conventual retreat, he married Mary to her cousin, Guy Johnson, Ann to Daniel Claus. After their marriages, they acquired the ways of the outer world with wonderful rapidity, and played their parts as society women well.

The tradition, if it be true, ranks itself upon the reputable, country-gentleman side of their father's dual nature. By no other means could he have kept Mary Brant and her brood apart from the fair-faced daughters of Catherine Wissenberg, or prevented the shadow of early equivocal associations from darkening the fame of Mesdames Guy Johnson and Daniel Claus. He was passing wise in his generation.

If the tale be not authentic, it ought to be.

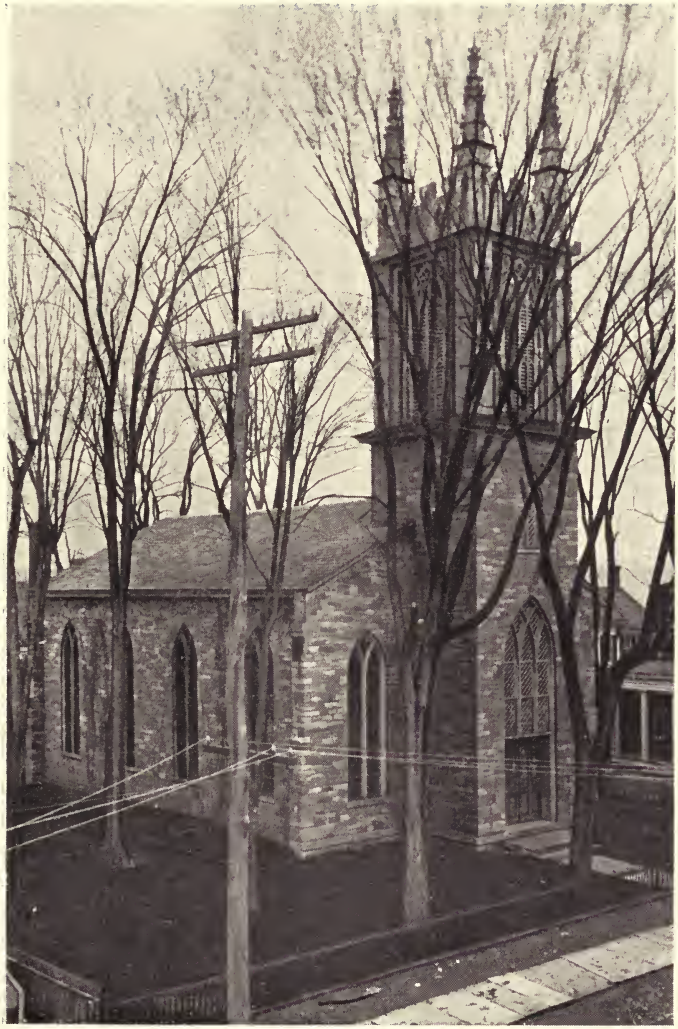
Many of the incidents linked into the story of Johnson Hall rest upon the valid testimony of Mrs. Edwards, a sister of Mr. Eleazar Wells. This venerable gentlewoman lived to see her eighty-seventh birthday, and preserved her excellent memory to the latest day of her life. One of these anecdotes is curiously suggestive.

On a certain day in the year 1815, or thereabouts, a party of eight or ten horsemen appeared at the Hall, and demanded permission to go into the cellar. None of the men of the family were at home, and Mrs. Wells, dreading violence if the visitors were refused, granted the singular request, contriving, nevertheless, that their proceedings should be watched. In a dark corner of the cellar was a well, dug by Sir William Johnson to supply the garrison with water in the event of a siege, but now half filled with stones and earth. The intruders began at once to tear out the rubbish, presently unearthing several boxes, which they carried into the upper air and into a field back of the house and orchard. In the sight of the terrified women watching them from the upper windows, they emptied the coffers of the papers that filled them and "sat on the ground a long time,"—said Mrs. Edwards,—opening and examining them. At last, they made a fire upon the hillside and threw armful after armful of the papers into it. When all were consumed, they remounted their horses, and rode off "towards Canada."

Sir John Johnson was then alive. The surmise was inevitable that search and destruction were instigated by him, and for reasons we can never know.

At some period of its history the interesting old landmark had rough usage from temporary occupants. If the hall-carpet were lifted we should see the print of stamping hoofs upon the oaken boards beneath, proving that troopers—American or Tory—stabled their horses there, tethering them to the noble staircase protected from nominal barbarians by the gashes of Brant's hatchet.

Sir William Johnson was buried in a brick vault constructed in his lifetime under the chancel of St. John's Church in Johnstown. The corner-stone of the building "was laid in 1772 with Masonic ceremonies, Sir William Johnson, Sir John Johnson, John Butler, Daniel Claus, Guy Johnson, and General Herkimer



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

taking part therein. . . . This church contained the first church-organ west of Albany."

So writes Mr. James T. Younglove, an accomplished antiquarian and a zealous student of the stirring history of the Mohawk Valley.

William Elliott Griffis adds that when the church was burned in 1836, and rebuilt (with the old stones as far as possible) in 1838, "the site was so changed that the grave of Johnson was left outside the new building. . . . In 1862 the rector, Rev. Charles H. Kellogg, took measurements, sunk a shaft, and discovered the brick vault."

The sanctity of the tomb of the loyal subject of King George had been invaded long before. The leaden case enveloping the solid mahogany coffin was melted down and moulded into bullets during the Revolutionary War (to be fired at those of his own blood and name!). The ring with which he married Catherine Wissenberg was found embedded in his dust, and is still preserved by the Masonic Lodge he established at Johnson Hall. After his death the lodge was removed to the quarters it now occupies in Johnstown. The cradle in which "Mary Brant, housekeeper," rocked his tawny children, is also kept there.

The poor mortal remains of the fearless master among men were reburied in a "hollowed granite block" in the churchyard. No other grave is near it. For sixty years schoolboys played and romped and shouted over it, and passers in the streets of the now thriving town gave as little thought to the unmarked mound. Within the past five years the earnest efforts of the President of the Johnstown Historical Society, Hon. Horace E. Smith, have been the means of enkindling new and intelligent interest in one whom Dr. Griffis calls "the Maker of America." A movement is now on foot to erect a suitable monument to the pioneer to whom Johnstown owes birth, name, and the associations that make it an historic shrine.

III

LA CHAUMIÈRE DU PRAIRIE, NEAR LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

The Travels of John Francis, Marquis de Chastelleux, in North America, is a rare old book from which several quotations were made in a former volume of this series.

In a stately style, somewhat stiffened by the English translator, the author—one of the forty members of the French Academy, and Major-General in the French army under the Count de Rochambeau—describes a "dining-day," as it was called in the region, at Maycox, opposite Westover on the James River. The travelled Marquis had met Mr. David Meade, the proprietor of Maycox, and his wife at Williamsburg, some weeks earlier than the date of the foreigner's sojourn at Westover, and then and there had a cordial invitation to visit their plantation.

After descanting, in Grandisonian periods, upon the "charming situation" of Maycox, he informs us that it was "extremely well fitted up within." Furthermore, it commanded a full view of Westover, "which, with its surrounding appendages, had the appearance of a small town." Westover, the seat of the Byrds, was still in the prime of prosperity to the casual eye, crippled 'though the family fortunes were by the "gaming" propensities of the late owner, William Byrd the third. The French nobleman saw everything through the *couleur de rose* of gallant appreciation of the many charms of the widowed châtelaine, heightened by gratitude for the distinguished hospitality he had received from her and other James River landowners.

There is, then, an accent of surprise in his mention of Mr. Meade's latent discontent with the lot cast for him in these pleasant places.

> "The charming situation," he observes, "is capable of being made still more beautiful if Mr. Meade preserves his house, and gives some attention to it, for he is a philosopher of a very amiable, but singular, turn of mind, and such as is particularly uncommon in Virginia, since he rarely attends to affairs of interest, and cannot prevail upon himself to make his negroes work. He is even so disgusted with a culture wherein it is necessary

to make use of slaves that he is tempted to sell his possessions in Virginia and remove to New England."

Rev. Meade C. Williams, D.D., of St. Louis, a descendant of the nascent Abolitionist (*pro tempore!*), records that Mr. (Colonel) David Meade spent three ample inherited fortunes upon the adornment of Maycox and the homestead in Kentucky, to which territory he removed shortly after his threat to solace his conscience by seeking an abiding-place in New England.

"It will be noted," continues the document before me, "that the most conspicuous feature of the Meades has been this very lack of ambition in state affairs, and a love of domestic tranquility."

So far, so good, in the branch of an ancient and honourable family to which this particular planter belonged. The assertion is a decided misfit when we attempt to join it to other sections of the genealogical table. One of the ancestors of the disgusted slaveholder and amiable philosopher was Thomas Cromwell, a pupil of Cardinal Wolsey, who, in bidding a long farewell to all his greatness, charged his subordinate to "fling away ambition."

Cromwell rejoins feelingly:

"The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours."

Wolsey did not doubt the "honest truth" of his late follower, and tearful Thomas meant sincerely enough when he called "all that have not hearts of iron" to bear witness—

"With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord."

Yet the next act finds

"Thomas Cromwell
A man in much esteem with the king and truly
A worthy friend. . . . The king
Has made him master of the jewel-house
And one, already, of the privy council."

Oliver Cromwell was a nephew of Thomas. Whatever other failings were charged upon the Lord Protector, he was never accused by contemporaries or by posterity with a lack of vaulting ambition.

Running an inquisitive finger down the race-line of the Meades, we arrest it at the name and history of the first of the family who emigrated to America. Andrew Meade, an Irish Roman Catholic, crossed the ocean (for reasons we may be able to show presently) late in the seventeenth century.

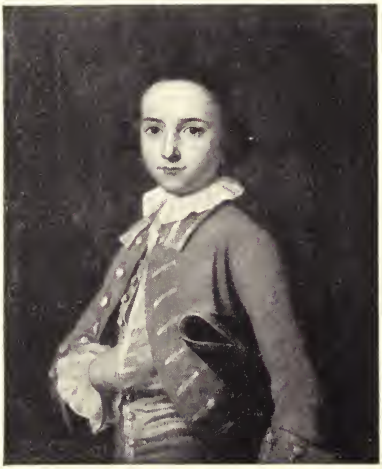
"In the year 1745 he deceased, leaving a character without a stain, having had the glorious epithet connected with his name, long before he died, of 'The Honest.'"

It is more than conjectured that his self-expatriation followed close upon the accession of William and Mary to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland. He belonged to a fighting family, and such men were safer in the Colonies than at home.

The element of "tranquility" may have been infused into blood hitherto somewhat hot and turbulent, by his marriage with an American Quakeress, Mary Latham by name. He left the bulk of his Virginia estate to his eldest son, David (1), who married, four or five years after his father's decease, the daughter of an English baronet. At the date of the marriage, the father-in-law, Sir Richard Everard, was proprietary governor of North Carolina.

The second David Meade was born in 1744. In accordance with the general custom of well-born and affluent English colonists, his father sent him to England, at a tender age, to get a gentleman's education. He got it at Harrow School. The Head Master at that time was Dr. Thackeray, Archdeacon of Surrey, Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and grandfather to the great novelist of that name.

A story current in the Meade connexion, even down to our day, is that the persons and characters of David Meade and his younger and more brilliant brother, Richard Kidder,—who joined him in England some years thereafter, going with him from Harrow to a private school in Hackney Parish,—furnished the suggestion of William Makepeace Thackeray's *Virginians.* It is certain that David, at least,



DAVID MEADE AT THE AGE OF 8.
FROM ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THOMAS HUDSON. OWNED BY E. P. WILLIAMS, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

was domesticated for five years in Dr. Thackeray's family, greatly endearing himself to the Head Master and his "pious, charitable, and in every way exemplary lady." Thus David Meade described her over half a century later. He adds that "he was bound to them by ties much stronger than those of nature, insomuch that the most affecting event of his whole life was his separation from them."

What more likely than that the sayings and doings of the brace of colonists, as handsome as they were spirited, were passed down the Thackeray generations until they lodged in the imagination of the greatest of the clan? The tradition, too pleasing to be lightly discarded, is the more plausible for the circumstance that Richard Kidder Meade became one of Washington's aides in the Revolutionary War and was, in private life, his intimate friend. Thackeray could hardly have overlooked the association of the names in his quest for material for *The Virginians.*

David (2) returned to Virginia in 1761 after ten years' absence. "The forests and black population of his native land were novel, but not by any means pleasing to him, and nothing was less familiar to him than the persons of the individuals of his family." His sisters were married; he had left his brothers, Richard Kidder and Everard, at school in England, and two younger children born in his absence would not be companions for him for a long while to come.

EVERARD MEADE (AGED 9).

In the ensuing seven years he saw all of "life"—social and political—the New World had to offer to the son of a wealthy father, the brother-in-law of Richard Randolph of Curles, and the near neighbour of the Byrds of Westover. In company with two of the Randolphs he visited Philadelphia, was the guest of General Gage in New York, sailed up the Hudson to Albany, threaded swamps and forests to Saratoga and Lake George, was hospitably entertained at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and so on to Canada. In Montreal, Captain Daniel Claus, (an old acquaintance to the readers of our chapters upon Johnson Hall),

> "son-in-law of Sir William Johnson and deputy-superintendent of Indian affairs, invited them to a congress of Indian chiefs from several nations upon the lakes, the town being then full of Indians. The Intendant introduced the travellers to each of them individually as 'Brethren of the Long Knife,' who had come from the South, almost a thousand miles, to visit Canada. . . . The Intendant [Claus], after the ceremony of introducing the Long Knives, or Virginians, opened the congress with a speech, or talk."

The tour occupied nearly three months of the year 1765.

In 1768 David (2) Meade married Sarah Waters of Williamsburg, and the same year offered himself as a candidate for the House of Burgesses. He was elected and took his seat in May, 1769, although feebly convalescent from a recent attack of illness. The session was short and stormy.

Ten days were spent in debates upon the subjects at issue between England and the Colonies, and the passage of certain resolutions so offensive to the Governor of Virginia, Lord Botetourt, that he drove in vice-regal state to the Capitol and dissolved the Assembly in an address that had the merits of conciseness and comprehensiveness :

" Gentlemen : I have heard of your resolves, and I augur their ill effects. You have made it my duty to dissolve you, and you are accordingly dissolved."

David Meade, " completely cured of his ambition,"—and it would seem, for life,—settled down at Maycox to the congenial pursuits of landscape gardening and horticulture and the enjoyment of the domestic felicity which was his from the day of his bridal until death separated the married lovers.

The curious and interesting sketch of his life written in the third person by himself, which has been courteously put at my disposal by his great-grandson, Dr. M. C. Williams, is unsatisfactory only when it deals with his own achievements and virtues. It is amusing to read that, of the various branches studied by him during his ten years of English schooling—

> "he did not take enough away to impoverish the Academy. He had a very small smattering of everything he had attempted to learn, but less of the languages, both dead and foreign, than of the sciences and the elegant arts. Thus, but ordinarily qualified for the humble walks of private life, and without natural talents, or acquired knowledge, to move with any credit to himself in public, he left England. . . . He was content with the very little that was his due—the extreme humble merit of negative virtues. . . . He was a great builder of castles in the air; but conscious, as he was, that he had neither figure, face, nor accomplishments to qualify him for an epitome of a romance here, he prudently determined to fall in love and marry somewhat after the fashion of the people. Nevertheless, he was fastidious in the choice of his subject."

All this is entertaining when we bear in mind that David Meade was one of the handsomest and most accomplished gentlemen of his generation—"a day when, in the class to which he belonged, culture was at the highest." It is tantalising, even vexatious, that he puts himself into the background after the brief notice of his marriage and the purchase of Maycox, and devotes many pages to what he says was "a subject much more interesting to the writer," the countless virtues, personal endowments and achievements of his brother, Richard Kidder. As has been noted, Richard Kidder was on Washington's staff, having raised a company in 1776–77, and been unanimously elected as its captain. He fought bravely throughout the war, meeting with many adventures, having sundry hairbreadth escapes, and receiving signal honours from the Commander-in-chief and Congress. After the arrest of André, Richard Kidder Meade was the bearer of a letter from Washington to Sir Henry Clinton " upon the subject of that accomplished officer's case." He died in 1781, "beloved by all who were acquainted with him, esteemed and respected by his neighbours, and every one that had ever heard of his worth."

The family Annals from which these excerpts are made were transcribed in characters so minute that the descendant who undertook the pious duty of copying them for the press, was obliged to hold a magnifying-glass in one hand while writing with the other. The volume is guarded by a sort of trespass-board notice upon the title-page :

" It is to be noted that these pages are not intended for, and never will be exposed to, public inspection, and are intended only for the amusement and, peradventure, the edification of the House of Meade."

When these lines were penned, he had lived for thirty years in "Chaumière du Prairie in the now State of Kentucky," as he says, "having landed with a numerous family from boats at Limestone, now Maysville, and permanently settled at the headspring of Jessamine Creek, a lateral branch of the Kentucky River."

The formidable flitting was a removal for life. The tract of land purchased by his eldest son, David (3), whom the father had sent to Kentucky "to prospect" some months before the hegira of the numerous family, was in the very heart of the "blue-grass country," the garden-spot of the stalwart young territory, old Virginia's favourite daughter. Reports of the fertility of unclaimed fields, irrigated by clear creeks, of virgin forests and navigable rivers, of a climate at once mild and salubrious—had reached the Meade dwelling in the midst of a civilisation more than a century and a half old, and attracted them, as to a promised land of beauty and plenty.

David Meade built a lodge, afterwards enlarged into a mansion, near the centre of an extensive plain, shaded at intervals by clumps of magnificent sugar-maples, and forthwith fell to work to make it what a Meade MS. declares it to have been,—"the first lordly home in Kentucky." Incidentally, he expended upon the enterprise one-and-a-half of the three ample fortunes of which he was possessed.

One hundred acres of arable land, seeded down with the famous blue-grass, then shorn and rolled into velvety turf, were enclosed by a low stone wall, masked by honeysuckles and climbing roses. A porter's lodge of rough-hewn stone stood at the gate set between solid stone pillars. Upon the arch above the gate was cut the name the immigrant had bestowed upon it,—*Chaumière du Prairie.*

The French title gave travelled visitors the *motif* of the living poem embodied in the grounds. Le Petit Trianon was evidently an abiding memory and suggestion in the designer's thoughts. The serpentine walk and the long straight alley, bordered by large trees, the benches set at irregular intervals along the walks, the pavilion in an embowered nook, the waterfall and lake, the artificial island and the rustic bridge thrown from it to the shore, the Grecian temple, the shaded vistas cool with deep green shadows and solemn with silence,—

were reminiscences, not of terraced Westover and Maycox, but of the half-English lad's continental travels. Here, at least, he could "materialise" one of the castles in the air he was fond of building.

Colonel Meade's granddaughter, Mrs. Susan Creighton Williams of Fort Wayne, Indiana, wrote out, in her seventy-second year, her recollections of the holiday-home of her childhood. The pen-picture reproduces house and pleasure-grounds for us as pencil and brush could not. I regret that the bounds set for this chapter will not allow me to share all the graphic details of the goodly scene with my readers. Landscape and atmosphere are Arcadian, not the crude product of a newly made "settlement."

> "The House," we read, "was what might be called a villa,—covering a great deal of ground, built in an irregular style, of various materials—wood, stone, brick,—and one mud room, which, by the way, was quite a pretty, tasteful spare bedroom. The part composed of brick was a large octagon drawing-room. The dining-hall was a large, square room, wainscoated with black walnut, with very deep window-seats, where we children used sometimes to hide ourselves behind the heavy curtains. There was one large, square hall, and numerous passageways, lobbies, areas, etc. . . . The bird-cage

walk was one cut through a dense plum thicket, entirely excluding the sun. It led to a dell where was a spring of the best water, and near by was the mouth of a cave which had some little notoriety. . . . Beyond the lawn there was a large piece of ground which Mr. Meade always said ought to have been a sheet of water to make his grounds perfect. This was sown in clover that it might, as he thought, somewhat resemble water in appearance. In one of our summer sojourns in Chaumière, when my sister Julia (Mrs. Ball) was about three years of age, soon after our arrival the nurse took her out upon the lawn, where she shrank back and cried out ' Oh, river ! river ! ' greatly to our grandfather's delight. He said it was the greatest compliment his grounds had ever had."

The ingenious conceit was characteristic of the planter-dreamer and born artist. His æsthetic sense demanded the shimmer of water at that point of the verdant level, flanked by groups of sugar-maples. In the summer sunshine the tremulous expanse of silver-lined leaves supplied the ripple and gleam required "to make his grounds perfect."

As the "dark and bloody ground" exchanged her solitary wilds for cultured fields and fast-growing towns, Chaumière became the show-place of the State. Lexington was but nine miles distant, and no personage of political or social consequence visited the lively little place without driving out to the

MRS. SARAH WATERS MEADE.

FROM PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF E. P. WILLIAMS, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

hospitable country-seat of the Meades. There were house-parties especially invited, who were domiciliated for a week or fortnight at a time, making excursions through the beautiful surrounding country, feasting, dancing, gathering in the great "stone passage" in the purple twilight for tea-drinking and chat, and watching the shadows steal over the paradise visible through front and back doors, while Mrs. Meade sat at the pianoforte in the adjoining drawing-room. She played with exquisite taste and feeling until she was long past three-score-and-ten. The octagon drawing-room was all draped with satin brocade—the walls, the windows, and the frames of the four tall mirrors reaching from floor to ceiling.

It saw much and distinguished company during the forty years' residence and reign of the fine old Virginia and Kentucky gentleman. Four Presidents of the United States—Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, and Zachary Taylor—were entertained here. The lady of the manor,—"always dressed in black satin, to which were added handsome lace and embroideries upon occasion,"—stately and beautiful in the standing ruff and high-crowned cap of bygone years, had her favourites among the celebrities. We are surprised to learn that she considered General Jackson the most remarkable man she had ever known, with the possible exception of Aaron Burr. She used to relate to her listening grandchildren what an imposing figure he was, as, sitting tall and straight upon his charger, he cantered up the avenue to the porch of Chaumière. Host and hostess were waiting there to greet the hero of New Orleans.

Colonel Meade, like his wife, had made no change in the fashion of his attire for half a century. Coat, short breeches, and the long waistcoat reaching to his hips, were of light drab cloth. His white or black silk stockings were held up by jewelled knee-buckles and a similar pair adorned his low shoes. The buttons of coat and waistcoat were silver, stamped with the Meade crest. The same insignia appeared upon the massive silver service used upon the table every day whether there were company in the house or not. Mrs. Meade's piano was the first brought to Kentucky. Certain handsome pieces of furniture were heirlooms from English houses—notably from the Palace of Bath and Wells, an inheritance from the Kidder who was once

Bishop of that See. Another valued relic was a souvenir of the Irish Roman Catholic Meade whose services for the Church were recognised by the gift of a crucifix of ebony and ivory presented by the then reigning Pontiff. A gold medal dependent from the crucifix bore a Latin inscription said to have been composed by Charles V., Emperor of Spain and Germany. The dining-room buffets bore marvellous treasures of cut-glass and porcelain, in such abundance as to set out tables for one hundred guests, once and again.

That number sat down on Christmas Day, 1818, to an entertainment which, writes one of the guests,

> "in management, in simplicity of style, and without the least ostentation, though all the surroundings were profusely rich—surpassed anything of the kind I have ever witnessed. . . . The magnificent rooms are furnished with taste and consummate art, and there was an exhibition of surpassing brilliancy produced without any apparent attempt."

Another guest, a college president, says of a visit paid to the Meades earlier in the same year :

> "Col. Meade is entirely a man of leisure, never having followed any business, and never using his fortune but

in adorning his place and entertaining friends and strangers. No word is ever sent to him that company is coming. To do so offends him. But a dinner at the hour of four is always ready for visitors, and servants are always in waiting. Twenty of us went one day without warning, and were entertained luxuriously on the viands of the country. Our drinks consisted of beer and wine. He does not allow cigars to be smoked on his premises."

The fact noted in the last sentence is unexpected. The most fastidious gentlemen in America were confirmed smokers, and the cultivation and exportation of tobacco contributed more largely to the wealth of Virginia and certain parts of Kentucky and Tennessee than any other industry. Of Blairs, Breckinridges, Marshalls, Floyds, Scotts, Leighs, Routledges, Clays, presidents of universities, and presidents of the United States who were made welcome in turn to the lordly homestead, four out of five must have been lovers of what William Evelyn Byrd has taught us to call "the bewitching vegetable." Colonel Meade's aversion to the practices of smoking and chewing is referable to the punctilious neatness which was first and second nature with him. Not a fallen leaf or twig was suffered to litter the velvet turf. Every day a company of small negroes was detailed for the duty of picking up such leaves and sticks as had fallen during the night, and the master often supervised the work.

A lineal descendant gives a vivacious account of some manifestations of Colonel Meade's exceeding strictness in the matters of order and cleanliness. Among other illustrations we have this pretty picture :

> "The mulberries of that day and place were of a much finer quality, much larger, and more fruity than of the present. Troops of boarding-school girls from Lexington would come out to this enchanting place, and when they sought mulberries, Colonel Meade would have servants detailed to shake them from the trees. Out of regard for the white dresses (with blue sashes, perchance—bless them !) of the maiden of that time, his instructions were that the berries were to be picked up, commencing at the outer edge of their fall. Treading them into the grass was unpardonable. How the old gentleman of the old school would flame up with an amiable oath when this order was transgressed ! Beneath the fruit-trees was as clean and neat as any part of the lawn."

Yet we read that "kindliness was a feature of his exalted nature." A common and beautiful custom of the region was that the negroes, for miles around, came to be married in the Chaumière grounds. The master was indignant with the low-bred white who stole into the gardens or groves by some other way than the great gateway that "stood open night and day." "Courteous to all, he exacted courtesy from others. He had great respect for the courteous negro of the old time."

The negro of any time is an imitative animal. The Meade servants caught their owner's tone and bearing with almost ludicrous fidelity. Henry Clay was a frequent visitor at Chaumière, and was put upon his mettle—with all the perfection of his breeding—not to be outdone in grace and suavity by Dean, the chief butler. This high functionary, with his five subordinate footmen and the coachman, wore drab liveries with silver buttons and shoe-buckles.

Such was the parental and judicious care exercised over the coloured members of "the family," that during the long lifetime of Colonel Meade not one case of fatal illness occurred on the estate.

David Meade (3) was a school-friend of Aaron Burr, and after the latter was put under arrest and surveillance for the Blennerhassett treason Colonel Meade's influence with the state authorities obtained permission for the suspected man to spend three weeks at Chaumière, the Colonel's son pledging himself for his safe-keeping. He was accompanied by his confederate and dupe, Blennerhassett. The two were among the witnesses of the marriage of Elizabeth Meade to Judge Creighton of Chillicothe, Ohio; also of the baptism of a granddaughter, Elizabeth Massie. This child became Mrs. W. L. Thompson of "Sycamore," near Louisville, one of the most beautiful of Kentucky homes.

The damask table-cloth used at the wedding feast, to which Burr and Blennerhassett sat down, is still treasured in the family.

Another of the granddaughters, Mrs. Anna Meade Letcher, has a story of a yet more valuable memento of the memorable visit paid to Chaumière by the conspirators:

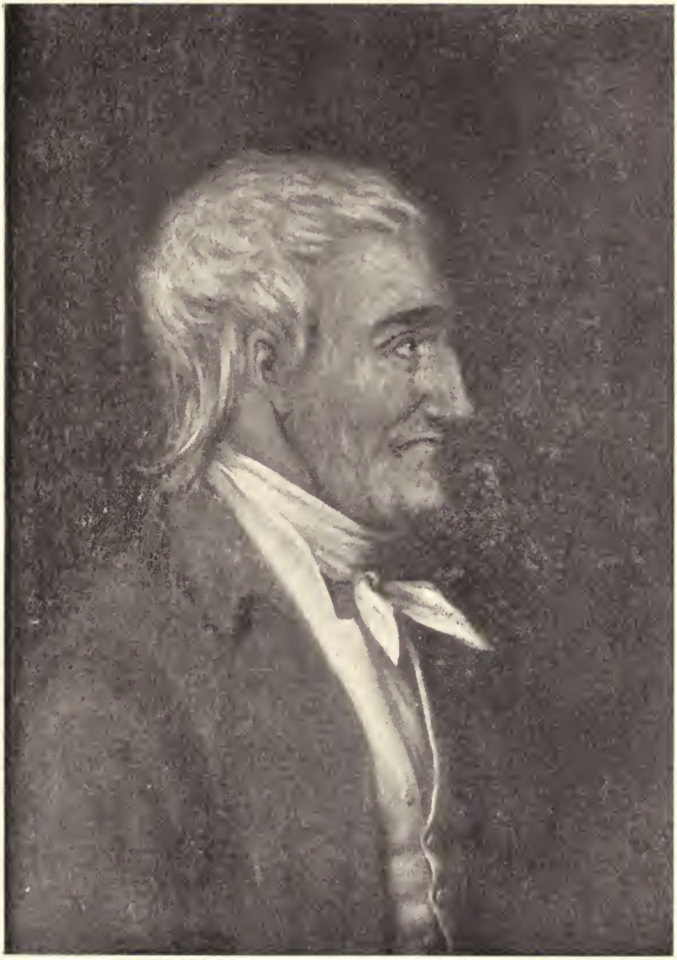
> "There is in the family a very antique mirror before which Aaron Burr sat, and had his hair powdered, and his queue arranged to suit his vain and fastidious taste, before entering the drawing-room to use all his artful fascinations upon the ladies, whether handsome or homely, young or old, bright and entertaining, or dull. He never forgot his policy to charm and beguile all who came into his presence."

Colonel Meade had passed from the home he had made an Eden to the fairer Land whither his devoted wife had preceded him by six months of earthly time, when Edward Everett paid a visit to Chaumière. Mrs. Letcher's mother, then a young girl, rowed him across the miniature lake in her boat, "Ellen Douglas." The high-bred gentleman paid a graceful compliment to the "Lady of the Lake," a sobriquet she retained until her marriage.

"Mr. Everett had just returned from a long stay abroad, where he had become quite a connoisseur in art," says Mrs. Letcher, "and he pronounced the art-collection of Chaumière, 'though small, equal in merit to any he had seen abroad."

This comprised family portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hudson, the Sullys, and other artists of international reputation. Some are still treasured intelligently and reverently in the family connexion. Others passed, after the sale of the homestead, into less tender hands. An anecdote whispered among the descendants of the superb old patrician has to do with the atrocious desecration of one historic canvas to the ignominy of covering a meal-barrel, until it was fairly worn out with much using.

Colonel Meade was ninety-four years of age



COLONEL DAVID MEADE AT THE AGE OF 85.

FROM PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF E. P. WILLIAMS, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

when he died. His son David (3) had not lived to see his thirtieth year. His father had borne the terrible blow to love, pride, and hope with fortitude amazing to all but those who knew him best. Not even to them did he speak of what the death of his noble boy was to him. Everything was to have been David's, —"Chaumière, paintings, and other works of art—the magnificent silver plate, the trained house-servants and gardeners." When his will was opened it was found that he left it with his surviving children to divide the property as they deemed best. The sole proviso was that Chaumière should be kept as he had made it for three years. "Dean" and other favourite servants were manumitted by the master's will.

In a charming letter from Mrs. Letcher, we have the rest of the story told in simple, graceful wise, upon which I cannot improve:

> "The daughters had married, and my mother's mother, Mrs. Charles Willing Byrd, had died years before, and none of the family feeling able to keep up the place, it was thought best to sell it. But it seemed to entail fatality in one way or another upon those who have owned it since.
>
> The Colonel was a philosopher of philosophers, and as my father and mother said, submitted with both dignity and grace to the inevitable. He never was known to

make complaint, but bore every trial with Spartan courage and serenity—so the oft-told story that he pronounced a curse upon the home should it pass from the family, has no truth for foundation—'though believed by many of the superstitious from that day to this."

"There have been many ghost stories, but none that were horrible, only of pleasant things that the old servants and housekeeper and the superstitious around would see and hear. The housekeeper came from Virginia with Col. Meade, and was one of the most interesting members of that large household. She lived to be nearly a century old, and I remember her when I was a small child. She was devoted to my mother and stayed with her; her name was Betsy Miller, and Col. Meade

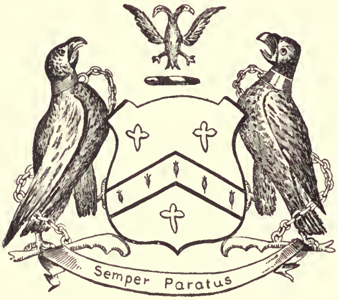
WING OF CHAUMIÈRE LEFT STANDING IN 1850.

knew her to be descended from the Stuarts of Scotland who came to Virginia after the flight and exile of Charles the Second. She and the servants often saw Col. Meade and others of the family who had passed away, strolling in the grounds; in the hedged serpentine walk, which wound around the grounds three miles, or rowing on the lake, or sitting, reading in a summer-house under bowers of honeysuckle and running roses—then, at sunset he would be seen wending his way up the winding walk to the 'octagon hall' where tea was served in summer.—These and many other stories I eagerly drank in, in my childhood, and often, too, when with Betsy and the servants who took her to the grounds when she was too feeble to go alone, I imagined *I* saw my grandfather and others, as they did.

"On the day of the sale a large crowd collected to hear lovely 'Chaumière' cried off to a coarse, vulgar man. So surprised and indignant was everyone that a murmur of disapproval was heard, and soon after was seen in large letters on the pleasure-houses all through the grounds—*Paradise Lost.* This so enraged the purchaser that he determined to make these words true. In less than a week the beautiful grounds were filled with horses, cattle, sheep, and filthy swine. He felled the finest trees in the grounds and park, cut down the hedges—in fine, committed such vandalism as has never been heard of in this country. He pulled down some of the prettiest rooms in the house, stored grain in others and made ruins of all the handsome pleasure-houses and bridges through the grounds. He only kept the place long enough to destroy it.

"The next purchaser found Chaumière but a wreck of beauty. It seems as if Providence decreed that the glory of the beloved beautiful old 'Chaumière' should depart with the name of 'Meade.'"

All that remained to the "next purchaser" aforesaid was the octagon drawing-room given in our picture, the hall, and heaps of foundation-stones where once arose the most lordly part of the noble pile.



MEADE COAT OF ARMS.

Even these have been swept away within the last quarter-century; all the pleasant places born of the brain of the founder and matured into beauty by his taste and wealth, are laid waste. Small wonder is it that the story of the curse pronounced upon the place, should it ever pass into alien hands, should go hand-in-hand with the marvellous tales of departed splendours.

NOTE.—An interesting legend of the Meade family is connected with the chained falcons seen in the coat of arms given herewith.

According to this, a pair of these birds,—foreign to this region,—built a nest upon a crag overlooking the sea in a lonely quarter of the Meade estate. Two boys of the house discovered the nest and, to make sure of the young birds when they should be hatched, ensnared the old ones with light chains. The prize was forgotten for some days, and when the thoughtless lads revisited the crag, they found the parent birds dead of starvation. The callow nestlings were alive, having been nourished by father and mother upon blood drained from their own hearts.

IV

MORVEN, THE STOCKTON HOMESTEAD, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

IN the parish register of Cookham, Berkshire, England, are recorded the births and deaths of several generations of Washingtons and Balls, the lineal ancestors of the man who gave independent being to this nation. From the established fact that Augustine Washington visited England in 1729, to arrange for the transfer of British property to which he had fallen heir, and the almost certainty that he then and there met and married American-born Mary Ball,—a sojourner, like himself, in the fatherland,—some writers assume that their son George first saw the light in English Berkshire.

The hypothesis is summarily disposed of by our first President's written declaration,—*George, eldest son of Augustine, by the second* *marriage, was born in Westmoreland County (Virginia) ye 11th Day of February, 173½.*

John Washington, the great-grandfather of George, was one of the malcontent loyalists who could not breathe in the raw air of the Protectorate. In 1657, he sailed, with his brother Lawrence, for the still loyal Old Dominion, and founded a new family home in Westmoreland on the Potomac River.

One of the unexpected coincidences that leap out at us,—as from hiding between the pages of the history we believed was familiar to us long ago, and which have, henceforth, the vividness of current events, bringing us face to face with old acquaintances, ranging side by side people we have never until now linked in our thoughts,—is that which synchronises John Washington's emigration from Great Britain to America with that of Richard Stockton. A backward glance along the ancestral line of the Stocktons carries the interesting parallel into a yet more venerable past. In the Cookham Parish church (perhaps the same in which Augustine Washington was, four centuries thereafter, to espouse the blue-eyed Virginia girl) is an age-battered stone :

"**Sacred to ye memory of Sir Edward Stockton, Pilgrym of Jerusalem, and Canon, possessed of ye House of our Ladye at Cisborough.**"

Sir Edward's forbears were "anciently Lords of the Manor of Stockton, which they held under the Barony of Malpas, in the County of Cheshire. David de Stockton inherited the Manor of Stockton from his father about the year 1250, in the reign of King Henry the Third."[1]

STOCKTON COAT-OF-ARMS.

From the many mural memorials of the race still extant in England, I select an old Latin epitaph upon a brass plate in Malpas church, set above the dust of "Owen Stockton, Gentleman." A clumsy translation runs —or stumbles—after this wise:

"**I, Stocktonus, ever a most gentle promoter of peace, here laid under the hard marble, enjoy peace.**

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[1] *History of the Stockton Family*, by John W. Stockton.

"**The thirtieth year of my bereavement**" (the term of his widowerhood), "**of an unblemished reputation, sees my offspring flourishing, my father dead.**

"**Departing, I have left behind me as many tears as though peace were about to leave**" (the earth).

"**I obtain the promised reward in the peaceful Heavens.**

"**The son, well-born, has erected this to the father well-born who died December 2nd, A.D. 1610.**"

Four years anterior to the demise of Owen Stockton, Gentleman, his grandson Richard, "the sonne of John Stockton of the Parish of Malpas," was baptised in the Parish church.

This Richard (I.) was thirty-seven years old when John, his father, died in 1643. This would make him a man of fifty when, like the Washington brothers, he found longer residence in Cromwell-ridden England unsafe or unpleasant,—most likely both,—and embarked with his wife and children for a freer country. He landed in New York in 1657 or 1658.

A portion of the ample fortune he contrived to bring away with him was invested in Long Island, then in New Jersey, lands. A tract over two miles in length and one in width, in

Burlington County, was divided at his death between his three sons, Richard, John, and Job.

Richard (II.) Stockton was a man grown at the date of emigration, and so much his own master, when his father removed from Long Island to Burlington, as to act upon his preference for a separate residence in another part of the State. He lived for a short time at Piscataway, settling subsequently upon a tract of six thousand acres of farming lands bought from William Penn, and nearer the northern part of the to-be State of New Jersey. He called the immense plantation "Stony Brook," and devoted himself assiduously to redeeming it from its native wildness. Collecting around him a colony of fellow exiles, he set about felling forests, clearing, draining, and cultivating level reaches of virgin meadows, and erecting comfortable houses for the occupancy of European families.

Until he and his associates broke ground for the settlement afterward renamed "Princeton," no white man had invaded the wilderness. The axe of the explorer had never disturbed the brooding stillness of the primeval forest; not a foot of the soil had had any other owner than the nomads who called the continent their free-hold. Richard Stockton's active pioneer life came to a close in 1709.

In the partition of what was, by now, a valuable estate, he devised the house he had built late in life as a homestead to his fifth and apparently his favourite child, John. This violation of the laws of primogeniture threw his eldest and name-son Richard (III.) out of the natural order of succession. We note, furthermore, with unsatisfied curiosity, that the slighted Richard received but three hundred acres of land, while each of the juniors had five hundred. Tradition is silent as to the young man's offence, and his deportment under what, to one of English birth and prejudices, was a more grievous cross than we, with our free-and-easy Republican notions, can fully appreciate. With true feminine (and illogical) partisanship of the child of "whose nose a bridge was made,"—to borrow a folk-phrase,—I decline to pass over Richard *Desdichado* in the enumeration of the Stocktons who bore the Christian name more or less worthily. Whatever may have been his deficiencies, mental, moral, or spiritual—he stands in this humble chronicle as Richard III.

His mother, Mrs. Susannah Stockton, had

" the use of the house and improvements during her natural life, with the use of all the negro slaves except Daniel," who was bequeathed to the testator's brother-in-law, Philip Phillips. " Each of his sons, as he came of age, was to have a slave."

However warm may be our sympathies with Desdichado, we must admit that John Stockton's character and career amply justified his father's choice of a successor in the proprietorship of the homestead and all pertaining thereto. No early citizen of New Jersey exercised a more marked and wholesome influence upon her history then in making. He was, by Royal appointment, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas ; when the project of founding a university of learning within the precincts of the State was bruited, he wrought with pen, tongue, and fortune to secure the establishment of the same at Princeton, eventually succeeding in the effort. As an elder in the infant Presbyterian Church of the Colonies, he was a power as well as a blessing.

Each of the eight children who survived him was an honour to the father, and to the woman who was his partner in every worthy deed. In 1729, he had married Miss Abigail Phillips, of whom we have little information "except that she was a devoted Presbyterian," says our chronicler. Four sons and as many daughters lived out her unwritten biography. Presbyterian Princeton owes more than has been set down in her annals to her ministry to him who stood confessed in his generation as the best friend and ablest counsellor of Church and College.

John Stockton's daughter, Hannah, married the Honorable Elias Boudinot, a name of distinction in state and national history: Abigail became the wife of Captain Pintard, her sister Susannah wedding his brother Louis. Rebecca married Rev. William Tennent of Monmouth County, a man eminent for piety and eloquence. His extraordinary return to life and consciousness after a trance of four days' duration, physicians and friends supposing him to be dead, is one of the noteworthy psychological phenomena of the last century.

To Richard (IV.), eldest son of John, was left the Princeton homestead with the surrounding plantation. John, the second son, entered the Royal Navy, rose rapidly to the rank of Captain, with the command of a vessel, and died at sea at a comparatively early age.

The third son, Philip, was ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in 1778, and presumably engaged in the active duties of his profession in the vicinity of Princeton, as he bought "Castle Howard" in that town about 1785, and made it his permanent residence.

Next to Richard the Heir, Samuel Witham Stockton, the youngest of the four sons, has left the most brilliant record. He was graduated at Nassau Hall in 1767, and in 1774 was sent to the Courts of Russia and Austria as Secretary of the American Commission. He acted as Secretary of the New Jersey Convention called in 1787 to ratify the Constitution of the United States, and in 1794 was made Secretary of State in New Jersey, He was killed, a year afterwards, by a fall from his carriage.

When Richard, of the fourth generation of American Stocktons, came to his New Jersey principality in 1757, he was in the very prime of early and vigorous manhood. He had been admitted to the Bar three years earlier and about the same time married Anice Boudinot, sister of his brother-in-law, the Honourable Elias Boudinot, a double alliance that linked two chief families of the future Commonwealth together as with hooks of tempered steel.

Mrs. Stockton was a striking feature in the best society of her times. From her French ancestors she inherited her brunette beauty and the vivacity of speech and manner that made her companionship a continual charm. To none of her friends and admirers was she more bewitching than to the lover-husband. The poetic ardour of a courtship conducted in the most approved style of a romantic age, was

ANNIS STOCKTON.
FROM ORIGINAL PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF MRS. McGILL.

never abated by time and intimate association. Their married life was the prettiest of pastorals, in the midst of gayeties, and in the thick of later storms. As long as they both lived, they used in their private correspondence the *noms de plume* assumed when, as lovers, they wrote poems dedicated to one another. Mrs. Stockton preferred " Emilia " to her own quaint and sweeter appellation, and her Richard was " Lucius." It was a fashion of times more artificial than ours when the language of pen and tongue was more ornate than our realistic speech. The custom, affected and fantastic in the abstract, steals a mellowed grace from age and the details of a life-long love-story.

The homestead erected by Richard the Second was a commodious and highly respectable family residence under the management of Judge John Stockton. John's son Richard, aided by the exquisite taste of his " Emilia," made mansion and grounds the most beautiful in the State. Until " Emilia " became mistress of the fair domain it was known as " the Stockton Place,"—sometimes as " Constitution Hill"; the name applied to a large tract of rolling land, including the homestead grounds. Mrs. Richard Stockton gave it the name it now bears.

Ossian's Poems were just then the rage in the English reading-world. Macpherson had set Scotch reviewers by the ears, and infuriated Dr. Johnston to a bellow of protest by publishing *Temora* in 1763, and a general collection of the *Poems of Ossian* in 1765. Both compilations are regarded by our matter-of-fact book-lovers (who yet profess to understand Browning and Carlyle!) as incoherent rubbish of dubious parentage. "Poems" and putative author would have been forgotten and clean out of the minds of readers and reviewers, fifty years ago, but for half-a-dozen phrases that flash like jewels in a dust-heap. Ossian, the son and panegyrist of Fingal, King of Morven, was not merely read, but quoted, by our great-grandmothers. They hung entranced over, and read aloud, in summer noons and winter midnights, what went before and came after such lines as,——

> "The music of Carryl is like the memory of departed joys—pleasant and mournful to the soul."

Fingal,—"grand, gloomy, and peculiar"—the, to our taste, highly bombastic hero of *Temora* and other of the unrhymed translations, found signal favour in Anice Stockton's sight.

She christened the home of her bridehood "Morven," the soft music of the name commending it to her ears, as to ours. She gave personal supervision to the grading of lawns, planting of shrubbery and avenues of trees, and the laying-out of parterres and "pleasaunces." During her gracious reign Morven gained the reputation for superb hospitality it has never lost.

Sons and daughters were born to the perfectly mated pair, frolicked in the shaded pleasure-grounds all day long, said their prayers at their mother's knee, and were folded nightly under the broad rooftree. They were nurtured, according to Presbyterian traditions, in the fear of God and trained to fear naught else but failure in obedience to the law of God and the law of love to man. Twelve happy, busy years went by, and the first separation had to be faced and endured—this, too, for duty's sake. Public and private business called Mr. Stockton to England. A President, able and learnèd, was wanted for the College of New Jersey; the subject of paper currency in the Colonies was growing from gravity into perplexity; yet more serious questions were seething in the minds of embryo statesmen and incorruptible patriots on this side of the Atlantic, and ruffling the tempers of officials in the Home Government.

In 1766, Mr. Stockton sailed for Great Britain after a vain endeavour to induce his wife to accompany him. Both parents must not leave the children, she represented mildly, but firmly. As sensibly and heroically she forwarded the preparations for his voyage and long absence.

I have had the pleasure of looking over a MS. volume of letters, written during the separation of sixteen months that tried the hopes and spirits of the faithful pair. They were copied out carefully, after Richard Stockton's death, by his widow for their daughter, Mrs. Field,—typewriting being among the then-uninvented arts. The priceless archives of wedded devotion stronger than time and death are now in the possession of Mrs. Chancellor McGill of New Jersey, a great-granddaughter of Richard and Anice Stockton.

Addressing her "in the old, sweet way" as "Emilia," the traveller writes of "a charming collection of bulbous roots" he is getting together to send her as soon as the American spring opens. "But I really believe"—he breaks off to say proudly—"you have as fine tulips and hyacinths in your little garden as almost any in England."

In another letter:—"Suppose in the next place I inform you that I design a ride to Twickenham, the latter end of next month, principally to view Mr. Pope's garden and grotto, and that I shall take with me a gentleman who draws well, to lay down an exact plan of the whole." He has high hopes that he has prevailed upon Dr. Witherspoon of Paisley, Scotland, to accept the Presidency of the College; he has attended the Queen's birthnight ball, and describes it in lively terms; he is uneasy over probable political complications.

> "Mr. Charles Townsend, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, informed the House last week that he was preparing a scheme to lay before them for raising money from the Colonies; urged the necessity of sending more troops there, and the propriety and justice of their supporting them. I exceedingly fear that we shall get together by the ears, and GOD only knows what is to be the issue. . . . Wherever I can serve my native country, I leave no occasion untried. Dear America! thou sweet retreat from greatness and corruption! In thee I choose to live and die!"

These are sentences which forecast darkly the coming conflict, full of fate for him and his.

We recognise a familiar name in that of Lord Adam Gordon in whose care, it may be recollected, Sir William Johnson of Johnson Hall sent his son and heir to England "to get rid of the rusticity of a home education." The Scottish peer would seem to have had an especial penchant for American boys.

"He inquired very particularly after you and your dear little boy," writes the absent husband, making it evident that Lord Adam had been a guest at Morven, as well as at Johnson Hall, while in America.

The fond father bids the mother

> "Kiss my dear, sweet children for me, and give rather the hardest squeeze to my only son, if you think it right. If not, divide it equally without any partiality. . . .
>
> "I am entertained with the grandeur and vanity of these kingdoms, as you wished me to be, and, as you know I am curious, new objects are continually striking my attention and engaging my fancy ; but
>
> 'One thought of *thee* puts all the pomp to flight ;
> Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight.'
>
> Let me tell you that all the grandeur and elegance that I have yet seen in these kingdoms, in different families,

where I have been received with great politeness, serves but to increase the pleasure I have, for some years, enjoyed in your society. I see not a sensible, obliging, tender wife, but the image of my dear Emilia is full in view. I see not a haughty, imperious dame, but I rejoice that the partner of my life is so much the opposite. But why need I talk so gallantly? You know my ideas long ago, as well as you would were I to write a volume upon the endearing topic. . . .

"Here I saw all your Duchesses of Ancaster, Hamilton, etc., so famous for their beauty. But here, I have done with this subject! for I had rather ramble with you along the rivulets of Morven or Red Hill, and see the rural sports of the chaste little frogs, than again be at a birthnight ball."

After his return to America, and Morven, he was appointed to a seat in the Royal Council of the Provinces, and to a judgeship in the Supreme Court. These and other honours made the severance of his allegiance to the Crown a terrible wrench for man and public official.

The crucial test of loyalty and of conscience was applied on the 4th of July, 1776, and sent his name down to us as "The Signer."

His eldest daughter, Julia, was, by now, married to Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, already eminent in his profession. The two affixed their names on the same day to the

"THE LINE OF HISTORIC CATALPAS."

Declaration of Independence. Indeed, the family connexion presented a united front in this crisis of national history. His brothers, Philip and Samuel, and their brother-in-law, Elias Boudinot, were zealous and consistent patriots throughout the war.

A New Jersey historian is enthusiastic over the honour reflected upon Princeton by the fact that two of her citizens are upon the immortal roll of honour :

> " Dr. Witherspoon was the acting pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Stockton a member of it. Dr. Witherspoon was president of the College, and Mr. Stockton was a trustee and a graduate of the same.
>
> " What other little town, in our whole country, was so honoured as to have had *two* of her citizens, and such distinguished ones as these were, to sign the Declaration of Independence ? "

The cloud, big with fate to two nations, was to burst with awful fury and suddenness upon Morven. When her master pledged " life, fortune, and sacred honour " for his fulfilment of the obligations entered into on our first " Independence Day," he virtually signed the forfeiture of the first two. After the adjournment of Congress in Philadelphia he returned to his Princeton home, never so fair before as now.

In almost twenty years of proprietorship, he had brought the interior and the environment of the mansion to a degree of luxury and beauty impossible in a new country unless wealth, taste, and foreign travel combine to accumulate pictures and furniture, and to stock grounds with exotic trees and plants. The line of historic catalpas set out by him along the front of the lawn were but saplings then, yet were in flower on that memorable July day when Richard Stockton alighted from his travelling carriage at his own door and told his wife what he had done and what might be the consequences.

Catalpas, and the long avenue of elms in which we stroll to-day, were leafless when news was hurriedly brought to Princeton that a body of British soldiers was marching towards the town. Silver was buried in the frozen earth ; papers and other portable valuables were huddled into portmanteaux ; the horses and roomy chariot were ordered for instant flight.

An incident related by Mr. J. W. Stockton must not be omitted from this part of our story. Mrs. Stockton had her husband's unbounded confidence. His private, and yet more important public, correspondence passed through her hands for approval, for revision, and for sealing. She was privy to the fact that certain important documents relating to public affairs and involving the liberty, if not the lives, of those by whom they were written, had been deposited in "Whig Hall," Princeton. In the haste, confusion, and alarm of the flitting from Morven, the intrepid woman recollected the papers, and taking no one into her confidence, ran alone through byways to the Hall, secured the treasonable correspondence, and with her own hands secreted them in the grounds of her home. Some say they were buried; others, that they were hidden in a hollow tree. In recognition of these and other services rendered to the organisation during the Revolution, she was made a member of the American Whig Society. "This is the only instance in which a lady has been initiated into the mysteries of that literary brotherhood."

Richard, the eldest son, a lad of twelve, was, singularly enough, as it appears to us, left behind when the rest of the family quitted Morven. "In care of a trustworthy old servant," is an explanatory phrase not quite satisfactory to those who know nothing more than the bare circumstance that father, mother, and the other children sought refuge in the house of Mr. John Covenhoven, thirty miles distant, in Monmouth County. It may have been that the boy's occupation of the home was meant to cover some technical point relative to the absolute desertion of the premises. There was no danger of personal violence to him. Cornwallis was with the advancing forces, and he was too brave a gentleman to make war upon children. One of the dramatic episodes of the arrival of the British company at the homestead must have been the apparition of the always dauntless son of the house where they had expected to see no one. Morven was Lord Cornwallis's headquarters. He occupied it for a month, sleeping in the spacious bedchamber above the drawing-room. In leaving, he gave the place over to the wanton depredations of his men. The stables were emptied of stock and provender; the wine-cellars were gutted; the furniture, imported and home-made, was hacked into firewood; books and pictures fed the wanton flames. The portrait of Mr. Stockton painted by Copley, from which our illustration is taken, was left upon the wall, but mutilated. A gash in the throat severed the head from the body, signifying the opinion of a humorous trooper as to the fate deserved by the rebellious original. The injury has been neatly repaired, yet the work of the decapitating blade is still visible in certain lights.

RICHARD STOCKTON
"THE SIGNER"

Princeton was occupied by the British, December 7, 1776. The evicted fugitives' dream of security with the hospitable Covenhovens was rudely dispelled, a few nights afterward, by the violent entrance of a posse of armed men into Mr. Stockton's chamber. The secret of his hiding-place had been betrayed by neighbourhood tories, and a party was sent to apprehend him. He was taken to a New York jail, thence transferred to a prison-ship, and treated like a common felon.

The Battle of Princeton was fought January 3, 1777. The British were driven out of the town and ejected from the College in which a regiment had taken shelter. On the same day Congress passed this resolution :

> " *Whereas*, Congress hath received information that Richard Stockton, Esq., of New Jersey, and a member of this Congress, hath been made a prisoner, and ignominiously thrown into a common jail, and there detained. . . . *Resolved*, that General Washington be directed to make immediate inquiry into the truth of this report, and if he finds reason to believe it well-founded, that he send to General Howe, remonstrating against this departure from that humane procedure which has marked the conduct of these States to prisoners who have fallen into their hands, and to know of General Howe whether he chooses this shall be the future rule for treating all such on both sides as the fortune of war may place in the hands of either party."

The remonstrance had the effect of releasing Mr. Stockton after some needless delays. The tedious weeks of confinement in the middle of an unusually inclement winter undermined his health. He rejoined his family at Morven, indomitable in spirit, but shattered in constitution.

The homestead was a yet more pitiable wreck. In evacuating it, the soldiery had fired both wings, counting upon the destruction of the entire building. The conflagration was arrested before the main body of the house was reached. We see the noble halls and arched doorways, the drawing-room, dining-room, and the bedchambers above these, as they were restored by the owners, grateful to find thus much of the original edifice standing.

The news of the loss of her library was carried to Mrs. Stockton in Monmouth. She heard it with the fortitude of the patriot, the composure of the thoroughbred.

"I shall not complain if only my Bible and Young's *Night Thoughts* are saved," was her remark, recalled wonderingly when, as the story runs, these two books were brought to her, upon her return to Princeton, as the forlorn relics of the treasures which had filled her shelves.

But one of the three chests of valuables buried in the woods had escaped the marauders. The location of the others was revealed to the soldiery by one of the Morven servants,—*not*, we are glad to be assured, the faithful majordomo who was the custodian of the young master left at home.

Mrs. McGill prizes, as one of her choicest heirlooms, a silver coffee-pot, disinterred with other plate when the coast was cleared of robbers and traitors. On one side is the Stockton coat of arms, but without the lion rampant that appears in our reproduction of the insignia. Instead of the king of beasts we have upon the reverse side of the pot the figure of a dove. Whether the gentle bird were an innovation upon the conventional design, or had a right to perch upon the genealogical tree, is a mooted question with judges of heraldic emblems. Anice Stockton's eyes may have glistened tenderly in looking upon the symbol of peace restored to heart and dwelling by the husband's release and the blessedness of once more gathering her children in the home of their fathers.

Peace and joy were short-lived. It became fatally evident before the ruined wings were rebuilt and Morven was refurnished, that the mischief wrought by freezing nights in a fireless cell, wretched fare, and the unspeakable horrors of the prison-ship could never be remedied. One ailment succeeded another, each in evidence of poison the system had not strength to expel, until a cancerous affection laid the sufferer aside from professional labours and social enjoyments. For months prior to his decease he never lost the consciousness of torturing pain except when under the influence of opiates, and had not one hour of natural sleep.

> "Not one soft slumber cheats the vital pain,"

wrote the devoted wife, his constant nurse, in the vigil of "*December 3d, 1780.*" The impromptu scribbled beside the death-pillow "cannot"—says Mr. J. W. Stockton, "be given as a specimen of her poetic abilities,"—yet some stanzas bring scene and sufferers vividly to our mental vision.

> "While through the silence of the gloomy night,
> My aching heart reverb'rates every moan,
> As, watching by the glimmering taper's light,
> I make each sigh, each mortal pang my own.
>
> But why should I implore Sleep's friendly aid?
> O'er me, her poppies shed no ease impart;
> But dreams of dear, departing joys invade
> And rack with fears my sad, prophetic heart.

> And vain is prophecy—when death's approach
>   Thro' years of pain hath sapped a dearer life,
> And makes me, coward-like, myself reproach
>   That e 'er I knew the tender name of wife.
>
> Oh ! could I take the fate to him assigned,
>   And leave the helpless family their head !
> How pleased, how peaceful, to my lot resigned,
>   I 'd quit the nurse's station for the bed !"

Richard the Signer died at Morven, February 28, 1781—is an entry in the family chronicle directly beneath the lines from which I have quoted.

His funeral sermon was based upon a text selected by the widowed Anice :

I have seen an end of all perfection, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad.

The eulogium pronounced by the preacher, Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, Vice-President of the College of New Jersey, includes this summary of Mr. Stockton's deportment, character, and attainments.

"In his private life he was easy and graceful in his manners ; in his conversation affable and entertaining, and master of a smooth and elegant style, even in his ordinary discourse. As a man of letters he possessed a superior genius, highly cultivated by long and assiduous application. His researches into the principles of morals and religion were deep and accurate, and his knowledge of the laws of his country extensive and profound. He was particularly admired for a flowing and persuasive eloquence by which he long governed in the Courts of New Jersey."

V

MORVEN, THE STOCKTON HOMESTEAD, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

(*Concluded*)

"*The History of Princeton*, by John Frelinghuysen Hageman, Counsellor-at-Law, Princeton, N. J.," diverges from the dusty road of historical and statistical details to give us a passage which is poetical in spirit and graceful in wording:

"The long row of large, though knotty and gnarled, catalpas, still in vigorous life, along the whole front of Morven on Stockton Street, having survived the less ancient pines which alternated them, were planted by him" [Richard (IV.) Stockton].—"This row of catalpas in front of Morven can only be viewed as a sacred memorial to the Signer of the Declaration. The Fourth of July is the great day in Mr. Stockton's calendar, as it is in that of our country, and these catalpas, with the undeviating certainty of the seasons, put on their pure white blooming costume, every Fourth of July. For this reason, they have been called, very fitly in this country, the 'Independence Tree.' For one hundred years [this in 1876] have these trees pronounced their annual panegyric upon the memory of the man who planted them."

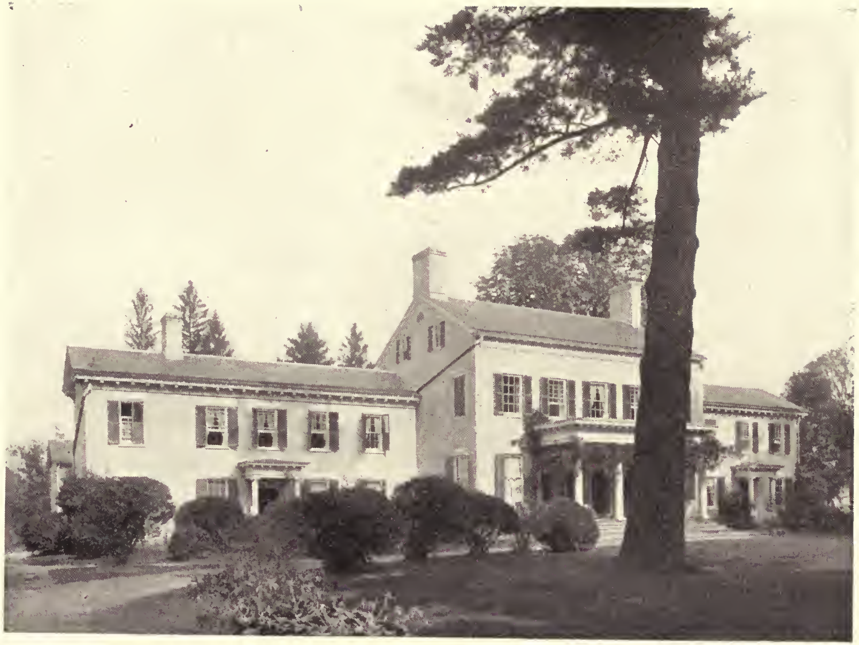
Looking down the leafless vista upon the anniversary of her husband's death-day, Anice Stockton wrote—for her own eyes and her children's :

"To me in vain shall cheerful spring return,
And tuneful birds salute the purple morn ;
Autumn in vain present me all her stores,
Or summer court me with her fragrant bowers ;
These fragrant bowers were planted by his hand
And now, neglected and unpruned, must stand.
Ye stately Elms and lofty Cedars ! Mourn !
Slow through your avenues you saw him borne,
The friend who reared you, never to return."

Although a handsome and brilliant woman under fifty years of age when left a widow, Mrs. Stockton gave her peerless husband no successor in her heart. For her children's sake, she took her place in the society she was born to adorn, when the days of nominal mourning were over. The hospitable doors of Morven had not been closed against the hosts of true friends who revered the master's memory and sympathised in the grief of the smitten household. Congress met in Princeton in 1783, with Elias Boudinot, Mrs. Stockton's brother, as President. The Fourth of July was celebrated with much *éclat* by the Literary Societies of Nassau Hall, and the orators of the occasion, together with a number of members of Congress, dined at Morven as the guests of the President. He was an inmate of his sister's house during the session of the Chief Court of the United States at Princeton.

The fifth Richard Stockton in the direct line of natural succession, and the fourth in heirship, was now nineteen, and already a man in dignity of bearing and mental development. His environment was all the most ambitious parent could have asked for an ambitious son. Washington was a frequent visitor in the house of his late friend, and on the most cordial terms with the accomplished hostess.

What is "thought to be the most lively and sprightly letter that is known to have been written by General Washington," was addressed to Mrs. Stockton, "Sept. 2, 1783." It was in answer to an "Ode to Washington," written by her on the announcement of peace. The tribute to the hero is in the formal—we



MORVEN.

should say, "stilted"—style of a day when odes were *en règle*, and verse-making was an accomplishment much affected by "society people."

"Emilia" had previously congratulated Cornwallis's victor in the columns of the *New Jersey Gazette*, and received an autograph letter of thanks, assuring the fair author that

> "This address, from a person of your refined taste and elegance of expression, affords a pleasure beyond my powers of utterance. I have only to lament that the hero of your pastoral is not more deserving of your pen; but the circumstance shall be placed among the happiest events of my life."

In the second ode, sent direct to the subject thereof, the fair author asks:

> "Say! can a woman's voice an audience gain,
> And stop a moment thy triumphal car?"

Although sorely tempted to transcribe all four pages of the "lively and sprightly" prose effusion drawn from the martial soul of the recipient of the compliment, I must, perforce, content myself and tantalise the reader with the opening paragraph and the shorter flight into the realm of fanciful gallantry that follows:

"You apply to me, my dear madam, for absolution, as though I was your father confessor, and as though you had committed a crime, great in itself, yet of the venial class. You have reason good, for I find myself strangely disposed to be a very indulgent ghostly adviser on this occasion, and notwithstanding 'you are the most offending soul alive' (that is, if it is a crime to write elegant poetry), yet, if you will come and dine with me on Thursday, and go through the proper course of penitence which shall be prescribed, I will strive hard to assist you in expiating these poetical trespasses on this side of purgatory. Nay, more; if it rests with me to direct your future lucubrations, I shall certainly urge you to a repetition of the same conduct, on purpose to show what an admirable knack you have at confession and reformation; and so, without more hesitation, I shall venture to recommend the muse not to be restrained by ill-grounded timidity, but to go on and prosper.

"You see, madam, when once the woman has tempted us, and we have tasted the forbidden fruit, there is no such thing as checking our appetite, whatever the consequences may be. You will, I daresay, recognise our being the genuine descendants of those who are reputed to be our great progenitors."

The charger of our hero's imagination flounders in the unfamiliar field as in a morass. It would be unfair to him, and to her who inspired the ponderous effusion, not to insert the whole of a third letter, to which we turn with grateful relief:

" Mrs. Richard Stockton,
" ' Morven,'
" Princeton, N. J.

" Mount Vernon, Feb'y 18th, 1784.

" Dear Madam :

" The intemperate weather, and very great care which the Post Riders take of themselves, prevented your letter of the 4th of last month from reaching my hands 'till the 10th of this. I was then in the very act of setting off on a visit to my aged Mother, from whence I am just returned. These reasons, I beg leave to offer, as an apology for my silence until now.

" It would be a pity indeed, my dear Madam, if the Muses should be restrained in you. It is only to be regretted that the hero of your poetical talents is not more deserving their lays. I cannot, however, from motives of false delicacy (because I happen to be the principal character in your Pastoral), withhold my encomiums on the performance, for I think the easy, simple, and beautiful strains with which the dialogue is supported, does great justice to your genius, and will not only secure Lucinda & Aminta from Wits & Critics, but draw from them, however unwillingly, their highest plaudits, if they can relish the praises that are given as highly as they must admire the manner of bestowing them.

" Mrs. Washington, equally sensible with myself of the honour you have done her, joins me in most affectionate compliments to yourself, the young Ladies & Gentlemen of your family. With sentiments of esteem, regard and respect,

" I have the honour to be, Dear Madam,
" Y'r Most Obed't Serv't,
" G. Washington."

When her son Richard (V.) married, Mrs., now "Madam," Stockton voluntarily abdicated the throne she had graced for more than thirty years. Washington's last visit to her was paid when she was boarding in a private family in Princeton. Her four beautiful daughters were married—Julia, as we have seen, to Dr. Rush; Susan to Alexander Cuthbert, Esq., a Canadian; Mary to Rev. Dr. Hunter, a Presbyterian clergyman who had served through the Revolutionary War as an army chaplain; Abigail to Robert Field, Esq., of Whitehill, Burlington County. The mother's old age was placid and honourable to the end. At the time of her death, February 6, 1801, she had resided for some years with her daughter, Mrs. Field.

I owe to the kindly courtesy of Mrs. McGill the privilege of inserting here a letter written by Mrs. Richard Stockton to Mrs. Field, as a preface to the volume of MS. letters referred to in the preceding chapter. It rounds off fitly the story of conjugal love, stronger than death:

January the 12th, 1793.

"You could not, my dear Abby, have made a request to me more mournfuly pleasing, than that of copying for you your dear, and ever lamented father's letters. Your tender years when he left us, prevented you from forming any adequate idea of your loss in such a parent. Indeed, you must feel it more now, than you could then. I am sorry that the ravages of war have left so few of his writings. All of them would be a treasure to his children, and an improvement to the world. It seems as if some kind power, watchful over the happiness of poor mortals, had interposed to save a very few of the many letters he wrote to me while he was abroad. The soldiers' straw and dirt from which I carefully collected them with my own hand, has indeed so torn and effaced them, together with the running hand in which they were written, that I do not wonder that you cannot readily read them . . .

"You will see in those letters, the portrait of your beloved Father's character in the domestick point of view, which was truly amiable,—and tho when he wrote them, they were intended for no eye but mine, yet by them you will be better able to judge of his character, as a friend, a husband, and a parent, than by a volume of encomium drawn up by the ablest hands. Had I the ability to do his talents, his virtues, and his usefulness, justice, they should not be buried in silence and forgotten,—but to you, my dear, I will give a few traits of his character,—as I know you will never sit as a critic on your Mother's attempts to revive in your memory the sweet idea of such a Father. Therefore I dedicate this little manuscript book to you.

"He was a most accomplished man, adorned with such native ease and dignity of manner as did honour to human nature. His address was elegant and fascinating; —he had all the polish of a Court, in his conversation and behaviour. He was a man of genius and learning, and appeared to understand the theory of the whole circle of sciences and the practice of a great many of them perfectly. He had the most active and penetrating mind, with the clearest head, and the most sound judgment I ever knew meet in one man, joined to an industry and attention in everything that he undertook, that made him able to accomplish what he designed, however arduous the purpose. He was kind, benevolent, and hospitable, ever ready to do good, both in the line of his profession, and in the daily occurrences of life. His piety towards God, his gratitude for all His mercies, his resignation to His will, and his confidence in the atoning merits of his blessed Redeemer, completed the whole round of his character, and formed him to be the best of husbands, the kindest father, brother, master, friend. My earnest prayer, day and night, is that you may all tread in his footsteps, and enjoy his reward. . . .

"I have in my possession many letters which he wrote to Lord North and other ministers after he returned from England respecting this country. The cloud that afterward poured in a storm all over this extensive continent was gathering thick when he was in England, and he laboured as much as he was able then for the sake of both countries to avert it. My motive in mentioning these letters to you is to elucidate in some degree my opinion of his penetration, as you will see that it operated there almost to prediction. Therefore I wish you to read them, and I shall add to what I have written in this book copies of the anniversary eulogy which I have written to his memory almost every year since his death, the return of which I have ever kept as a day of solitude and retirement, and shall to the end of my days."

Richard (V.) Stockton, surnamed by college-mates and townsmen "the Duke," while lacking his father's unfailing courtesy of mien and affability to lofty and low, won and held the respect of his fellow citizens. "He was a gentleman of a lofty sense of honour and the sternest integrity," testifies an eminent lawyer who studied his profession in Mr. Stockton's office. "He had a great abhorrence of everything mean and unworthy."

From the same authority, (Mr. Samuel J. Bayard of Princeton,) we have a characteristic anecdote of "the Duke." When Lafayette made the tour of America in 1824–26, the master of Morven was appointed by the committee of reception to act as their mouthpiece in welcoming the distinguished visitor to Princeton. Mr. Bayard writes:

> "In the morning of the day on which Lafayette was to arrive the council assembled to hear Mr. Stockton read his address. He commenced by saying 'Monsieur le Marquis de La Fayette.' After he concluded, I suggested timidly that La Fayette had renounced his title in the National Assembly and that he would prefer in this country to be called 'General.' Mr. Stockton sternly said—'Once a Marquis, always a Marquis! I shall address him by what was his title before the infamous French Revolution.' And he did so address him."

Mr. Stockton was elected twice to Congress, once to the Senate, and once to the House, and stood for a quarter-century in the front rank of American jurists.

He died at Morven in 1828.

His eldest son Richard (VI.) who should have come after him in the proprietorship of the now ancient homestead, removed to Mississippi before his father's death, and continued there the practice of law he had begun with flattering promise of success in New Jersey. He was Attorney General of his adopted State when he was killed in a duel with a brother judge.

Morven, with two hundred and seventy acres of surrounding land, together with fifteen thousand acres in North Carolina and other tracts in New Jersey and elsewhere, composed the fortune Robert Field Stockton, "the Duke's" second son, found waiting for him when called to take the place left vacant by his father's death.

He had entered Princeton College in the thirteenth year of his age. Mr. Hageman relates that "in his boyhood he was characterised for his personal courage, a high sense of honour, a hatred of injustice, with unbounded generosity and a devoted attachment to his friends." Added to these were ambitions that seemed audacious in a boy, and a thirst for adventure rarely developed in American youths born to "expectations." These aspirations

COMMODORE ROBERT FIELD STOCKTON.

begat such restlessness in the high-spirited boy that he left college before the time for graduation, and entered the navy, a service then mightily stimulated by the prospect of another war with Great Britain. Robert Stockton received his midshipman's commission in 1811, and was sent on board the frigate *President*, then preparing for a patrol cruise along the coast threatened by British vessels. In the war of 1812, his dauntless courage and keen delight in the excitement and danger of battle earned for him the nickname of "Fighting Bob," a title that stayed by him all his life.

Ten years, crowded with perils and happenings, elapsed before he was again at Morven. His parents were living, and had, besides himself, seven other children. The young falcon had tried his wings and knew their strength and the joys of flight. At twenty-eight he had fought under Decatur at Algiers, cruised and explored and battled under Bainbridge, Rodgers, and Chauncey, and risen to the rank of Lieutenant. Philanthropy entered into the next project that fired his ardent soul. In 1821 he sailed for the coast of Africa, commanding officer of a new vessel, and, as actuary of the American Colonisation Society, commissioned to select a location for the colony of liberated negroes they purposed to establish near the British settlement of Sierra Leone. The history of the expedition belittles, in stirring incident, hairbreadth escapes, and daring enterprise, the most improbable of Stevenson's, Hope's, and Weyman's fictions.

After his party of three white men and an interpreter had forced their way through morass, jungle, and forest to the village of the African chief, "King Peter," they were confronted by a horde of murderous savages, infuriated by the rumour that the object of the strangers' visit was to convict the tribe of supplying slavers with prisoners taken in internecine warfare, and women and children stolen from their enemies' villages. I extract from Hageman's *History* a partial account of the scene given by Doctor Ayres, an eye-witness:

> "Stockton instantly, with his clear, ringing tone of voice, commanded silence. The multitude was hushed as if a thunderbolt had fallen among them, and every eye was turned upon the speaker. Deliberately drawing a pistol from his breast and cocking it, he gave it to Dr. Ayres, saying, while he pointed to the mulatto: 'Shoot that villain if he opens his lips again!' Then, with the same deliberation, drawing another pistol and levelling it at the head of King Peter, and directing him to be silent until he heard what was to be said, he proceeded to explain the true object of this treaty, and warned the king of the consequences of his refusal to execute it, threatening the worst punishment of an angry God if he should fail to perform his agreement.
>
> "During this harangue, delivered through an interpreter, the whole throng, horror-struck with the danger

of their king and awed by the majesty of an ascendant mind, sunk gradually, cowering prostrate to the ground. If they had believed Stockton to be an immediate messenger from heaven, they could not have quailed and shrunk and humbled themselves to more humiliating postures. Like true savages, the transition in their minds from ferocity to abject cowardice was sudden and involuntary. King Peter was quite as much overcome with fear as any of the crowd, and Stockton, as he perceived the effect of his own intrepidity, pressed the yielding mood only with more sternness and vehemence."

The territory purchased for the American Colonisation Society by Lieutenant Stockton is now the Republic of Liberia.

As the determined opponent of the slave-trade, he chased and captured a number of slave-ships sailing under false colours; ferreted out more than one nest of pirates, and dragged the offenders to justice. He had crowded the events and perils of a lifetime into his thirty-one years of mortal existence when he seemed content to settle down to the peaceful pursuits of a country gentleman in the home and town his forefathers had founded. For sixteen years he had never asked for a furlough, and now, while holding himself in readiness to respond to the recall to active service, he engaged with characteristic energy in the duties that lay nearest his hand. He was the President of the Colonisation Society; the importer of blooded racers from England; the eloquent supporter of Andrew Jackson's claims to the Presidential chair; the largest shareholder and most active promoter of the Delaware and Raritan Canal Company, making a voyage to England to effect a loan in behalf of the scheme.

Jackson's advocate was not Van Buren's. Captain Stockton "stumped" New Jersey for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," in 1840, and, when Harrison's death made John Tyler President, was offered and declined the Secretaryship of the Navy. "Fighting Bob's" tastes did not lie in the direction of state-desks, portfolios, and audience of office-seekers.

One of the great honours and the great catastrophe of his eventful life came to him February 28, 1844. At his earnest request the Navy Department authorised him to construct the first steamship-of-war ever successfully launched. The marvel was named by her gratified inventor—*The Princeton.* The trial trip was made down the Potomac. The passengers were the President and Cabinet, many members of Congress and distinguished residents of Washington. The two great guns were fired amid wild enthusiasm. They were still at table when some of the company were seized with a desire to have one of the big guns fired a second time. The Captain objected, smilingly; "No more guns to-night!" he said, decidedly.

The request was pressed by the Secretary of the Navy, and the Captain fired the gun with his own hand. A terrific explosion ensued. The iron monster had burst, and five of the guests, including the Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Navy, were killed instantly. Although the court of inquiry absolved Captain Stockton from all blame, he carried the awful memory of the day all his life, and could never allude to it without profound emotion.

We have not room for more than a hasty summary of other achievements of this eminent scion of a noble race. He took possession of California for the United States, and formed a provisional government there in 1846, thus securing the jurisdiction for his nation before the close of the Mexican War. The first printing-press and schoolhouse in California were his work. He resigned his command in the Navy, May 28, 1850; was United States Senator from New Jersey, 1851–53; was the nominee of the "American Party" for the Presidency in 1856, a ticket withdrawn, at his instance, before election-day.

In 1861, he wrote to Governor Olden:

> "to consider the best means of preserving our own State from aggression.
>
> "You remember it is only the River Delaware that separates New Jersey from the Slave States. If you should see fit to call upon me for any aid that I can render, it is freely rendered. This is no time to potter about past differences of opinion, or to criticise the administration of public affairs. I shall hoist the Star-Spangled Banner at Morven, the former residence of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence,—that flag, which, when a boy, I nailed to the frigate *President*."

Commodore Stockton drew his last breath where he had drawn his first—in Morven. He saw the July blossoming of the catalpas in 1866. Catalpas were in the sere, elms, chestnuts, and maples in the yellow, leaf when the keen eyes closed upon earthly change and glory. He died October 7, 1866, in his seventy-first year,

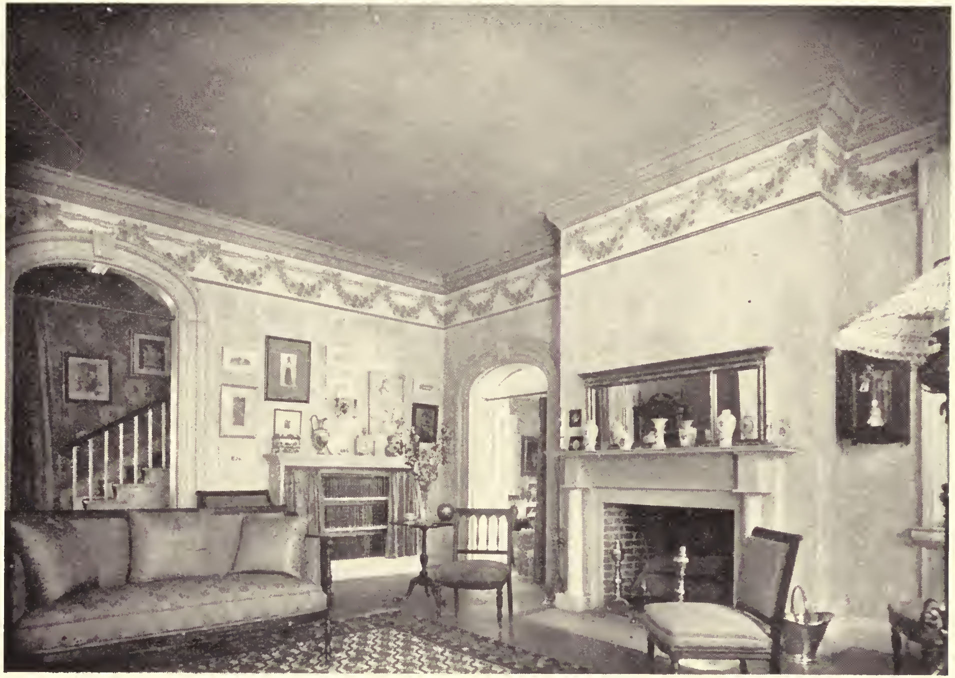
> "full of vigour and energy. No infirmity of body had given a premonition of his death," writes the historian.

"His health had been preserved by his abstemious habits of life and general care of himself. . . . He was impulsive, yet self-possessed, generous and noble, with a wonderful magnetism over men when he came into personal contact with them."

In 1824, when twenty-nine years old, he married a South Carolina belle, Miss Maria Potter, daughter of Mr. John Potter, then of Charleston, South Carolina, afterwards a prominent citizen of Princeton. Commodore Stockton survived his excellent wife for several years.

Their sons were Richard (VII.), a lawyer of note, and Treasurer of the Delaware and Raritan Company; John Potter Stockton, who became Attorney General of the State and an active and popular United States Senator; General Robert Field Stockton, Comptroller of the State of New Jersey—all men of rare ability, and useful citizens of State and nation. Six daughters grew to womanhood: Mrs. F. D. Howell, Mrs. Admiral Howell, Mrs. W. R. Brown, Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. W. A. Dod, and Miss Maria Stockton.

Morven lapsed out of the straight line of succession at Commodore Stockton's death. It remained in the family until it was bought



DRAWING-ROOM AT MORVEN.

by Rev. Dr. Shields, of Princeton. His daughter, the wife of Bayard Stockton, Esq., a grandson of Commodore Stockton, is now the graceful mistress of the venerable mansion. The venerable homestead is therefore restored to the lineal succession of the founders.

Front and back doors of the wide hall stood open to let in spring sunshine and airs when I visited Morven in the present year. A tall Japan apple-tree (*Pyrus floribunda*) on one side of the porch flamed red and clear as the bush that burned on Horeb ; other clumps of flowering shrubbery, pink, white, and yellow, lighted up the grounds laid out one hundred and thirty years ago after the pattern of Mr. Pope's at Twickenham. Horse-chestnuts still stand in line to indicate the course of ancient avenues, and the rugged catalpas, defiant of the centuries, mount guard upon the outskirts of the lawn. At the left of the entrance-hall is the dining-room, where Washington and his generals—Lafayette and Rochambeau and Viscount de Chastellux,—Cornwallis and his officers, grave and reverend seigniors from every land under the sun, and nearly every President of the United States, have broken bread and quaffed the generous vintage for which the Morven cellars have always been famous.

BAYARD STOCKTON, Esq.

A scarf wrought by the deft fingers of the present lady of the manor is thrown over a sideboard, and bears this legend:

"*Sons of Morven spread the feast, and send the night away in song.*"

The drawing-room is across the hall, and we pass up the staircase to the chamber where

Cornwallis "lay"—in archaic phrase—during the four weeks in which Washington was making ready to dislodge him. The carved mantel in this room was in place then, and the logs blazed merrily below when the Delaware and Raritan were frozen over, and the deposed master of Morven was being done to his death in common jail and prison-ship.

"THE GIANT HORSE-CHESTNUT TREE."

The giant horse-chestnut at the rear of the house sprang from a nut planted by one of the Pintard brothers when they were courting the sisters, Abigail and Susannah Stockton, more than a hundred and fifty years ago. The patriarch tree is eleven feet in girth, and upbears his crown far above the ridge-pole of the house it has shaded for seven generations of human life. Upon the circular platform at its root

Commodore Stockton used to arrange dancing-parties on moonlight nights, when the branches were heavy with blossoms and the summer air sweet with their odour.

"And do no ghosts walk here?" I say incredulously, pausing for a long look at the portrait of "the Commodore" against the wall in the dining-room, his sword suspended under it.

The hostess, so slight of figure, so girlish in the *riante* face and clear, youthful tones that —set in the storied spaces of the old colonial homestead,—she reminds me of nothing so much as the poet's "violet by a mossy stone," makes laughing reply:

"None! That is, none that trouble *this* generation."

VI

SCOTIA, THE GLEN-SANDERS HOUSE, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

UPON the 27th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1661, a commissioner appointed by Peter Stuyvesant, "Director-General and Commissary of the Privileged West India Company at Fort Orange and the town of Beverwyck" (now Albany), countersigned a deed of sale from "certain chiefs of the Mohawk country" "unto Sieur Arent Van Curler of a parcel of land or Great Flat called in Indian, Schonowa." In payment for this tract, upon which the city of Schenectady now stands, the Mohawks received a "certain number of cargoes," character and value unknown.

The "Flats and Islands" thus conveyed were neither a wooded wilderness nor a barren waste, but cleared lands that had been cultivated for generations by the least barbarous of the aboriginal residents. The Mohawks had five strong villages, or castles, between the mouth of the river bearing their name and Canajoharie, their upper, and great, castle in Herkimer County. "Schonowa," or Schenectady Castle, was the second sold by them to the whites.

GLEN-SANDERS COAT OF ARMS.

Among the petitioners to the Director-General for permission to negotiate for the tract was Alexander Lindsay Glen, a Scotch Highlander who, like hundreds of other pioneers, had tarried in Holland on the way to America long enough to identify himself with Dutch immigrants. To association with them he owed the name by which he was known in the early days of his residence in the Colonies, "Sander Leendertse Glen." His original intention to settle himself upon a grant of Delaware lands was frustrated by the unfriendliness of the Swedes, who were in possession there in 1643. He applied for, and received, another grant in New Amsterdam (New York) in 1646. As a trader in Albany, then Beverwyck, he amassed a considerable fortune,

> "owned lands, houses, and cattle at Gravesend, Long Island, and in 1658, built a mansion of stone, on the north bank of our beautiful river, under protection and title of the Mohawks; for which site and some adjacent uplands, with some small islands and all the flats contiguous, he obtained a patent in 1665."[1]

That the Highlander was canny in his generation these facts denote. An anecdote extracted from another early history is in evidence of other Scotch traits. An agent of the West India Company attempted to arrest a negro slave belonging to "Sander Leendertse Glen." Her master resisted the official, and, when threatened with imprisonment and confiscation if he persisted in his contumacy, boldly declared himself a subject of the Patroon of Rensselaerwyck, the determined opponent of the West India Company's authority and claims.

"I cannot serve a new master until I am discharged from the one I live under," he maintained, sturdily.

And when the infuriated officer "drew his rapier and threatened to run his adversary through, Glen fearlessly seized a club to repel his assailant, who then prudently retired."

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[1] *Early History of Schenectady*, by Hon. John Sanders.

Loyalty, thrift, and courage were united, in the staunch Presbyterian, to blameless integrity that earned the confidence of white and savage neighbours. He bought lands from the Mohawks and paid for them; Indians and negroes worked together in his broad meadows, and ate from the same board. Beyond the stone mansion, to which he gave the name of "Scotia," in loving memory of his native land, stretched away to the north hundreds of miles of woodlands and fertile valleys, unclaimed by the whites. Between him and the bounds of Canada the Indians held everything, and were prepared to resist every trespass upon their rights. While Alexander Glen lived these rights were religiously respected, and the foundations laid of an hereditary friendship between the residents of Scotia and the Mohawks which, as we shall see, bore much fruit in after years.

"Reared in the religious tenets of John Knox," the successful freeholder was also a valiant churchgoer. Four times a year an Albany dominie visited Schenectady, to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper and to baptise such infants as had helped swell the population of the young colony since his last services there. There was a Reformed Dutch church in Albany, twenty-odd miles away, and perhaps a dozen times in the twelvemonth "Sander Leendertse Glen" was in his pew in the sacred edifice, having left Scotia early Saturday morning to accomplish the journey by Saturday night. In 1682, he built, at his own expense, "and presented the same to the inhabitants of Schenectady as a free gift," a frame building, to be used as a church on Sundays, as a public hall during the week. The first pastor was installed and the building was consecrated in 1684.

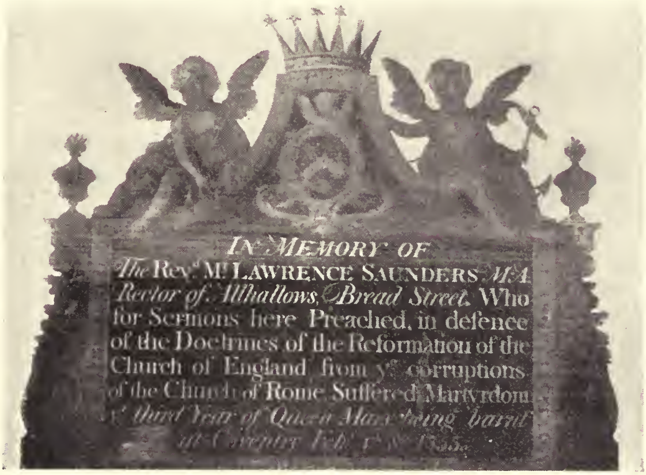
Catherine Dongan Glen, the wife of Alexander, died at Scotia in August of the same year, and at her husband's request was buried in the chancel of the church. One year and two months thereafter a grave was opened for him at her side. There their remains were found after an interment of one hundred and sixty-three years, and reverently removed by a descendant to the Scotia family burying-ground.

Of his three sons (he had no daughters), Jacob Alexander died one month before his father's decease, at the age of forty. He had lived in Albany many years, and left five children, three sons and two daughters.

Alexander, the second son, was an active and influential citizen of Schenectady, the captain of a company of Colonial militia, a justice of the peace, a mighty hunter, and a famous fisherman. He died at the age of thirty-eight, childless.

The homestead and the surrounding plantation were inherited by John Alexander, the third and youngest son of Alexander Lindsay Glen. As a rule, the colonists married early. At nineteen, John Alexander had espoused Anna Peek, the daughter of the settler from whom Peekskill takes its name, and was now the father of six living children.

The site of the "mansion of stone" on the north bank of the Mohawk was nearer the water's edge than the present house. Little by little, the channel encroached upon grounds and foundations for half a century, until the lower courses of stone—all that remain to mark the spot—are now under water. When John Alexander Glen became, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, master of the estate, he was the richest man for many miles around. The family gift of winning popularity was his in large measure. With the Indians and French he was "Major Coudre," a nickname bestowed for some reason that has not been transmitted to us.


IN MEMORY OF
The Revd. Mr. LAWRENCE SAUNDERS M.A.
Rector of Allhallows, Bread Street. Who
for Sermons here Preached, in defence
of the Doctrines of the Reformation of the
Church of England from ye corruptions
of the Church of Rome Suffered Martyrdom
ye third Year of Queen Mary being burnt
at Coventry Feb. 8th 1555.

TABLET IN SCOTIA, BROUGHT FROM ENGLAND.

Says his historian-descendant, in mock seriousness:

> "The Mohawks of Scotia's early days were always devoted friends of the Dutch, but they were barbarous after all, and the white population was too sparse, weak,

and timid to interfere with the chivalric customs of those noble knights of the tomahawk, blunderbuss, bow, and arrow."

In pursuance of the politic tolerance exercised toward the chivalric customs of the soil, the Mohawks had been allowed to retain the right to torture and burn alive such prisoners as they willed to hale to a hillock within the precincts of the Scotia plantation. The spot had been set aside for that purpose through untold generations of blood-loving warriors. Where their fathers butchered, they would slay and burn. Nothing the Glens—father and sons—could say had abated the horrible practice.

When a large body of Mohawks, just returned from an expedition northward, swarmed down upon their "reserve" one summer afternoon, soon after Alexander Glen's death, the hubbub of savage rejoicing, distinctly audible at the house, was nothing novel or alarming. What was to be, would be. If John Glen and Anna, his wife, had not seen with their own eyes the frightful ceremonies set for the next day, they had heard stories of them from their babyhood, and comprehended the futility of meddling with wild beasts ravening for blood.

The complexion of the present case was changed when a party of the savages brought to their house for safe-keeping a French Jesuit priest, the destined victim of the morrow's sacrifice.

I quote from a descendant's letter:

> "The reason of their peculiar dislike to priests was this: The Mohawks were Protestants after their own fashion,—'*because the Dutch were*,'—and this priest, with others, had proselyted among them, and caused some, as a Catholic party, to remove to Canada. Now, these rejoicing, victorious Christians soon announced to Mr. Glen and his wife that they intended a special roast of their captive on the following morning. So they brought the unfortunate priest along for Glen to lock up in his cellar until they should want him for their pious sacrifice."

With the blanched face and quivering limbs of the doomed man before them, the husband and wife were coolly composed. They raised no objection to the pious roast aforesaid. As a matter of ordinary prudence, they declined to take the responsibility of becoming the captor's gaolers. They knew the tricks and manners of these priests. Wizards they were, to a man, and the Jesuits the wiliest wizards of all. If the Mohawks, at all times and every-where their very good friends, insisted upon putting the prisoner into their cellar, he must be locked up by the Mohawks' own hands and the key be taken away by them. In Mr. Glen's opinion, they would find, in the morning, that the magician had slipped out through the keyhole. This "one thing he proposed with wise solemnity, and this just proposition Mrs. Glen seconded."

After the cellar was securely locked and the key safe in the keeping of the captors, Mr. Glen strolled down to the encampment with them, and led the conversation to a journey his mules and a trusty negro or two were to make to Albany the next day. Scotia was out of salt, and there was not enough in Schenectady to supply the plantation. Team and negroes would set out before sunrise. The roads were deep with sand, and the noonday sun hot.

The savages listened indifferently. A keg of rum had been ordered from Schenectady, and they made a night of it. Had the Glens been inclined to sleep they could not have closed their eyes for the hellish screechings and chants that could be heard all the way to the town. It was after two o'clock when the

Protestant participants in the orgies fell into a drunken slumber. By four, a wagon drove from the back door of the house, laden with what assumed to be empty hogsheads. One, in the centre of the load, was open at the bottom, and there were holes bored here and there to admit the air.

When Mr. Glen, awakened by the howls of rage and disappointment arising from the cellar, made his appearance next morning, he reminded the Indians of his caution:

"I told you so! Priests are wizards."

And they reluctantly replied: "Coudre was right."

"Nor," concludes the narrative, "was it ever known that any Mohawk of that generation discovered the deception. Major Glen was always a great favourite with the Mohawks. His sayings and doings were *ex cathedrâ*."

The possibility that he had a duplicate key to his cellar never occurred to their noble minds.

The good deed of that summer night was repaid with compound interest five years afterwards. On February 8, 1690, a force of French and Indians swooped down upon the town of Schenectady and massacred every white person who could not escape, with the exception of a few old men, women, and children, spared through a spasm of compassion on the part of the French commandant.

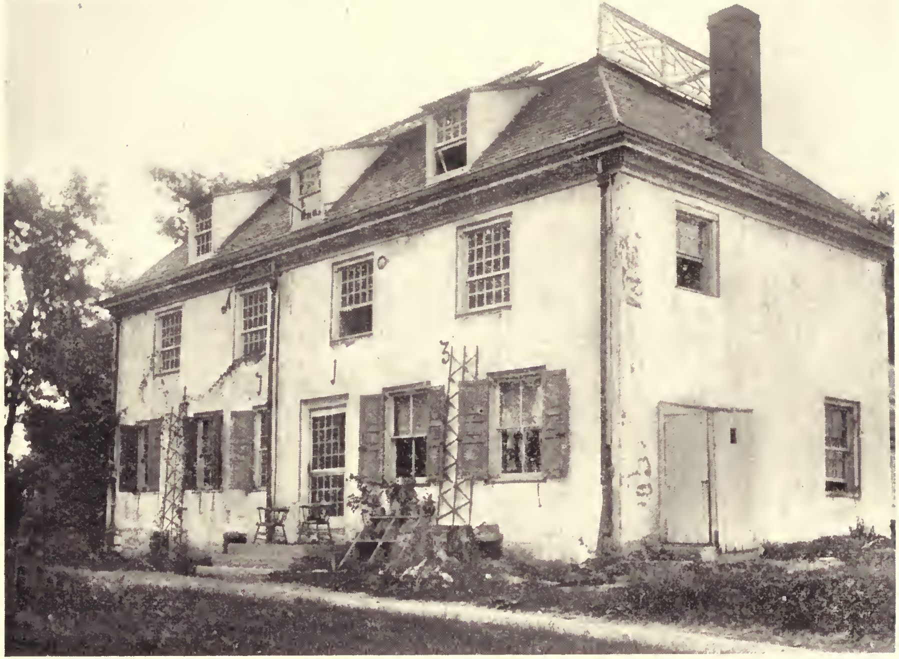
> "When Coudre, who was Mayor of the place and lived on the other side of the river, would not surrender, and began to put himself on the defensive, with his servants and some Indians . . . it was resolved not to do him any harm in consequence of the good treatment the French had formerly experienced at his hands. . . . Only two houses were spared in the town—one belonging to Coudre, and another, whither M. de Montigny had been carried when wounded."

Such is the account of the massacre given by a French writer.

Brave Anna Glen died in December, 1690, —the year Schenectady was burned. Just six months and two days afterward her widower married the Widow Kemp, whose first husband, a justice of the peace, had lost his life in the massacre. She was a sister of Captain Alexander Glen's wife, and brought his brother, her second husband, a goodly portion.

The two wives brought him, between them, no less than thirteen children, seven of them belonging to Anna, six to Deborah Kemp.

In 1713, Major Glen built a new stone



SCOTIA.

(BUILT 1713).

house upon a knoll overlooking the river, and but a few hundred yards from the old home, which was demolished to supply part of the material for the present homestead. The incursion of the current—diverted by later changes in the banks and bed of the river—had made Major Glen uneasy as to the permanence of the structure, and he needed more room for his large family. Thrift may have entered into the utilisation of every beam and door and balustrade in the erection of the second Scotia. Yet he was wealthy enough to spare the workmen the pains of the contriving and fitting manifest to the curious inspector of the dwelling. Doors were re-hinged and hung, the grooves of bolt and latch remaining on the other side, and a score of other makeshifts, or what would have been makeshifts in a poorer man, are to be seen throughout the building. It is altogether likely that affectionate association with the days of his youth and the father who had preceded him in the house which was the northern vanguard of civilisation, moved him to preserve the wood and stone he could not feel were insensate.

He lived in the new house until his death, at the age of eighty-three, in 1731.

Alexander, the third child and eldest son of Major John Alexander Glen, became a ship's surgeon, and died at sea in 1686; John, sixth child and second son, also died before his father, and unmarried; Jacob Alexander, next in order of succession, removed to Baltimore at an early age and founded there a family. "Several of the line became greatly distinguished for wealth and legal ability," notably Judge Elias Glen and his son, John Glen, who, as United States Judge for Maryland, "took his seat upon the same bench his father had previously occupied."

Thus it came to pass that Jacob Glen, the eighth child of Major John, and the first fruits of the second marriage, fell heir to Scotia and a large portion of the original estate. This fortune he nearly doubled by judicious trading and investments in the thirty-one years of his occupancy of the mansion. He was a personage of note in the town and neighbourhood, a wise agriculturist, a skilful surveyor, a member of the Provincial Legislature, and colonel of all the militia west of Albany,—a regiment at one time 3000 strong. Exercise of the proverbial hospitality of the Scotia clan proved fatal to himself and wife. Some lately arrived emigrants, sick, hopeless, and poor, were sheltered and fed by the charitable couple until they could obtain employment elsewhere. Colonel and Mrs. Glen took ship-fever from them, and died within three days of one another in August, 1762.

Their only child, Deborah, pretty and a prospective heiress, was the idol of her parents and a brilliant figure in what Schenectady by now called society. When, at eighteen she married John Sanders of Albany, it was a forgone conclusion that, as our record phrases it, he should "immediately remove to Scotia." To "remove" the petted darling from the homestead would be to tear the pearl from a setting that would be worse than valueless without her.

From the first mention of Deborah (the family register spells it without the final *h*) Glen in the pages that are more than half-filled with italicised lists of the *born*, *married*, and *died*, she seizes upon our fancy as a living personality might. There is a full-length picture of her upstairs in "Grandma's Room," to which we shall mount by-and-by. It had never much value as a work of art. With other paintings that hang in the same room, it was once snatched from a burning room, and is darkened by smoke and heat. But we take kindly, even lovingly, to the little lady, as we see her there. She has a sonsie, shrewd, happy Scotch face and a trig figure laced up in a coquettish boddice; she carries her head a trifle proudly, as conscious of her dignities and immunities from rules that constrained other damsels of her rank and age to obedience to parents and superiors. A pair of her slippers, flowered satin, with high heels and high insteps, are brought to us while we look at her. We run three fingers into the silken recess of the instep and, in imagination, fit them upon the tiny feet that in the painting are shod with just such another pair. At her side is the picture of a nice-looking boy, and, facing him on the opposite wall, is the portrait of an old man, his cheeks sunken and forehead seamed by the ploughshare of time and care. Both represent one and the same person—the John Sanders whom she played with as a child, and married when she had grown to womanhood and he was a man of twenty-five.

Life's ironies are oftenest and most aptly expressed by these old family portraits and relics.

Our dainty Deborah was dauntless as well. In the lower hall we stayed to hear a story that made us shudder, as she did not for herself. She was reading in the library at the left of the front door one day, when she heard loud wrangling in the hall, and went out to see what was the matter. Two Indians, probably from the encampment mentioned just now, had come to blows. One had pressed his antagonist up to the first landing of the stairs, and the latter, seeing himself worsted, raised his tomahawk. The other, unarmed, made a flying leap down the stairs and into a closet on the right of the hall. The tomahawk followed, just missing Deborah's head, and scaling a splinter from the balustrade in hissing by. The tradition is that Deborah ordered both men from the house, and was obeyed without demur from either.

Mrs. Jacob Glen Sanders, of Albany has a clock—the handsomest of its kind I ever saw—which was one of Deborah Glen's bridal gifts from her fond father.

The stately timepiece is in perfect preservation, and ticks away the seconds—"the stuff time is made of"—with unerring regularity, setting the pace for watches and other clocks

DEBORAH GLEN'S CLOCK.

with the authority of a chronometer. If the rest of Deborah's plenishing was in keeping, a princess might have been content with the outfit.

When John Sanders and Deborah, his wife, had been married twenty-six years, and for three years the proprietors of Scotia, they bought out the interests of John Glen of Albany and John Glen, Jr., of Schenectady, in the Glen estate, vesting in themselves the title to the bulk of the family wealth and honours, and "merging that branch of the Glens and the Scotia estate into the Sanders name."

Colonel Glen died in 1782, at the age of sixty-eight; his wife in 1786, in her sixty-fifth year.

Of the five children who survived them, John (II.) succeeded to the ownership of Scotia; Maria married John Jacob Beekman of Albany; Sarah, her cousin, John Sanders Glen of Scotia; Elsie, Myndart Schuyler Ten Eyck of Schenectady; Margaret, Killian Van Rensselaer of Albany. Noble names, all of them, and too familiar in the history of the Empire State to need such poor commendation as these pages could give.

John (II.) Sanders also wedded a " Debora." She was his first cousin, being the daughter of his uncle, Robert Sanders, of Albany. They were married in 1777, and she died in 1793. Their children were: Elizabeth, who married William Anderson; Barent, died in 1854; Robert, died in infancy; Sarah, married to Peter Schuyler Van Rensselaer; Catherine, married to Gerard Beekman; Robert, died in 1840; Jacob Glen, father of Jacob Glen Sanders, Esq., of Albany; Peter, who died in 1850. The last named was the grandfather of Mr. Charles P. Sanders, the present proprietor of Scotia.

In 1801, John (II.) Sanders married, as his second wife, Albertine Ten Broeck. Their eldest son, John (III.), a lawyer of note in

Schenectady, was the author of the *History of Schenectady*, from which I have drawn largely in constructing the framework of this chapter.

The old house fell to his brother Peter in the division of the estate; at the death of Peter, to his son Charles, who married Jane L. Ten Broeck. Their son, Charles P. Sanders, Jr., succeeded in his turn, and now owns the homestead. Anna Lee Sanders, his wife, is a direct descendant of Deborah Glen through Deborah's daughter Maria, the sister of John (II.) Sanders.

The troublous time through which the colony on the beautiful Mohawk fared to stability and peace, bore with peculiar severity upon Mrs. Sanders's forbears. Two of them, Abram de Graff and Captain Daniel Toll, were murdered about three miles north of Scotia by the French and Indians in 1748; a third died in captivity in Canada in 1746.

It is given to few other American homesteads, even to such as have remained in one family for two centuries, to contain such a wealth of valuable relics of the elder times our young nation is just now beginning to appreciate aright. Entering the house from the river-side, and by what used to be the front door, we pass through a quaint, roomy, Dutch "stoop," supplied with benches, where successive generation of Glens and Sanderses were wont to sit of warm afternoons, with pipe and mug, enjoying the breeze from the water, and looking down toward Schenectady. From the stoop we view the "killing-ground," the hillock so accursèd in the memory of the white settlers that it was selected as the slaughter-place of the plantation. Every animal butchered here—from beeves to chickens—was taken to that spot to be killed, perhaps with some unexpressed notion of the atonement of bloody sacrifice for the crimes done there,—some shadowy idea of washing away human blood with the blood of beasts. The custom was kept up until the last generation.

In his old age, John (II.) Sanders would sit here in his arm-chair and tell his great-grandchildren how he had himself witnessed the burning of the last prisoner who met his death thus and there,—a Mohegan Indian, whom no entreaties on the part of their white "friends" could induce the torturers to liberate.

The stoop is lined with solid wooden shutters, working in grooves so that they can be raised or lowered, to exclude sun or rain, or to admit the air. The massive double "Dutch" door was brought from the lower and older house; the library on the left is filled with books—some modern, more, ancient. Rare old editions of German, French, Dutch, and English classics make the collector's eyes glisten covetously; piles of leather-bound ledgers, written full—in ink that is still black—of entries of transactions between the masters of the soil and other settlers, near and far, are upon shelves and tables. There is hardly a name of repute common to Albany, Schenectady, or New York City that is not to be found there, and the sums total at the close of each week and month represent, not hundreds, but thousands of dollars, sometimes tens of thousands, reckoned, of course, in English pounds, shillings, and pence. From a great roll of yellowing newspapers of different dates—few under a hundred years old—Mr. Sanders extracted for us one headed "*Printing Office, Lansingburgh, May 6, 1789.*" The head-lines, in the same type with the rest of the paper, begin in this fashion:

"*Sensible of the pleasure that an early perusal thereof will afford our respectable readers.*" The article then states that the events to be described occurred in New York, April 30, one week ago. The extra, hurried through the press in such haste that the reverse of the sheet is left blank, treats of the inauguration of Washington as first President of these United States. A copy of his Inaugural Address follows. On the back of it is written, in a good clerkly hand, "*King Washington's Speech.*" Lansingburgh and the enterprising editor had not yet mastered the nomenclature of a republican administration.

Among the hundreds of autograph letters stored in boxes and drawers, is a "due bill" written upon a square scrap of paper, so tender and tattered it hardly held together while I copied it :

> "*The Bearer, Schoyghoowate, a Young Cayouga chief, has been upon a Scouting party in Fort Stanwix in the Beginning of July '77, where 5 prisoners and 4 Scalps were taken, and has not received any Reward for said Service, this is therefore to Certify that I shall see him contented for Said Service on my first seeing him again.*
>
> "*Buck Island, 9th July '77.*
>
> "DAN. CLAUS.
>
> "*Superintendent of the Western Expedition.*"

It is not agreeable to meet Sir William Johnson's son-in-law again when he is about such work as this. When I had transferred the inscription to my note-book, my scholarly Schenectady host, who had escorted me to Scotia, laid an impressive finger upon the time-stained memorandum:

"Yet latter-day historians deny that the British Government paid a bounty for scalps! Daniel Claus was an officer of the Crown."

What can be said or thought except that we hope the business of contenting the Cayouga of the unpronounceable name was a private venture on the part of our old acquaintance, Nancy Johnson's husband?

The drawing-room, and the square hall opening into what is now used as the front door, are stocked with a bewildering and bewitching array of antique furniture. The Chippendale sideboard in the hall is in perfect preservation and extremely handsome; another sideboard holds wondrous store of family plate,—coffee- and tea-pots, tankards, and other drinking-vessels of fantastic design, a tall cream-jug, graceful in shape and exquisite in finish, massive forks and spoons, to make which, other and yet older silver was melted down a half-century ago, a bit of barbarity akin to the sale by an economical housewife, "away back," of a ton or so of old papers,—letters, deeds, and the like,—"that were cluttering up the garret." A waggon-load of "the rubbish" went to the paper-mill, and was ground into pulp.

There are chests upon chests of old manuscripts left in the great attic. When Sir John Johnson fled to Canada, accompanied by Walter Butler, many boxes of the Butler papers were taken possession of by the American authorities, and stored in Scotia for safe-keeping. They are here now, tucked away under the eaves, awaiting resurrection at the call of relic-hunter or antiquarian.

To either of these the Scotia attic would be an enchanted palace. One end is filled by the "smoke-room," where the annual supply of bacon, beef, venison, and fish was hung, each in its season, and cured by the smoke of hickory and oak chips smouldering in the hollowed floor. A valve in the chimney, forming one side of the curing-room, allowed the smoke to escape when it had done its work. Outside of this room is a mass of antiques of all sorts and ages. Fire-buckets, foot-stoves, warming-pans, two immense turn-spits, still whole, and in good working order if they were needed; spinning-wheels of all sizes; chairs and stools;

candle-sticks, trays, and snuffers ; hair-trunks.—My eye singled out from these last one about a foot long, and perhaps eight inches high, lettered with brass nails, " H. T. B."

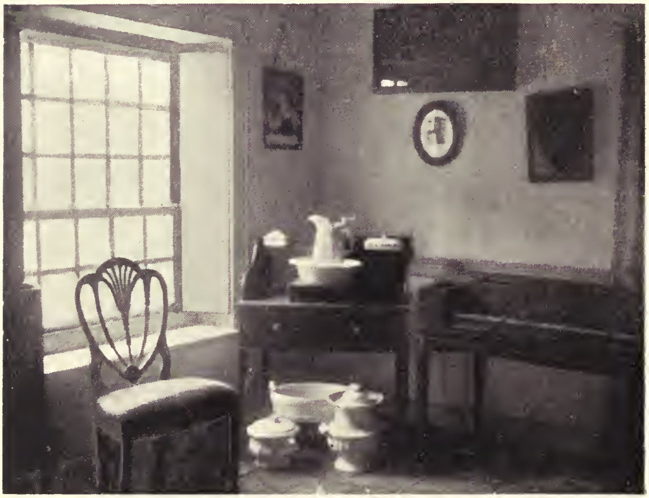
OLD CHINA IN SCOTIA.

" Helen Ten Broeck," Mr. Sanders interpreted, as I read the initials aloud.

I opened it gently. It is well finished, and still whole and staunch. Did Helen Ten Broeck keep her laces in it ? or, maybe, her love-letters ?

Close by are two cradles, one within the other. In one — a child's cradle — Deborah Glen rocked her son (John II.), the hum of her flax-wheel (it stands but a few feet away now) forming a lulling undercurrent of sound to the Scotch song learned from her mother. The second cradle is over six feet long, and of proportionate width. The stout ribs and bars are of black walnut, and it was constructed according to the orders of the same John Sanders in his infirm old age. For months before the end came, he would, or could, sleep nowhere else, and was rocked to his rest nightly. By-and-by he was cradle-ridden, and lay thus, swung gently to and fro by his son John (III.) and his negro slaves, until senility passed naturally into death.

"Grandma's Room" is a veritable museum of curios. Upon a large round table are rows and groups and heaps of crockery, china, and cut glass, each piece of which would figure anywhere else as bric-à-brac; the washstand on the other side of the room belonged to Robert Fulton; each chair, secretary, stand, and picture has a story, mellow with the use of a century or two. A triangular silver nutmeg-grater, "found the other day in a corner of a drawer," still holds a quarter-nutmeg, left after the last toddy or sangaree was mixed in tankard or tumbler, a dust of the aromatic spice on top, and quaffed by laughing lips that have been dust—nobody knows how many years.



OLD PIANOFORTE, ANTIQUE CHAIR, ROBERT FULTON'S WASHSTAND AND TOILET-SET.

In the adjoining chamber Louis Philippe slept for a night when an exiled prince. Over against the bed hangs a mourning-piece wrought, stitch by stitch, in black silk upon white satin, to the memory of Philip Van Rensselaer and Elizabeth Elmendorf. A rickety church is in the background; a tomb in the foreground is kept perpendicular by the figure of a weeping woman who leans with all her might against it.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S BEDROOM IN SCOTIA.

A map of the Colonies, made by the English Government, of six sheets of paper pasted together; a picture burnt into glass (a lost art) of the escape of Æneas from blazing Troy; astonishing shell-work pictures, bearing date of 1789,—adorn other walls. A spinet is in one corner; a pianoforte made in England by "Astor," in another. Hours might be whiled away in inspection and inventorying, and the half remain unseen and unlisted. As I left the room reluctantly, I caught sight of a pair of embroidered stays, said to have been worn by my adopted favourite, Deborah Glen. They measure just eighteen inches around.

Scotia is built of stone and brick, covered with concrete. Upon the front outer wall are wrought-iron scrolls forming the date of construction,

A. D. 1713.

Attached to the scrolls are anchor-rods fastened deep in the wall and holding it together.

If the homestead do not stand firm for two hundred years more the fault cannot be laid at the door of founder or builder.

VII

TWO SCHUYLER HOMESTEADS, ALBANY, N. Y.

The city of Albany was stretched along the banks of the Hudson ; one very wide and long street lay parallel to the river, the intermediate space between it and the shore being occupied by gardens. A small but steep hill rose above the centre of the town, on which stood a fort, intended (but very ill adapted) for the defense of the place, and of the neighbouring country.

"The English church, belonging to the episcopal persuasion, and in the diocese of the bishop of London, stood at the foot of the hill, at the upper end of the street."

I MAKE the extracts from a curious old book seldom found nowadays in private libraries. The title in full runs thus : *Memoirs of an American Lady, with Sketches of Manners and Scenes in America, as they Existed Previous to the Revolution*, by Mrs. Anne Grant, author of *Letters from the Mountains*, etc.

From the prefatory Memoir of the author, we gather that she was the daughter of a Scotch officer, a resident of the Colonies of North America for ten years or thereabouts, and that the *Memoirs of an American Lady* were a reminiscence of the childish experiences of Mrs. Anne Grant "of Laggan," so called to distinguish her from another writer of the same surname, the author of *Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*

FORT AND CHURCH IN ALBANY (1755).

The recollections of the young girl were deepened and supplemented by the observations of her father and mother. Taken together, they present an excellent picture of the social life and customs of Central New York from 1755 to 1768.[1]

She digresses *ad libitum;* she moralises inconsequently; she is invariably sentimental, and seldom graphic; Albert de Quincey says she was an "established wit, and received incense from all quarters"; and a critic of her day praised the description given in the rare old volume of the breaking up of the ice in the upper Hudson as "quite Homeric." Still, making allowance for the out-of-date style and want of sequence in the narrative, her book is delightful and a mine of wealth to the novelist and historian interested in that particular epoch of our pre-national existence.

The setting of her discursory tale of *An American Lady* is the town of Albany, "a city which was, in short, a kind of semi-rural establishment."

One of the prettiest scenes she revives for us is the coming home of the cows at sunset from the common pasture at the end of the town, each with her tinkling bell, and each turning in, of her own motion, at the gate of the yard where she belonged, to be milked in the open air, while the children waited for their supper of brown bread and milk, eaten in warm weather upon the front door-step.

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[1] A later edition, revised by General James Grant Wilson and dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn, of Albany, was published in 1876.

After sundry chapters devoted to the Albanians' gentle treatment of their negroes, *Reflections upon Servitude, Education and Early Habits of the Albanians*, *First Adventures of the Indian Traders*, *Marriages*, *Amusements*, *Rural Excursions*, etc., we are introduced formally in Chapter XII. to Miss Schuyler, who, by the way, is miscalled "Catalina." A page is given to recapitulation of her heroine's charms of mind and person before the author is led off from what we had expected to travel as a main line, by allusion to Miss Schuyler's familiarity with the Indian language and her benevolence to her Indian neighbours, into a ten-page disquisition upon *Detached Indians: Progress of Knowledge and Indian Manners.* By-and-by, when we have gained the goal of our research, we will turn back and read these and other ten pages with lively interest. Just now we push on to Chapter XIV. Eye and attention seize upon the quaintly coy announcement that

> "Miss S." (named plainly a dozen pages back) "had the happiness to captivate her cousin Philip, eldest son of her uncle, who was ten years older than herself, and was *in all respects* to be accounted a suitable and, in the worldly sense, an advantageous match for her."

The reader of this page who has done me the previous honour of perusing Chapter VII. of the first volume of *Colonial Homesteads*, may recall, as therein recorded, the story of a certain Margaritta Van Slichtenhorst who wedded another Philip Schuyler, and afterward, as the widowed mother of Peter Schuyler (nicknamed "Quidor," or "Quidder," by the Indians), routed four of Leisler's subordinates and "forced them to flee out of the towne," of which her son was the rightful mayor. "Miss Schuyler," who had the good fortune to ensnare her cousin Philip's affections, was named for her spirited grandmother. Mrs. Grant's memory confounds her Christian name with that of her younger sister, Catalina. Her husband was the eldest son of Peter (II.) Schuyler and his wife, Maria Rensselaer.

Of Mrs. Schuyler's father, Johannes, or Colonel John Schuyler, we have already heard several times—always favourably. His influence over the Indians, while not equal to that exercised by Sir William Johnson, was strong and beneficial. Although but fifteen years old at the time of his father's death, he resembled him more nearly in character and in the career upon which he entered almost immediately, than any other of the great "Quidor's" children. He was a brave fighter, and the outspoken opponent of Government officials whose measures threatened the welfare of the Colonies or the rights of their Indian allies. It is pleasant to learn that he "detested the infamous traffic" in scalps carried on by the French and Indians, and, as we have seen, not despised by the English. His petted daughter Margaritta was fourteen years old when Colonel John Schuyler went to Montreal purposely to negotiate the exchange of Eunice Williams (see *Colonial Homesteads*, p. 418) for two Indian children. His report of the ill success of the most Christian enterprise opens our hearts still more to him:

"Being very sorry that I could not prevail upon her, I took her by the hand and left her."

One of the many genealogical lapses in Mrs.

PETER SCHUYLER ("QUIDOR").
FROM ORIGINAL PAINTING BY SIR GODFREY KNELLER, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE SCHUYLER FAMILY.

13

Grant's narrative, which was penned "unassisted by written memorials," is her statement that Margaritta Schuyler lost her father at an early age, and was brought up by an uncle.

As Johannes Schuyler survived all his brothers and his own sons, dying in 1747, and bequeathing to his daughter "Margaritta, wife of Colonel Philip Schuyler, a picture of himself and his wife in one frame," we must apply to our old friend all the good things the venerable chronicler says of the guardian to whom "Miss S. owed her cultivated taste for reading" and knowledge of the "best authors in history, divinity, and belles-lettres." This becomes apparent as we read on and compare with other and careful histories of the time such sentences as these:

> "His frontier situation made him a kind of barrier to the settlement, while the powerful influence that his knowledge of nature and of character, his sound judgment and unstained integrity had obtained over both parties, made him the bond by which the aborigines were united with the colonists."

This is, undoubtedly, the half-length portrait of our dear Colonel John, or Johannes, as the Albanians called him: valiant in warfare, tender in treaty; his heart swelling until he could not speak, at thought of the news he must bear back to his old friend, Parson Williams, of his sullenly obstinate daughter, yet withstanding to the face tyrant governors, and detesting with the full force of his ardent nature the infernal barter of scalps for the white man's gold and fire-water.

He it was who gave his daughter in marriage to her cousin Philip in 1719. She was eighteen; her husband, according to Mrs. Grant, twenty-eight. Other authorities give his age as twenty-three, as he was born in 1696.

SCHUYLER COAT OF ARMS.

In following the lines of Philip Schuyler's character and deeds, we cannot avoid tracing, in close parallels, his history and that of Isaac, the estimable and only lawful son of the patriarch Abraham, occupying, as he does, an intermediate place between two men of note, Peter Quidor and General Philip Schuyler.

His kinsman, George W. Schuyler, the author of *Colonial New York*, writes :

> " He held a prominent position in the province many years. He succeeded his father as commissioner of Indian affairs, but not to his influence among the Five Nations. They respected him for his high character and integrity, but did not defer implicitly to his counsel."

Mrs. Grant testifies to his " mild, benevolent character and excellent understanding, which had received more culture than was usual in the country."

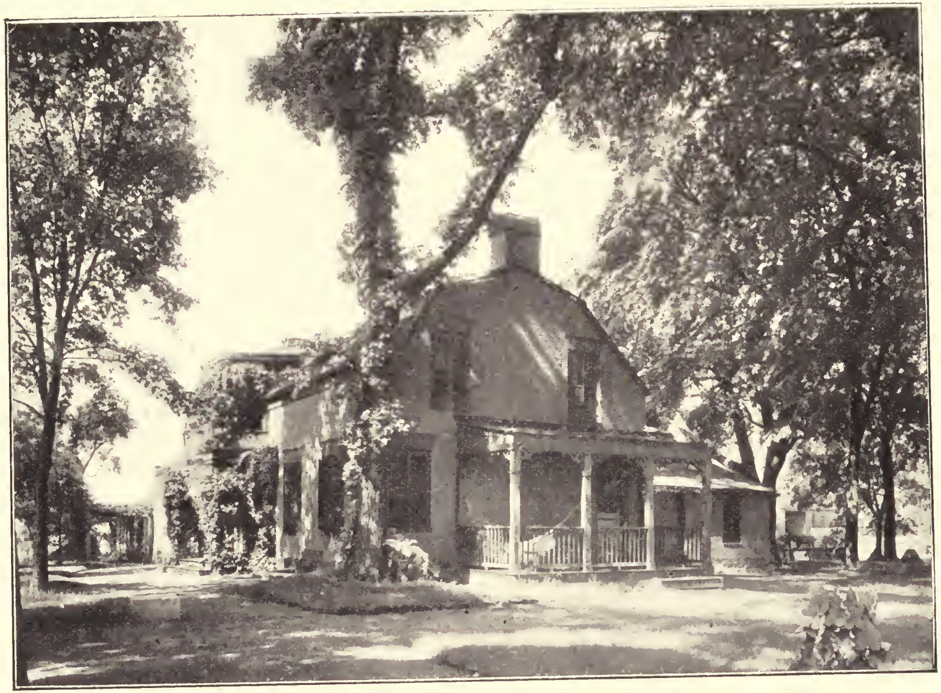
" His close intimacy with the De Lanceys made him unpopular with Governor Clinton and his party." It might be said with more exact truthfulness, that he was not in favour with the governmental party, for the feeling never grew into active hostility. He was aggressive in nothing.

The home of the happily wedded pair was upon " the Flatts," a wide stretch of meadowland and forest, about three miles from Albany. It was natural that the Dutch settlers should select level ground as building-sites, and, when practicable, set their houses near the water.

It may have been as natural, for a contrary reason, that the Highland-born child, Anne MacVicar, should have treasured, all her life long, the memory of what was to her eyes a scene of unexampled beauty. "Colonel Schuyler possessed," she says, "about two miles on a stretch of that rich and level champain." She grows almost "Homeric" in her ecstasy over the mingling of "the wild magnificence of nature amidst the smiling scenes produced by varied and successful cultivation." Besides the Schuyler's mainland plantation they owned an island, a mile long and a quarter-mile wide, the haunt most delighted in by our author in her girlhood.

> "Imagine a little Egypt, yearly overflowed, and of the most redundant fertility. It produced, with a slight degree of culture, the most abundant crops of wheat, hay, and flax, and was a most valuable fishing-place. The background of the landscape was a solemn and interminable forest, varied, here and there, by rising grounds, near streams where birch and hickory, maple and poplar, cheered the eye with a lighter green, through the prevailing shade of dusky pines."

As the heart of the paradise, stood the roomy brick house of two stories and an attic, that yet—the reminiscent annalist admits—



"THE FLATTS."

'had no pretension to grandeur, and very little to elegance." The "large portico, with a few steps leading up to it and floored like a room," known to the Dutch as a "stoop," which word she seems never to have caught, was a pleasing novelty to her. She lingers fondly upon the vine-roofed "appendage common to all houses belonging to persons in easy circumstances here." A shelf under the eaves was built for the express accommodation of the "little birds domesticated there."

The extension in the rear of the house was the refuge of the family in winter when the "spacious summer rooms would have been intolerably cold, and the smoke of prodigious wood-fires would have sullied the elegantly clean furniture." Behind the family residence were the servants' houses, immense barns, and stables.

Such was the home over which Margaritta Schuyler presided—a gracious queen in her circle, the best in Albany and in the Province—for over twenty years, before adversity came near enough to her to darken or chasten her buoyant spirit. A part of each winter was spent in New York, a month or two, in spring and autumn, in the handsome house in Albany belonging to her husband. Occasionally, the home at "The Flatts" was closed for the whole winter. She always came back to it gladly. The only drawback to her wedded happiness was that she had no children of her own, but there were nephews and nieces in such abundance in the large family connection that the house, if not the great loving heart of the mistress, was always full and gay with young faces and merry voices. By the time she was forty she was "Aunt Schuyler" to scores of young Albanians besides those who had the claim of blood-kindred upon her. The Lady Bountiful of the few poor whites and the many dusky neighbours who looked to her for help and counsel, she shone, a star of the first magnitude, in English assemblies, by virtue of her perfect breeding and her sunny nature and conversational talents. She was, *par éminence*, the leading spirit in the homelier cliques of Albany worthies' society, as well sketched in Florence Wilford's *Dominie Frelinghausen* as early New England coteries in *Old Town Folks*.

Her Scotch eulogist pays a well-merited tribute to Madam Schuyler's grace of adaptation to her environment:

> "It was one of Aunt Schuyler's many singular merits that, after acting for a time a distinguished part in this comparatively refined society,"—that of English officers and New York fashionables,—"where few were so much admired and esteemed, she could return to the homely good sense and primitive manners of her fellow citizens at Albany, free from fastidiousness and disgust."

The even tenor of a beautiful life was broken up by the French and Indian War. In 1747, while Colonel Schuyler was on duty as a member of the Provincial Assembly in New York City, Madam Schuyler was in peril of life and property from marauding bands of savages. Cattle were killed and driven away from neighbouring farms; solitary travellers on the road between Albany and Schenectady were murdered and, of course, scalped, scalps being legal tender from the Indians to the French Government. By the orders of the absent master, The Flatts was stockaded to accommodate a hundred men, and a company of British soldiers was stationed there for a few weeks. Orders were then sent for their withdrawal that they might join other troops at Greenbush. Madam Schuyler made a personal appeal to the officers in command to leave a guard in her house, and, when this was unavailing, petitioned the Council in New

York for protection until she could remove her effects to Albany. The Council laid the case before Governor Clinton, who "gave an evasive reply and left the troops at Greenbush." The deserted fort at the Flatts owed its safety to the fidelity of the Mohawks attached to the Colonel and his wife by years of kindness and mutual good will.

In 1755, while the expedition to Crown Point was organising, a force of three thousand provincials was encamped about Albany, most of them on grounds belonging to Colonel Schuyler. Within sight of the upper windows of The Flatts, Sir William Johnson, in war-paint and blanket, led his Mohawks in the war-dance about the council-fire. An ox—perhaps from the herds fattened upon the Schuyler meadows—was roasted whole in the open air, and Sir William with his sword hewed off the first slice for the feast, or gorge, that followed.

"I shall be glad if they fight as eagerly as they ate their ox and drank their wine!" was the dry comment of a New England spectator.

In 1758, the house itself was filled with soldiers. Companies were encamped upon the lawn and in the barns; their officers were the guests of the widowed mistress of The Flatts. Colonel Philip Schuyler had gone to his final rest in February of that year. The turmoils of wars and threatening of wars granted his wife no leisure for mourning. Ticonderoga was to be attacked—"Taken," said the confident leader of the expedition. The first detachment quartered upon the premises, fortunately for but one night, was led by Colonel Charles Lee. In recalling his subsequent career as aide-de-camp to the King of Poland, Russian officer and duelist, treasonable prisoner in a British camp, insolent and insubordinate runaway at the Battle of Monmouth, we smile grimly at our gentle Mrs. Grant's epigram, "Lee, of frantic celebrity." Unlike the rest of the officers, he made no pretense of paying for food for his men and horses, but foraged, as in an enemy's country, and when Madam Schuyler mildly remonstrated with him on the spoliation of her property, swore violently to her face.

"Her countenance never altered," the narrative continues, "and she used every argument to restrain the rage of her domestics and the clamour of her neighbours, who were treated in the same manner."

The second detachment was commanded by the young Lord Howe, "the noblest Englishman that has appeared in my time, and the best soldier in the British army," wrote General Wolfe to his father. "A character of ancient times," said Pitt to Grenville. "A complete model of military virtues." To his indignant comments upon Lee's behaviour, Madam Schuyler replied, temperately and gracefully, that she "could not be captious with her deliverers from the danger so imminent,"—the advance of the French—"on account of a single instance of irregularity." She "only regretted that they should have deprived her of her wonted pleasure in freely bestowing whatever could advance the service or refresh the exhausted troops."

Hostess and guest grew very fond of one another during Lord Howe's brief visit. On the morning of his departure, Madam appeared in season for the breakfast eaten in the grey of the July dawn, and served him with her own hands. "I will not object," smiled the young nobleman. "It is hard to say when I shall again breakfast with a lady."

At parting, she kissed him as she might her son, and could not restrain her tears—"a weakness she did not often give way to."

The disastrous battle was fought July 8, 1758. Three days afterward, "Pedrom," Colonel Schuyler's brother, like the rest of the household, on the feverish alert, saw a bare-headed express rider galloping madly along the road from the north, and ran down the lane leading to the highway, to challenge him for news. The messenger shrieked out one sentence without pausing:

"*Lord Howe is killed!*"

"The death of that one man was the ruin of fifteen thousand," says a historian. And a contemporary,—"In Lord Howe the soul of General Abercrombie's army seemed to expire."

Madam Schuyler mourned for him with bitterness amazing even to those who knew her admiration for "his merit and magnanimity." She was aroused from her grief and became her majestic, efficient self when transports, that same evening, brought down the river, and to her door, a host of the wounded, some dangerously hurt, and among the killed the belovèd young leader. His body lay in a darkened room in the mansion until it was borne away for burial. The great barn and every other outhouse were fitted up as hospitals. Madam Schuyler tore up bed- and table-linen for bandages, and scraped lint with her young nieces, which they applied under the surgeon's directions, while all her servants were kept busy cooking and otherwise attending to the wants of the sufferers. Lee was among the wounded, and Madam treated him with especial tenderness, not a word or a look reminding him of how they had parted. "He swore in his vehement manner," our chronicler says primly, "that he was sure there would be a place reserved for Madam in heaven, though no other woman should be there, and that he should wish for nothing better than to share her final destiny."

In the year following the Battle of Ticonderoga, Madam Schuyler and the city of Albany sustained a serious loss in the strange departure of Dominie Frelinghausen (otherwise Frelinghuysen) for Holland. The event was characteristic of him and of the community in which he laboured. The younger members of his flock had danced at a ball given by the English officers quartered in Albany, and, although warned and reprimanded by him, carried recalcitrancy to the wicked extent of attending amateur theatricals gotten up by the same tempters to worldly dissipations. The dominie preached openly and admonished privately with such vehemence that a graceless sinner left upon his door-step one night a walking-stick, a pair of stout shoes, a loaf of bread, and four shillings done up in paper. He interpreted the gift as it was meant to be taken, as a token that his work in this cure of souls was ended, and that he must betake himself to some other field. Cut to the quick of a sensitive nature by the hint and the manner of conveying it, he took leave of no one, but sailed the next week for Holland, and was lost on the voyage.

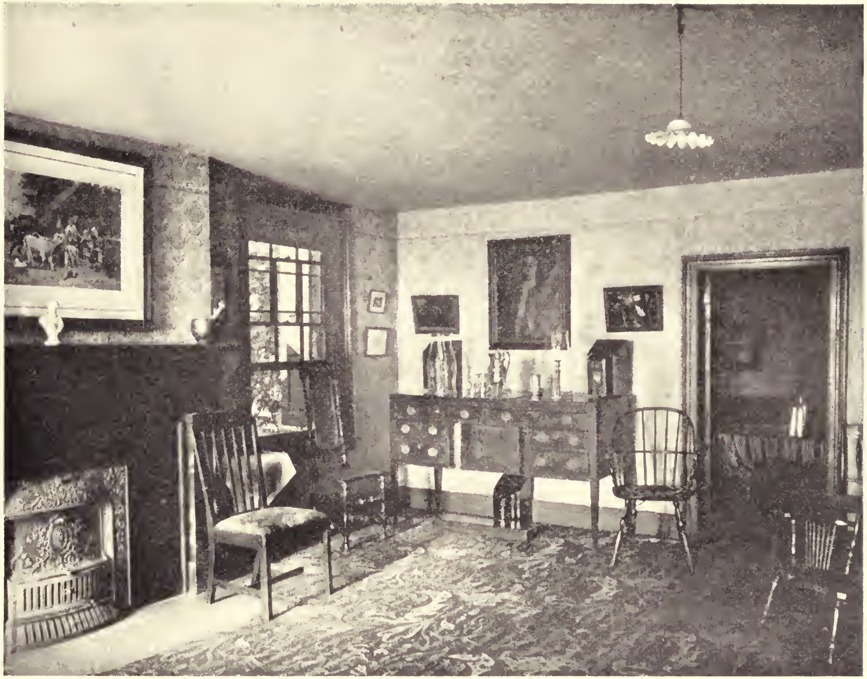
Another calamity befell the mistress of The Flatts in 1763, in the destruction of her house by fire. An officer, riding out from Albany to pay his respects to her, found her seated in an arm-chair under one of the cherry-trees that lined the short lane, unconscious of what the horseman had espied from the highway, the heavy smoke rising from the roof of the building behind her. When he called her attention to it, she summoned all the servants and, still seated, issued her orders with such directness and composure that nearly all the contents of the dwelling were saved, although nothing was left of the building except the outer walls.

As an evidence of the high esteem in which Madam Schuyler was held by all classes, we are told that in a few days the materials needed for the construction of the new house were sent to her by various friends, and the Commandant in Albany detailed "some of the King's workmen" to assist in the reconstruction. The new house was almost an exact reproduction of the old, having been built upon the original foundations.

"It stands a few rods from the river-bank, facing the east, and has the same aspect as when built more than a century ago."

Margaritta Schuyler was seventy-five years of age when the Declaration of Independence was signed. Mrs. Grant more than intimates that the "war, which everyone, whatever side they may have taken at the time, must look back on with disgust and horror," was "abhorrent to the feelings and principles" of her "American Lady."

"She was, by that time, too venerable as well as respectable to be insulted for her principles," her eulogist asserts, "for not to esteem



DRAWING-ROOM AT THE FLATTS.

Aunt Schuyler was to forfeit all pretensions to estimation."

Her fellow tribesman, Mr. G. W. Schuyler, declares that "she was not a Tory in the broad sense of the word. She took middle ground, and hoped that a way might be found for reconciliation."

She died, full of years and honours, in 1782, almost eighty-two years of age.

No household word is more pleasantly familiar than "Aunt Schuyler's" name in the old home still tenanted by those of her name and blood. We link it with that of Mrs. Anne Grant of Laggan as we stroll through the low-browed, spacious rooms. Upon the footstool of the stately gentlewoman, there sits for us the eager-eyed child, modulating her Scotch accent to harmonise with the softer voice of her idolised mentor, "whom she already considered as her polar star." Each of us has an anecdote of one or the other of the pair, oddly matched as to age, but friends in heart, and destined to be bound together in all of their history that is preserved for us.

The present mistress of The Flatts is the widow of Richard Schuyler, Esq. With her four young daughters she leads a peaceful, happy life in the dear old house peopled with august shades. Family portraits are upon the walls; wealth of family silver in buffets and on tables and sideboards; fragile treasures of old china and glass that may have been used by repentant—always profane—Lee, or graced the hasty repast eaten by candle-light, where Madam poured out coffee for the gallant young soldier who was not to take breakfast again with a lady this side of eternity.

Mrs. Grant is seldom caustic. She must have been a genial, as well as a clever, old lady. But there is a bite, and a sharp one, in this entry in her bewitching *Memoirs* of manifold things and people besides her adored Aunt Schuyler.

> "Sir Henry Moore, the last British Governor of New York that I remember, came up this summer" (1765) "to see Albany, and the ornament of Albany, Aunt Schuyler. He brought Lady Moore and his daughter with him. They resided for some time at General Schuyler's. I call him so by anticipation, for sure I am, had any gifted seer foretold then what was to happen, he would have been ready to answer, *Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?*"

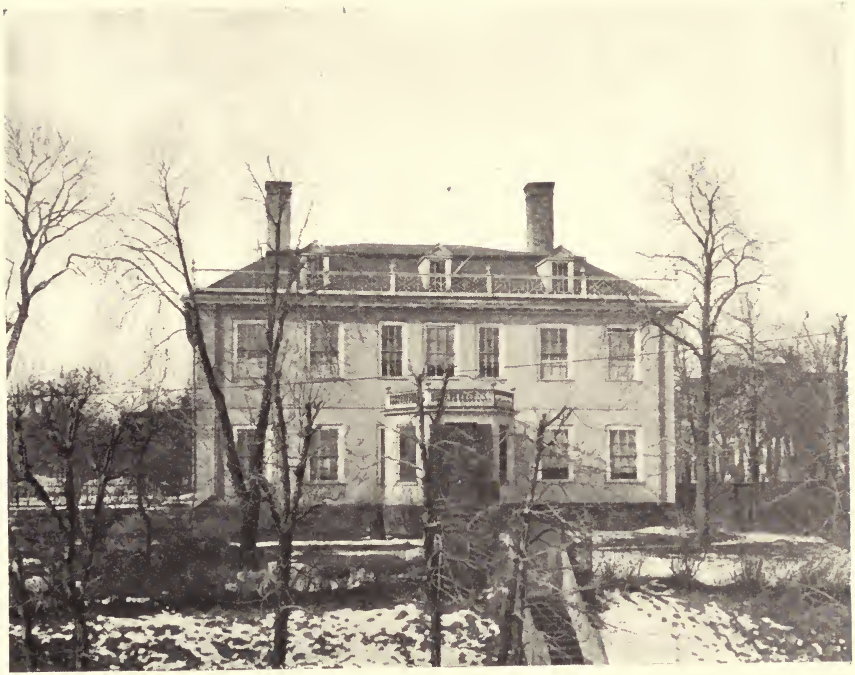
General Philip Schuyler was the son of Johannes (II.) Schuyler and Cornelia Van Cortlandt, and the favourite nephew of his Aunt Margaritta. His uncle-in-law, her husband, showed his fondness for him by leaving him in his will (date of 1766) a part of the Schuyler estate, consisting of land lying between Albany and West Troy. Madam Schuyler made him (1782) one of her ten legatees. Besides these and his patrimonial inheritance, he was the owner of about ten thousand acres, purchased at different times by himself, part of this from the estate of Jacob Glen. He was, then, a rich man, when he cast his fortunes and his sword into the scales on the side of American independence.

What followed is an integral part of the history of our country. The simple recital of his deeds in war and in peace would fill more than the space assigned to a whole chapter of this work.

Mrs. Grant mentions that he had, prior to 1765, " built a house near Albany in the English taste, comparatively magnificent." This, the Schuyler mansion, was erected in 1760–61. It has suffered marvellously few and slight changes during the century-and-a-third that has brought Albany up to its foundations, and so far beyond that it is now in the heart of our beautiful capital city. Even in adapting the interior to the usages and needs of the Roman Catholic sisterhood that has converted it into a refuge for orphan children, the size and arrangement of the rooms remain as they were when Sir Henry and Lady Moore were the guests of the then Colonel Philip Schuyler, and Madam, his honoured aunt, drove in her chariot-and-four from The Flatts to dine with them.

From the great central hall, the lofty ceilings of which must have given a sense of vastness to Madam Schuyler's eyes, used to her raftered, low-pitched rooms, we turn to the left into what is now the chapel of the sisterhood. The attendant kneels, her face towards the altar, and crosses herself. She has whispered at the door, that we will "please not speak." The caution was not needed. We stand with bowed heads and hearts under the weight of thoughts that met us upon the threshold.

For here, in 1777, the martial host entertained for days together, as guests, although prisoners of war, Burgoyne and his officers, the Baroness Riedesel and her children, sent thither for safe-keeping, after the Battle of



SCHUYLER MANSION (1760).

Saratoga. Here met and talked and planned, for the public good, such leaders of the Revolution as Washington, Lafayette, Benjamin Franklin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Israel Putnam, Charles Lee, and—Benedict Arnold. Hither came a-wooing the most eloquent of the ambitious youths of the embryo republic, Alexander Hamilton. He and Elizabeth Schuyler must have paced the lordly rooms times without number, and often whispered of love in the embrasured windows, before the evening when they stood together, where the altar is now, to be pronounced man and wife. That was in 1780. The next year there was a family party here to celebrate the christening of Catherine Van Rensselaer Schuyler, the baby daughter of General Schuyler and his wife, whose youngest born was her name-child. General and Lady Washington were sponsors for the wee lady, an honour never forgotten by her down to a ripe old age.

Within our memory, Ex-President Millard Fillmore was married here to Mrs. McIntosh, to whom the mansion then belonged.

None of these things move us to such grave meditation as the, to us, central fact of Alexander Hamilton's marriage with the second daughter of the house, whom his violent taking-off left a widow, when his fame was at the brightest. Nor do we forget that this bloody death of the son-in-law who was as his own child, and of whom he was, if possible, more proud than fond, broke General Philip Schuyler's heart. Burr's bullet found a second victim in him. The duel was fought July 11, 1804. General Schuyler died in November of the same year, "never having recovered from the shock."

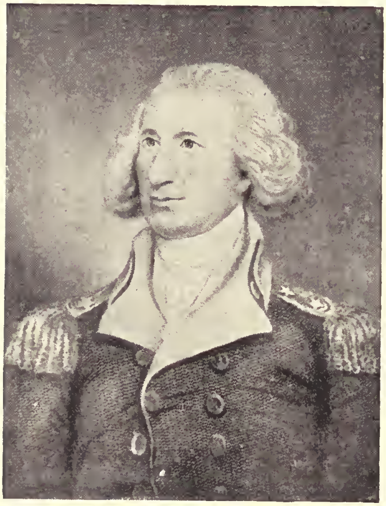
Mrs. Anne Grant of Laggan (rest her charitable soul!) cannot withhold a poetical lament from him whom she labels as a "bright exception that, after all, only confirms the rule of a society coarse and homely, and universal dulness of the new nation, unrelieved save by the phosphoric lightnings of the deistical Franklin, the legitimate father of the American "age of calculation."

"Forgive me, shade of the accomplished Hamilton!" she cries, after the philippic against his countrymen. "While all that is lovely in virtue, all that is honourable in valour, and all that is admirable in talent, conspire to lament the early setting of that western star!"

Above-stairs, we see the chamber in which Burgoyne slept during his honourable captivity, and, gazing into the street below, mentally compare the scene with that which wearied his English eyes pending his exchange and release.

The handsome reception-room opposite the chapel is wainscoted up to the ceiling over the high mantel ; there are deep, inviting window-seats in this and in the dining-hall. What were the state bed-chambers are furnished with small white cots. The "almost magnificent" mansion is full of pleasant murmurings that make one think of a dove-cote.

At the foot of the staircase we are confronted with yet another hacked stair-rail. The attendant tradition, upheld by a responsible writer in the *Magazine of American History* for July, 1884, is of a midnight attack by Tories and Indians upon General Schuyler's house, with the purpose of securing his person. The family, awakened by the noise of their entrance, retreated to an upper chamber, from the window of which the General fired a pistol to alarm the garrison in the town. As Mrs. Schuyler reached the room she missed baby Catherine, and was, with difficulty, held back by her husband from rushing down-stairs to find her. Margaritta, the third daughter, a young woman twenty-three years of age, slipped past her father and flew down the staircase to the cradle on the first floor. In the dim light she was not perceived by the party searching the lower part of the house, and, incidentally, stealing silver and other valuables, until she gained the stairs on her way back, the baby clasped in her arms. Then an Indian hurled a tomahawk at her with such good will that it buried itself in the railing.


MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER.
FROM A PAINTING BY COL. TRUMBULL.

The brave girl cried out to the raiders as she ran, that her father had gone to arouse the town, and escaped with her prize to the upper room. The General, taking the cue, shouted the word of command through the open window, and the miscreants fled, bearing off as much of the family plate with them as they could carry.

"Why,"—asks one of us, struggling to keep down the rising sense of the ridiculous excited by this third mutilated rail,—"*Why* should a tomahawk have an especial proclivity for balustrades?"

Yet, seriously, the reason is plain. The staircase, as I have said elsewhere, was a conspicuous feature in the colonial homestead, and a permanent. Hacked walls and doors have been renewed, and broken furniture mended, or thrown away. The mute remaining witnesses to barbarities that curdle our blood in the telling and the hearing are not to be lightly esteemed. They are illustrated history.

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VIII

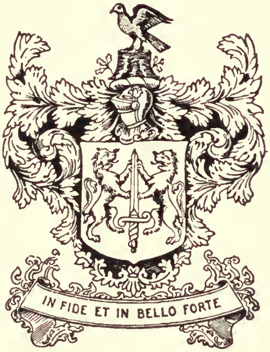
DOUGHOREGAN MANOR: THE CARROLL HOMESTEAD, MARYLAND

IN the *Maryland Gazette* of Thursday, February 14, 1765, appeared a paragraph, which would now figure among society items:

"Tuesday night, arrived at his father's house in Town, Charles Carroll, Jun'r Esq. (lately from London by way of Virginia) after about sixteen years' absence from his Native country at his studies and on his Travels."

The *Maryland Gazette* was published at Annapolis, then an inconsiderable town. The best house in it (still standing) was the residence of Charles Carroll, Senior, generally known in the American line as "Carroll of Annapolis." This gentleman, in letters written to his absent son, two and three years before the date set down above, gives an abstract of the family history. The traveller had instituted inquiries into the pedigree of what he knew to be a good old Irish house, and appealed to his father for assistance:

"I find by history, as well as by the genealogy," wrote the latter, "that the country of Ely O'Carroll and Dirguill which comprehended most of the Kings' and Queen's countys, were the territories, and that they were princes thereof. . . . Your grandfather left Europe and arrived in Maryland, October 1st, 1688, with the commission of Attorney-General. He, on the 19th of February, 1693, married Mary Darnall, the daughter of Colonel Henry Darnall. I was born April 2nd, 1702. Your mother was the daughter of Clement Brooke Esq., of Prince George's County; you were born, September 8th, 1737. This is as much as I can furnish towards our pedigree, with the translation I obtained in Paris."


IN FIDE ET IN BELLO FORTE

CARROLL COAT OF ARMS.

Miss Kate Mason Rowland, in her valuable biography of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, supplies us with particulars which were too well known to the young student-wanderer to need repetition. From these we gather that Charles (I.) Carroll was twenty-eight years of age at the date of his immigration (1688); that he had been educated, for the most part, in France; after leaving the French university he was admitted as a student to the Inner Temple in London, in 1685, and, when his term there was over, was secretary to Lord Powis, one of the ministers of James II. By his patron's advice he emigrated to America, recommended to Charles Calvert, "the Lord Baron of Baltimore." The Irishman landed upon our shores at an unlucky time. One month later the proprietary government of Lord Baltimore was set aside by orders from England, and Charles Carroll found his commission as Attorney-General worthless. Loyalty to his chief and to his religion wrought with his Celtic blood to get him into much and various sorts of trouble in the ensuing decade. He wrote letters to Baltimore of indignant sympathy; he made hot-headed speeches against the leaders of "the Protestant Revolution"; he sneered at the pettiness of the party in power, managing by these and other imprudences to get into prison more than once, into disfavour with anti-Catholic officials, and so to endear himself to the deposed, but still wealthy and powerful, Baltimore, that he secured for his partisan in 1699 a grant to the estates incorporated, finally, under the name of Doughoregan (then spelled Doororegan) Manor. Furthermore, a part of this grant was coupled with the remark that it was purposely assigned as near as possible to one of his Lordship's own manors, in order that he, Baltimore, might have "the benefit of Mr. Carroll's society."

His grandson-namesake of Carrollton adds that his ancestor was, also, made "Lord Baltimore's Agent, Receiver-General, Keeper of the Great Seal, and Register of the Land Office. He enjoyed these appointments until the year 1717, when the Government and Assembly passed Laws depriving the Roman Catholics of their remaining privileges."

Charles (I.) Carroll married twice. His first wife died in 1690, leaving no issue. His second, Mary Darnall, bore him ten children in the first twenty years of their wedded life, half of whom died in childhood. Henry, the heir-apparent, was educated abroad, and died on the homeward voyage, "within about six days' saile of the Capes of Virginia," in the twenty-third year of his age. His brother Charles (II.), then but seventeen, had been left at the

Jesuit College of St. Omer's, in French Flanders, when Henry sailed for America. His brother Daniel was with him. The father wrote to them July 7, 1719, informing them of Henry's death of April 10th. He exhorted them to pray for the repose of their brother's soul, saying that ten pounds would be remitted to them to be expended in masses for the same purpose, and alluded to their mother's design of going abroad the next spring with two of her daughters.

The purpose may have been frustrated by her husband's ill-health, for he survived his eldest son but a year, dying in July, 1720.

Charles (II.) completed his academic course before returning to America. He arrived at home in 1723, when he was barely of age. During the minority of the heir-apparent, the extensive estates accumulated by his father, and bequeathed to his children, were managed by their guardian-cousin, Mr. James Carroll, and the home plantation by Madam Mary Carroll, the widow of the first Charles. The worthy gentlewoman lived to be the dowager of the Annapolis house, her son Charles having married his cousin, Elizabeth Brooke, and installed her as mistress of his home. Their only child, Charles (III.), was born September 19, 1737.

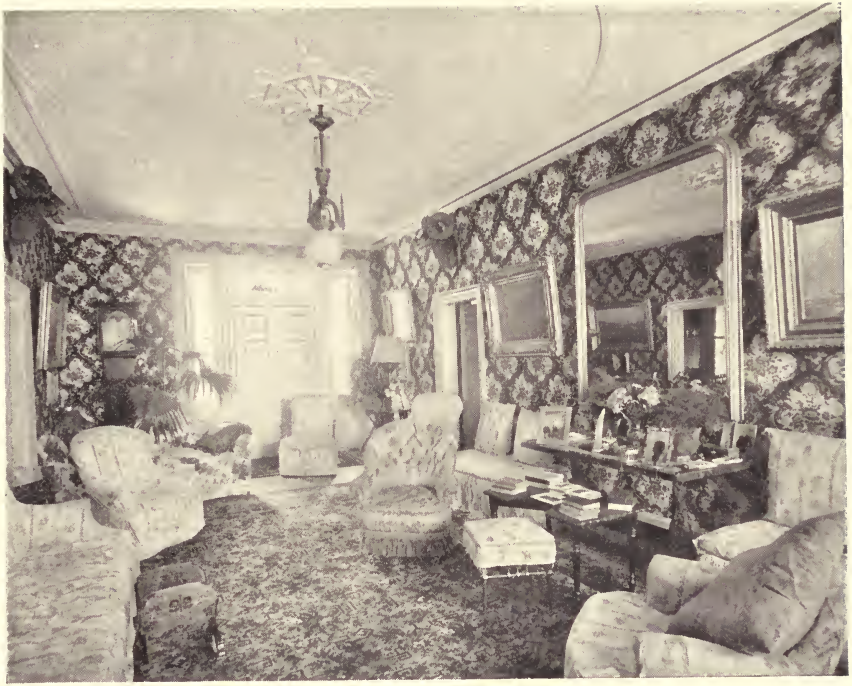
That they had no other offspring, instead of moving the parents to keep him in their jealous sight, made it the more solemnly obligatory upon them to deprive themselves of the joy of his society in order to give him the education demanded by his rank and wealth. He was but eleven years old when he was placed at St. Omer's. His companions on the voyage and in the college were his cousin, John Carroll, destined to become Archbishop of Baltimore, and Robert Brent, a Virginia boy, who afterwards married into the Carroll family. Six years were passed at St. Omer's, one at Rheims in another Jesuit college, an eighth year in the College of Louis le Grand, at Paris. We read of a visit paid to Charles, Jr., in Paris, by his father, just before the lad attained his majority. That same year (1757), or the next, he was admitted as a student of law at the Temple, in London.

The routine was hereditary, and so much the custom with the wealthier colonists that this part of our story tells itself. Law was the profession, *par éminence*, for a gentleman's son. The necessity, or the binding expediency, that he should have a nominal profession of some sort was already recognised in a country where every fortune was still in making, and a career was a matter of individual effort, not of patronage.

The correspondence between father and son was intimate and voluminous. With just appreciation of the position his successor would take in public affairs, Charles Carroll of Annapolis kept him posted as to the strained relations, already apparent, between the Colony and the Home government, and dwelt with yet more feeling upon the disabilities of Roman Catholics. Miss Rowland sets these before us plainly, and refrains, with the admirable taste that characterises her work throughout, from comments that would be superfluous :

> "The discriminating test-oaths, enforced to protect the Hanoverian dynasty from the Jacobites, excluded Roman Catholics from the Assembly, prevented them from holding office, denied them the privilege of the suffrage. They were not allowed the public exercise of their religion. For this reason gentlemen of means had their private chapels, and Charles Carroll had one in his town house in Annapolis, as well as at Doughoregan Manor."

Mr. Carroll's letters show how the flagrant



HALL AT DOUGHOREGAN MANOR.

injustice of all this ground into his haughty soul. In a masterly *résumé* (dated 1760) of the causes leading to the oppressive enactments, he says:

> "Maryland was granted to Cecilius, Lord Baltimore, a Roman Catholic. All persons believing in Jesus Christ were, by the charter, promised the enjoyment, not only of religious, but of civil, liberty. . . . All sects continued in a peaceful enjoyment of these privileges until the Revolution, when a mob, encouraged by the example set them in England, rebelled against the Lord Baltimore, stript him of his government, and his officers of their places. Then the crown assumed the government ; the Toleration Act, as I may call it, was repealed, and several acts to hinder us from a free exercise of our religion were passed. . . .
>
> "To these the Proprietary was not only mean enough to assent, but he deprived several Roman Catholics employed in the management of his private patrimony and revenue, of their places. . . . At last, in 1756, an Act was passed by all the branches of the Legislature here to double tax us, and to this law the present Proprietor had the meanness to assent, tho' he knew us innocent of the calumnies raised against us.
>
> "From what I have said I leave you to judge whether Maryland be a tolerable residence for a Roman Catholic."[1]

So active was his discontent that he actually made overtures to the French king for a grant in what is now the State of Arkansas, then a wilderness claimed by France. His intention to remove thither, and there found a new home, if not a sort of refuge colony for his brethren in the faith, was not relinquished for several years. It is interesting in this connection to note that another branch of the Carroll family was subsequently established in Arkansas, and bore an important part in the upbuilding of territory and State.

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[1] *Family Papers*, Rev. Thomas Sims Lee.

Mingled with gossip of neighbourhood and family affairs, and explicit directions as to his son's homeward passage, are mention of Charles III.'s crack racer, *Nimble*, genealogical details, and talk of the library the traveller was to bring to Maryland with him. Then, in 1764, we come plump upon a matter more serious to both of the correspondents than any of the subjects just named. The heir and only son was in love, and, judging from the lasting impression made upon his imagination, if not his heart, by the "Louisa" of his letters—the "Miss Baker" of the senior's—was more deeply enamoured than at any other period in his life.

The American father hopes "Miss Baker may be endowed with all the good sense and good nature you say she has," gives his consent to the proposed alliance, and plunges forthwith into an "exhibit" of his means which are the son's expectations. Said exhibit is to be laid before the prospective English father-in-law. With "a clear revenue of at least £1800 per annum," and upwards of 40,000 acres of lands annually increasing in value, not to mention Annapolis lots and houses, six hundred pounds of family plate, and nearly three hundred adult slaves on his various plantations, the handsome young colonist was a desirable *parti* in a day when money was fourfold more valuable than in ours. The fair one who had had the good fortune to attract him was not rich in her own right, nor would her father be able to endow her amply even when, as he promises to do, he had made "his daughter's share equal in his estate with his son's."

"Mr. Baker's letter to you speaks him to be a man of sense and honour," conceded Charles Carroll of Annapolis, and evidently considering the matter as good as settled, wrote out in due form a proposal for a "settlement and gift" to his son and "for the lady's jointure." She must have been hard to please if these had not suited her ambitions, and singularly cold of heart had she failed to approve of her suitor. In the prime of early manhood, graceful in person and most fascinating in manner, a scholar, sweet of temper and devout of spirit withal, a favourite "in a circle of friends of not a little consequence and fashion," in what respect or particular was he adjudged deficient when weighed in the scales of maidenly caprice and paternal reason? Or, was the rupture that ended loverly dreams and fatherly negotiations to be accounted for by the convenient formula of "fault on both sides"?

Miss Rowland, more satisfactory upon most points than other of our hero's biographers, is not a whit more explicit here:

> "He was to bring over thoroughbred horses and a gamekeeper, and, doubtless, the newest London fashions in dress and equipage. That he had hoped to bring home an English bride to his Maryland Manor is evident. But for some reason his suit failed, and the romance came to an untimely end.
>
> "The estate of Carrollton in Frederick County was to be settled upon him on his return home, and he was to be known henceforward as Charles Carroll of Carrollton."[1]

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[1] *Charles Carroll of Carrollton*, by Kate Mason Rowland, p. 68.

This rapid summary of the leading events in his early life brings us to the pregnant paragraph in the Annapolis newspaper published on St. Valentine's day in the year of Our Lord 1765.

Mistress Elizabeth Brooke Carroll was not among those who welcomed her son's return to home and country. She had died in 1761, after a long and painful illness. That is a common tale, too, but none the less pitiful for the frequent telling. Among the sorest of the privations inseparable from residence in a hemisphere where educational processes and polite usages were without form and void, was the rending of the tenderest ties of heart and kindred. We sigh in futile sympathy with the mother whose eyes, strained to watch the glimmer upon the horizon of the cruelly vast watery highway of the sail that bore her boy away from her arms, were to close in their last sleep without ever seeing him again. And beside him she had no other child!

It would loosen the tension of our heartstrings to be assured that she accompanied her husband in the transatlantic journey he made in 1751. She was not with him in 1757, for Mr. Carroll writes from London to his son in

Paris early in 1758, that a friend newly landed in England, "saw your mother; that she was well and in high spirits, having heard of my safe arrival." In 1753 the father had directed the seventeen-year-old boy to have his likeness taken by a "good painter."

"With your mother I shall be glad to have your picture in the compass of 15 inches by 12."

Were her hungry eyes ever gladdened by the sight of it?

A letter from Mrs. Carroll, treasured by the son, and after him by his heirs, contains this touching clause:

"You are always at heart my dear Charley, and I have never tired asking your papa questions about you. I daily pray to God to grant you His grace above all things, and to take you under His protection."

Her son's lot in life was distinctly sketched for him by circumstance, or so he supposed.

"Who is so happy as an independent man? and who is more independent than a private gentleman possessed of a clear estate, and moderate in his desires?" are queries from his pen that savour of the calm aspirations of the English country gentlemen. So honest was the utterance that he must have astonished himself when he sprang into the arena of provincial politics as one of the "Assertors of British-American Privileges," discarded the latest London fashions for homespun woven upon his own plantation, and boldly predicted the time when America would be superior to the rest of the world in arts and sciences and in the use of arms.

"Matrimony is, at present, but little the subject of my thoughts," he said cynically to a confidential English correspondent, when he had for eight months sustained the battery of matronly and maidenly eyes brought to bear upon the "catch" of the Commonwealth. A month later he moralised upon the emptiness of passion "which exists nowhere but in romance." He was now in his twenty-ninth year, and of the opinion that a man of twenty should have enough common sense to marry, "*if* he marries from affection, from esteem, and from a sense of merit in his wife."

On August 26th of the next year (1766) he informs the same correspondent that he was to have been married in July to "an amiable young lady, but was taken ill with fever in June. If I continue thus recruiting, I hope to be married in November."

In September he eulogises the object of his present choice to a friend who had known Miss Baker:

"A greater commendation I cannot make of the young lady than by pronouncing her no ways inferior to Louisa."

To the aunt of this friend he expatiates more at length upon the "united power of good sense and beauty" as exemplified in his *fiancée*, Miss Rachel Cooke, who was also his blood relative. It is funny to our notions—and was apparently not without an element of the humorous to the bridegroom expectant—that he should send the "measure of the lady's stays" to his foreign correspondent, "and of her skirts and robes."

"I hope," he pleads, "you will excuse any impropriety in my expressions, for I confess an utter ignorance of these matters."

The gown for which measurements were enclosed, thus ordered, was to be of Brussels lace, and ornaments to match were to accompany it. This piece of business done with, the writer is free to indulge in pleasurable anticipations or pensive reminiscences. His matronly correspondent was, evidently, cognisant of the (to us) mysterious obstacles that had foiled the like intentions on his part *in re* Miss Baker. There is fruitful matter for romantic surmise in such passages as these :

> " I assure you I have been more sparing in my reflections, and in pronouncing judgment on that amiable part of mankind (woman) since the opinion a charitable lady of your acquaintance was pleased to form of me behind my back, from little inadvertencies. And that opinion was delivered seriously and deliberately before a sister whom, at that time, I would have given the world to entertain better of me."

This grows interesting, and surmise ripens into partial knowledge as we read on in the epistle drawn by Miss Rowland from the domestic archives of the Carroll connection :

> " Well, then, since the subject has somehow, unaccountably [!] led me to the lady, I may mention her name. How is Louisa ? There was once more music in that name than in the sweetest lines of Pope ; but now I can pronounce it as indifferently as Nancy, Betsey, or any other common name. If I ask a few questions I hope you will not think I am not as indifferent as I pretend to be. But I protest it is mere curiosity, or mere good-will that prompts me to inquire after her. Is she still single ? Does she intend to alter her state, or to remain single ? If she thinks of matrimony my only wish is that she may meet with a man deserving of her."

Our skeleton romance is clothed with flesh and instinct with life when we have finished this remarkable communication from the man who expected shortly to become the husband of another than the unforgotten Louisa. It is clear that a whisperer had separated the lovers, and almost as clear that the mischief-maker was Louisa's sister. As obvious as either of these deductions is that the gentleman "doth protest too much" as to the completeness of his cure and the reality of his indifference.

The shock of a real and present calamity awoke him from reminiscent reveries. Rachel Cooke fell ill of fever about the first of November, and died on the twenty-fifth of that month.

"All that now remains of my unhappy affection is a pleasing melancholy reflection of having loved and been loved by a most deserving woman," writes Mr. Carroll to his English confidante, three months subsequent to her decease. In a morbid vein, natural and excusable in the circumstances, he declares that he has come to the dregs of his life, and "wishes the bitter potion down." His health had suffered grievously from his recent illness and the sorrow which followed so closely upon it. He had had "the strongest assurances of happiness in the married state from the sweetness of Miss Cooke's temper, her virtue and good sense, and from our mutual affection."

The unworn wedding-dress was laid away reverently by the women of the household; Rachel's miniature and a long tress of her hair were locked from all eyes but his own in a secret drawer of Charles Carroll's escritoire.

The heir of a great estate, and a rising man in the political world, could not be surrendered to solitary musings upon the uncertainty of human happiness. The dregs must be emptied from the cup of life and the goodly vessel refilled with generous wine. The commission for bridal gear sent to London had included a memorandum for a silk gown for Mary Darnall, "a young lady who lives with us." The lady who was to make the purchase, upon the receipt of a letter from Mr. Carroll, Sr., countermanding the order for what was meant for Miss Cooke, omitted to buy the silk frock. Charles Carroll, Jr., wrote somewhat tartly, ten months after poor Rachel died, of "my cousin Miss Mollie Darnall's" chagrin at the non-arrival of her gown. A letter to another British friend two months prior to this, shows what right he had to sympathise with Miss Mollie's disappointment.

His third betrothal was to "a sweet-tempered, charming, neat girl. A little too young for me, I confess, but especially as I am of weak and puny constitution, in a poor state of health, but in hopes of better."

He had always a fine sense of humour, and a sad little smile must have stirred his lips in adding, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

After he had ordered Miss Darnall's trousseau through his London factor, and recovered a fair degree of the health so rudely shaken by the events of the past eighteen months, Fate, unwearied in her pursuit of him, interposed yet another impediment to his matrimonial ventures. An Act of Assembly must be passed to "impower Miss Darnall, who is under age, to consent to a settlement in bar of dower." The weight of the Carroll influence was exerted to secure this, but as the Assembly did not meet until the early spring of 1768, the marriage must be put off.

We cannot read the last of the letters bearing upon the much-vexed question of Charles

Carroll's marriage and sober settlement in life without the conviction that his character had gained strength and depth in his manifold tribulations. After the frank statement that the "young lady to whom he was to give his hand, and who already had his heart," was poor in this world's goods, he goes on in an ingenuous, manly tone to say:

"I prefer her, thus unprovided, to all the women I have ever seen, even to Louisa," and cites her want of fortune as another reason "inducing the necessity of a settlement, and strongly justifying it. I am willing and desirous that all my future actions should stand the test of those two severe judges, Reason and Justice."

From this willingness he never departed. To this standard he remained constant to the end of a long, prosperous, and beneficent life.

The *Maryland Gazette* of June 9, 1768, contained another important bit of society intelligence:

"On Sunday (June 5) was married at his Father's House in this city, Charles Carroll Jr., Esq., to Miss Mary Darnall, an agreeable young Lady, endowed with every accomplishment necessary to render the connubial state happy."

The bridegroom was in his thirty-first year, the bride in her twentieth.

Pleasant murmurs of the tranquil, yet busy, life led by the pair steal to us through the corridors leading to the memorable Past which latter-day research has cleared out for us. Charles Carroll of Carrollton was the business acquaintance, then, the friend and host of Washington. He was the munificent patron of Charles Wilson Peale and other artists. He and his popular wife kept open house for townsmen and visitors from other colonies and from over the sea. Annapolis was their home in winter; Doughoregan Manor, in summer.

Then the famous letters, signed "First Citizen," maintaining the to-be-immortal principle that taxation without representation is a private and a public outrage, "brought the modest, studious, and retiring planter out of the shades of private life into the full glare of political publicity."[1]

Henceforward, the lime-light that is ever turned upon the reformer beat steadily upon

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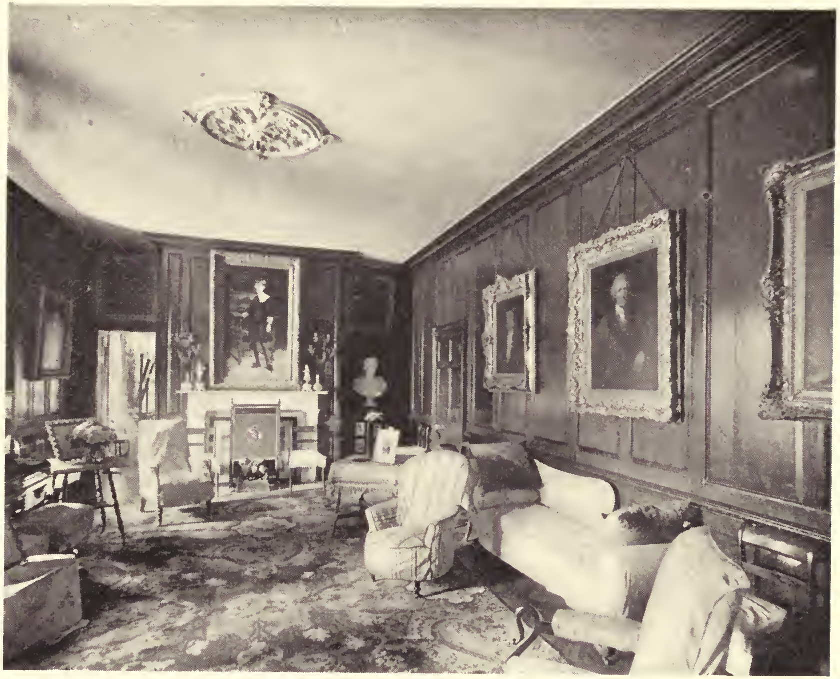
[1] Miss Rowland.



DRAWING-ROOM AT DOUGHOREGAN MANOR.

him. When the Boston Tea Party of 1773 was outdone by the burning of the *Peggy Stewart* that had brought into the port of Annapolis a cargo of "the detestable article," Charles Carroll, Jr., was the chief counsellor of the owner who, with his own hand, applied the expiatory torch.

Mr. Carroll was a member of the Continental Congress convened in Philadelphia in September, 1774.

"A very sensible gentleman," says John Adams. "A Roman Catholic, and of the first fortune in America. His income is ten thousand pounds a year now; will be fourteen in two or three years, they say. Besides, his father has a vast fortune which will be his."

From the same hand we have this testimony to the very sensible gentleman's worth in 1776:

"Of great abilities and learning, complete master of the French language, and a professor of the Roman Catholic religion; yet a warm, a firm, a zealous supporter of the rights of America, in whose cause he has hazarded his all."

On June 11, 1776, "Mr. Chase and Mr. Carroll of Carrollton, two of the Commissioners, being arrived from Canada, attended and gave account of their proceeding and the state of the Army in that country."

On August 2d, the Declaration of Independence, which had been passed on the Fourth of July, was spread upon the desk of the Secretary of Congress for the signature of members.

"Will you sign it?" asked the President of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who was talking with him upon other subjects.

"Most willingly," answered the Marylander, with hearty emphasis, taking up the pen.

"There go a few millions!" remarked a bystander, and a rustle of applause ran through the group about the desk and President's chair.

It is hardly necessary to add, in this myth-destroying generation, that "Charles Carroll of Carrollton" was the ordinary signature appended to his letters and business documents, adopted and used to distinguish him from his father of Annapolis.

The numerous and important services rendered by this one of "The Signers" to his country, the offices to which he was called and his manner of filling them, are events in our early history. The student of this who would learn of these things in detail could not act more wisely than by reading the volumes to which I have already and repeatedly directed his attention: Miss Kate Mason Rowland's *Life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, 1737–1832, with His Correspondence and Public Papers.*

From the *Centennial Memorial*, published in 1876 by the Maryland Historical Society, I extract a modest summary of Mr. Carroll's public life prepared by himself in his eightieth year:

> "On the breaking out of the Revolution, I took a decided part in the support of the rights of this country; was elected a member of the Committee of Safety established by the Legislature; was a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution of this State. The journals of Congress show how long I was a member of that body during the Revolution. With Dr. Franklin and Mr. Samuel Chase I was appointed a Commissioner to Canada. I was elected a member of the Senate at the first session of Congress under the present Confederation. . . . The mode of choosing the Senate was suggested by me. . . .
>
> "Though well acquainted with General Washington, and I flatter myself, in his confidence, few letters passed between us. One, having reference to the opposition made to the treaty concluded by Mr. Jay, has been repeatedly published in the newspapers, and perhaps you may have seen it."

IX

DOUGHOREGAN MANOR: THE CARROLL HOMESTEAD, MARYLAND

(Concluded)

UPON the morning of May 30th, Mr. Charles Carroll of Annapolis, a hale patriarch of eighty, was standing upon the portico of his town house, watching an incoming vessel in the harbour below. Spy-glass at his eye, he followed her every movement until she dropped anchor at the pier. Then, turning to speak to his daughter-in-law, who stood beside him, he made a backward step, slipped over the edge of the portico, and fell headlong to the ground. He was killed instantly.

Mrs. Carroll's mother, Mrs. Darnall, had died a year before, since which event her daughter had been peculiarly dependent upon her father-in-law's affection and companionship. As we have seen, she was brought up in his house. Her cousin *fiancé* spoke of her in his letters as "a young lady who lives with us." Mr. Carroll, Sr., had never had a daughter of his own, and treated his son's wife as if she were his child instead of his wife's niece. Mrs. Darnall had ministered most tenderly to the elder Mrs. Carroll in her last lingering illness of more than two years' duration, and then taken her place as manager of the Annapolis and Doughoregan Manor households. The daughter had never recovered her spirits since her mother's decease, and her health had suffered from her melancholy. The terrible accident, of which she was a witness, prostrated her utterly. She was too ill to accompany the remains to their resting-place under the floor of the Doughoregan chapel, and never left her chamber alive after that fatal day. In just eleven days from the date of her father-in-law's death she breathed her last, "after a short, but painful illness."

Her youngest child was two years old when left motherless, and outlived her but three years. Three other daughters had died in early infancy. Mary, born in 1770, Charles, born in 1775, and Catherine, born in 1778, grew up to man's and woman's estate.

Charles, the only son among the seven children given to his parents, was five years of age at the time of his mother's death. In another five years he was sent to France to be educated by the Jesuit fathers in the English college at Liège. He sailed from Annapolis in true princely state, commemorated by an old picture yet extant. His guardian and fellow-voyager was Daniel Carroll, of the Duddington estate, whose younger brother was a student at Liège.

This cousin Daniel stood high in the regards of his kinsman of Carrollton, as is manifest from their correspondence. The elder relative defrayed the other's expenses from America to Liège, and wrote kindly, yet decided, counsel respecting the young traveller's conduct abroad. He was advised to improve his time by acquiring some knowledge of the French language, but not to make that time so long as to draw heavily upon an estate which was "not very productive." He was to polish his manners by intercourse with the most polite nation upon earth, "observe the cultivation of the country, particularly of the vineyards, learn the most improved methods of making wines, inquire their prices from the manufacturers themselves, and endeavour to fix some useful correspondences in France."

Mary Carroll, now a beautiful girl of sixteen, joined her father and her aunt, Miss Darnall, in "sincere wishes for the health and happiness" of the absentee. In ten months more her father undertook, with obvious reluctance, to communicate "intelligence" he foresaw would be unwelcome:

> "Although disagreeable, I must impart it to you. My daughter, I am sorry to inform you, is much attached to, and has engaged herself to a young English gentleman of the name of Caton. I do sincerely wish she had placed her affections elsewhere, but I do not think myself at liberty to control her choice when fixed on a person of unexceptional character, nor would you, I am sure, desire that I should. . . .
>
> "Time will wear away the impressions which an early attachment may have made on your heart," proceeds the philosophical kinsman, "Louisa's" whilom lover, "and I hope you will find out, in the course of a year or two, some agreeable, virtuous, and sweet-tempered young lady, whose reciprocal affection, tenderness, and goodness of disposition will make you happy, and forget the loss of my daughter."

This "intelligence" disposed of early in the epistle, the thrice-betrothed and once-wedded mentor passes easily on to discussion of business, family, and political affairs, sending, *en passant*, "Molly's kindly compliments," and mentioning, jocosely, that Kitty, "who will make a fine woman," sometimes talks of "Cousin Long-legs." A comprehensive paragraph tops off the model missive:

> "I have mentioned every occurrence worth communicating, and therefore conclude this letter with assurances of real regard and attachment."

We get a chance glint of light upon the figure and character of "Molly" Carroll's English spouse in a sarcastic sketch from the pen of William Maclay, a Pennsylvania Congressman. John Adams, then Vice-President, is interrogating Mr. Carroll upon the latter's personal concerns in a style that impresses us, as it struck the diarist, as flippant and impertinent:

> "'Have you arranged your empire on your departure? Your revenues must suffer in your absence. What kind of administration have you established for the regulation of your finances? Is your government intrusted to a viceroy, nuncio, legate, plenipotentiary, or *chargé d'affaires?'*
>
> "Carroll endeavored to get him down from his imperial language by telling him that he had a son-in-law who paid attention to his affairs: I left them before Adams had half settled the empire."

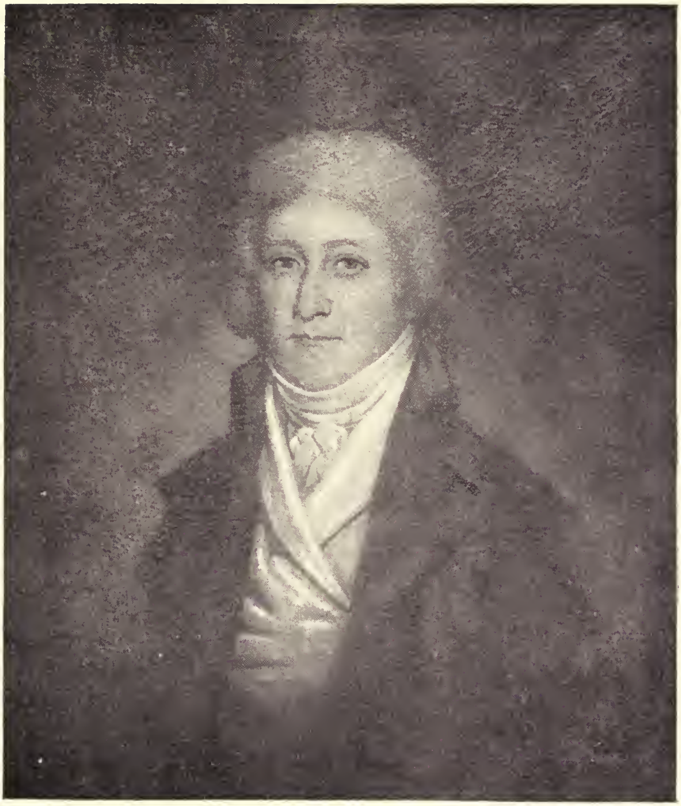
The satirist is gravely respectful in speaking of Mr. Carroll's pleasure on reading of the abolition of titles and distinctions of the nobility in France. "A flash of joy lightened from the countenance" of the richest man in Maryland, two of whose granddaughters were to marry into the British nobility, and two other descendants in the third generation were to espouse titled Frenchmen of high rank. He is emphatic in the expression of Republican and Federal sentiments in a letter to Alexander Hamilton, written October 22, 1792:

> "I hope the real friends of liberty and their country will unite to counteract the schemes of men who have uniformly manifested hostile temper to the present government, the adoption of which has rescued these States from that debility and confusion, and those horrors, which unhappy France has experienced of late, and may still labour under."

At eleven years of age, the little Kitty who made fun of Daniel Carroll's long legs was sent to an English convent in Liège. She fulfilled her father's prediction of growing up into a fine woman, playing the *rôle* of leading belle in Annapolis, Philadelphia, and New York society for several seasons before her marriage, at twenty-three, to Robert Goodloe Harper, an eminent lawyer, and member of Congress from South Carolina. This gentleman, a Virginian by birth, removed from South Carolina to Maryland after his marriage, and became one of Mr. Carroll's most trusted friends. While the devoted patriot retired nominally from public life in 1800, announcing his intention of devoting the rest of his life to the care of his estates and enjoyment of home and children, his letters to Mr. Harper and others show how watchful was the outlook kept up at Doughoregan Manor upon the tossing sea of politics, how wise his judgment in the momentous questions dividing the minds of statemen.

The marriage of his only son Charles (IV.) Carroll, Jr., July 17, 1800, was a source of profound gratification to the father. The bridegroom was the Admirable Crichton of the brilliant circle which was his social orbit.

The late Jonathan Meredith, a distinguished Maryland lawyer, who died a few years ago at the advanced age of ninety, used to tell of a trial of athletic skill between some fashionable young men of Baltimore which he witnessed. A fencing-match was on the floor when he entered the room devoted to the ex-



CHARLES CARROLL OF "HOMEWOOD."

FROM ORIGINAL PAINTING BY REMBRANDT PEALE.

hibition, and his attention was at once captivated by the extreme beauty and grace of one of the contestants, who, he was told, was the son of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

"Nothing in Grecian art surpasses the perfect symmetry of his figure," he would say. "In every movement he was a study for a sculptor. His face had not a flaw. I have always carried the image of him in my mind as a faultless model of manly beauty."

The picture of the athlete in the drawing-room of Doughoregan Manor sustains the encomium. The head is fine in shape and poise; the low, smooth forehead, the clear blue eye, the perfect oval of the face, the straight nose and delicate curves of the mouth, beguile and feast the eye.[1] After wandering through the other rooms and listening to stories of other portraits, all full of interest, we are drawn back to this by a growing fascination enhanced by the tale of his life and its untimely end.

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[1] An inscription upon the back of the canvas (overlooked by the family for two generations), is to this effect:

"*Charles Carroll of Carrollton Junior Esq.*

"*This is his likeness which he gave to Mary Wallace, and which she received on Monday January 22d, 1799. Drawn by Mr. Rembrandt Peale when Mr. Carroll was 22 years of age, and Mary Wallace gives this to her Daughter, Mary Wallace Ranken, at her decease.*"

Beyond the mention of the names of mother and daughter in the faded inscription discovered just one hundred years after the gift of the portrait to "Mary Wallace," nothing is known of either.

He was just twenty-five when he married Harriet Chew, a younger sister of the "Pretty Peggy," whose acquaintance we have made and improved in our chapter upon "Cliveden." (*Some Colonial Homesteads*, pp. 117–122.) There were six of the Chew sisters, Margaret ("Peggy") being the third of the bevy of beauties. The star of Harriet, the fourth sister, was in the zenith in 1796, when Washington begged her to remain in the room during his sittings to Gilbert Stuart, that his countenance should, under the charm of her conversation, "wear its most agreeable expression."

Colonel John Eager Howard, who had married Peggy Chew in 1787, was a political ally and warm personal friend of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. It is quite possible, and altogether congruous with the rest of the story, that the younger Carroll may have been thrown into familiar association with Harriet Chew during her visits to her sister, who was reckoned the most beautiful woman of her generation and country. Whispers of a former passion, or fancy, for Nelly Custis, of Mount

Vernon, the step-granddaughter of the President, did not prevail with sensible Harriet against the wooing of the Admirable Crichton. Nor did family history repeat itself in the form of delaying illnesses, frustrating deaths, and tardy settlements.

A lawyer friend and relative, Mr. William Cooke, asked and received thirty gallons of choice old Madeira for drawing up the jointure papers; the wedding-garments were worn by the bride for whom they were ordered; the marriage took place at the appointed time, and the happy pair were installed at "Homewood," near Baltimore. The brick mansion built for them by Charles Carroll of Carrollton is still standing.

The neighbourhood was all they could have wished, and both were hospitable, fond of amusement, and accustomed to the cream of cisatlantic society. Mrs. Caton was bringing up her three daughters, afterwards celebrated as "the American Graces," at "Brooklandwood," near enough for the daily exchange of calls. "Hampton," the Ridgely House, built in 1783, than which there were few handsomer in the State, was but a few miles farther away; "The Homestead," the country-seat of the Pattersons, where "Betsey" Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte spent the one and only year of their married life; "Belvedere," the residence of Colonel Howard and his "pretty Peggy," were within easy visiting distance. The elder Carroll's many letters to "Homewood" are affectionate, and expressive of the thorough sympathy existing between them upon every subject discussed by the two. The correspondence is entertaining reading apart from the insight we thus gain into the prosperous, sunny existence led in the two homes. Both of the Carrolls disliked and distrusted John Adams. "Neither Jefferson nor Burr can make so bad a president," is the opinion of the Sage of Carrollton. Yet of Jefferson he concludes:

"If he does not think as he writes, he is a hypocrite, and his pitiful cant is the step-ladder to his ambition. Burr, I suspect, is not less a hypocrite than Jefferson; but he is a firm, steady man, and possessed, it is said, of great energy and decision."

A year after the marriage a letter from the Manor-house of "Homewood" has to do with what put presidential candidates and international complications clean out of sight and thought. A fifth Charles Carroll had seen the light of the world that had dealt so generously with his forbears.

"May this child, when grown to manhood, be a comfort to his parents in the decline of life, and support the reputation of his family!" is the prayer of the happy grandfather.

The date of the congratulatory note is July 26, 1801.

In the same spirit of unaffected piety, but in a far different tone, he writes, August 12, 1806:

> "Immediately upon the receipt of your letter I gave orders to Harry to take up some of the pavement of the Chapel to have the grave dug for the earthly remains of your poor little infant. To soften the loss of this dear and engaging child, the certainty of his now enjoying a glorious immortality will greatly contribute."

At seventy, Charles Carroll, Senior, writes to his junior of a plan to visit Carrollton, and a desire to have his son's company on the trip, adding, jocosely, "I have but two complaints, old age and the cholic."

He is hale and hopeful at seventy-four, with the Harper grandchildren playing about his knees, the two elder at school in Baltimore, so near as "to allow them to visit the Manor every Saturday, and return to town the Mondays following."

A graver despatch went from Annapolis May 8, 1813:

> "I have sent my valuable papers, books of account, and plate to the Manor, and baggage of different kinds will be sent to-morrow. When I go to the Manor your sister Caton and her daughters Betsey and Emily will accompany me. I shall remove some pipes of wine to my farm near this city, and some household furniture, for I seriously apprehend the enemy will destroy the town. It is reported a strong force is going up the Potomac, and they are greatly alarmed at Washington."

August 25, 1814, the situation is yet more alarming:

> "The enemy are in possession of Washington! It is reported that they have destroyed the public buildings and the Navy Yard. It is thought they will next attack Baltimore. The fire at Washington was plainly seen by several of my people about ten o'clock last night."

"If I live to see the end of the war, I shall," etc., etc., is the beginning of another epistle. He uses the same formula in effect when the war was over, and the return of peace permitted the resumption of the traditional custom of sending the children of the Carroll connection across the ocean for education. His granddaughter, Mary Harper, was sent to

France, "where she will be more piously educated than at the very best boarding-school in Philadelphia.

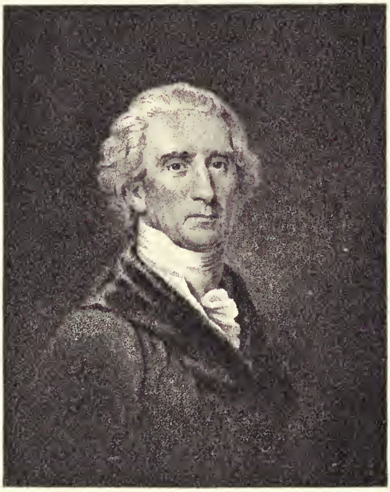
"I may not live to see her return. Kiss her for me. I send her my love and my blessing."

He lived to receive the news that "the dear girl" had died abroad, and to mingle his tears with her parents'. Another Mary, Mrs. Caton's eldest daughter, had married a brother of Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte. In 1817, Louisa Caton married Colonel Sir Felton Bathurst Hervey, who had been on Wellington's staff at Waterloo. In 1818, Mrs. Harper writes to her father from England of personal interviews and distinguished attention she has had from the Duke and other great ones of the earth, and Mr. Carroll makes inquiry as to a French school to which he intends to send his grandson, Charles Carroll.

In 1820, Mrs. Caton brought to Doughoregan Manor, the widow of Commodore Decatur, two months after his fatal duel with Barron. "The exercise and change of air have greatly benefited Mrs. Decatur," the host reports to his son. "Her spirits are more composed; she dines with us, and converses more."

In that same summer a travelled Englishman describes a visit to Doughoregan Manor and the cordial hospitality of the proprietor,

> "a venerable patriarch, nearly eighty-three years of age, and one of the four survivors of those who signed the Declaration of Independence.
>
> "Although still an expert horseman, he seldom goes beyond the limits of his Manor. I had, however, seen him riding in a long procession, through the streets of Baltimore, holding in his hand the Declaration of Independence, which he delivered to the orator of the day, at the monument of General Washington."


CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON.
1737–1832.

Three surviving signers, James Madison, Thomas Jefferson, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, were invited to meet Lafayette at Yorktown on October 19, 1824, to celebrate the surrender of Cornwallis. An autograph letter from Mr. Carroll to the late

Robert G. Scott, of Richmond, Virginia, pleads his "advanced age" in apology for his declination of the invitation. He met Lafayette at Fort McHenry, October 7th, on his way to Yorktown, and, with Colonel John Eager Howard and "several other veterans," lunched with them in a tent that had been used by Washington in the Revolutionary War. Mr. Carroll was also a guest at the ball given at "Belvedere" to the French marquis.

One of the most tender and confidential letters penned by the patriarch to his son, bears date of April 12, 1821. It contains these solemn admonitions:

> "I deem it my duty to call your attention to the shortness of this life, and the certainty of death, and the dreadful judgment we must all undergo, and on the decision of which a happy or a miserable Eternity depends. . . . My desire to induce you to reflect on futurity, and, by a virtuous life, to merit heaven, has suggested the above reflections and warnings. The approaching festival of Easter and the merits and mercies of Our Redeemer, *copiosa assudeum redemptio*, have led me into this chain of meditation and reasoning, and have inspired me with the hope of finding mercy before my Judge, and of being happy in the life to come, a happiness I wish you to participate with me by infusing into your heart a similar hope."

In a letter of later date he says, "God bless and prepare you for a better world, for the present is but a passing meteor compared to Eternity."

And still again: "At the hour of your death, ah! my son, you will feel the emptiness of all sublunary things; and that hour may be much nearer than you expect. Think well on it! I mean your eternal welfare."

Other circumstances besides his own extreme age moved him to such meditations. He stood so nearly solitary in the world once peopled with his contemporaries that each death among the remaining few was like the stroke of his own passing-bell. Colonel John Eager Howard had buried his beautiful wife in 1822. Mr. Carroll's best-beloved son-in-law, General Robert Goodloe Harper, died January 15, 1825. The heaviest stroke that could fall upon the old man and the old house descended April 3, 1825, in the death of Charles (IV.) Carroll of "Homewood." The knowledge of what his life had meant to him who was only son, chief pride, and dearest hope lends awful dignity to words written in November of that direful year:

"On the 20th of this month I entered into my eighty-ninth year. This, in any country, would be deemed a long life. If it has not been directed to the only end for which man was created, it is a mere nothing, an empty phantom, an indivisible point, compared with Eternity. . . . On the mercy of my Redeemer I rely for salvation, and on His merits; not on the works I have done in obedience to His precepts, for even these, I fear, a mixture of alloy will render unavailing and cause to be rejected."

Mr. Carroll took part in a public pageant on July 20, 1826, when memorial services were held in Baltimore in honour of Ex-Presidents Adams and Jefferson. The whole nation was thrilled to the heart by the coincidence of the deaths of both these men on the Fourth of July of that year, an event which left but one surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence. Upon the eve of the solemn celebration, this man, in the awful solitariness of extreme old age, sitting in the shadow of the double decease, indited these manly and magnanimous words to a friend:

"'Though I disapproved of Mr. Jefferson's administration and was dissatisfied with a part of Mr. Adams's, both unquestionably greatly contributed to the Independence of this country. Their services should be remembered, and their errors forgiven and forgotten. This evening, I am going to Baltimore to attend to-morrow the procession and ceremonies to be paid to the memories of these praised and dispraised Presidents."

He acted as chief mourner in the funeral procession, and in the same carriage was the friend of more than half a century, John Eager Howard. In September of that year, Mr. Carroll had a medal struck to commemorate his ninetieth birthday, and received the congratulations of friends and neighbours at the Manor. From the pen of one who saw him then we have a picture of the eminent nonagenarian :

> " He was a rather small and thin person, of very gracious and polished manners. At the age of ninety he was still upright, and could see and hear as well as men commonly do. He had a smiling expression when he spoke, and had none of the reserve which usually attends old age."

His lively interest in what was going on in his widening family connexion and in the world of nations remained unabated to the last. His widowed granddaughter, Mrs. Robert Patterson, one of the fairest and most accomplished of American-born women, was now Marchioness of Wellesley, her second husband being a brother of the Duke of Wellington. Mrs. Hervey, also, was married again, and to a British peer, the Duke of Leeds. A favourite grandchild, Mrs. McTavish (Emily Caton), spent much of her time at the Manor, where her children were joyously at home, and a never-ceasing delight to their great-grandfather.

Never was old age more painless and placid.

August 2, 1826, Mr. Carroll signed, with a hand that scarcely trembled, this testimonial upon a copy of the Declaration of Independence, now in the New York City Library:

> "Grateful to Almighty God for the blessing which, through Jesus Christ Our Lord, He has conferred upon my beloved country in her emancipation, and upon myself in permitting me under circumstances of mercy to live to the age of eighty-nine years, and to survive the fiftieth year of American Independence, and certifying by my present signature my approbation of the Declaration of Independence adopted by Congress on the fourth day of July, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six, which I originally subscribed on the second day of August of the same year, and of which I am, now, the last surviving signer, I do hereby recommend to the present and future generations the principles of that important document as the best earthly inheritance their ancestors could bequeath to them, and pray that the civil and religious liberties they have secured to my country may be perpetuated to the remotest posterity and extended to the whole family of man."

On July 11, 1830, the faithful son of his Church laid the corner-stone of the now splendid St. Charles College, about two miles from Doughoregan Manor. He had given the land upon which the college was to be built, and a handsome sum toward the erection of the same.

And so one, and yet another year glided in and out, like the waves of a summer brook rippling between green pastures. The golden-hearted old man retired early, and was abroad betimes on the morrow. He believed and practised his belief in cold baths, horseback exercise, regularity in meals, and temperance in everything. He was always present at morning and evening prayers in the chapel, and passed several hours of each day in the perusal of the English, Greek, and Latin classics, keeping up to the last what one chronicler has called "his perfect knowledge of the French language." In his ninety-third year he was found by a clerical guest deeply engaged in the study of Cicero's treatise on "Old Age," in the original Latin.

"After the Bible," he added, with his peculiar earnestness and vivacity of manner, "and *The Following of Christ*, give me, Sir, the philosophic works of Cicero."[1]

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[1] Oration upon Charles Carroll of Carrollton, by Rev. Constantine Pise, D.D., delivered in 1832.

The beautiful close of the long, long day came on November 14, 1832. Propped in his easy-chair, his daughter and her children, with other relatives kneeling about him, he received the last offices of the Church. These over, he was laid upon the bed. His last words were a courteous acknowledgment of his physician's effort to make his position easier. Then he "fell on sleep" and awoke on the Other Side.

His grandson, Charles (V.) Carroll, succeeded "the Signer" in the proprietorship of Doughoregan Manor, and he, in turn, was followed by his son, Charles (VI.), born in 1828. His mother was Mary Digges Lee, one of the Virginia family of that name. He married Miss Caroline Thompson, also a Virginian by birth. Mr. Carroll died in 1895.

The present master of Doughoregan Manor is Hon. John Lee Carroll, Ex-Governor of the State of Maryland. He has been twice married: first, to Miss Anita Phelps of New York, second, to Miss Mary Carter Thompson, a sister of Mrs. Charles (VI.) Carroll. Mrs. John Lee Carroll died in 1899.

One of Governor Carroll's daughters, Mary Louisa, married Comte Jean de Kergolay, of

France; a second, Anita Maria, became the wife of another French nobleman, Baron Louis de la Grange; a third daughter, Mary Helen, is Mrs. Herbert D. Robbins, of New York. Of the sons, Royal Phelps married Miss Marion Langdon, of New York city; Charles (VII.) married Miss Susanne Bancroft. The only child of Governor Carroll's second marriage, Philip Acosta, lives with his father and his widowed aunt at Doughoregan Manor.

EX-GOVERNOR JOHN LEE CARROLL.

The short avenue leading directly from the front of the mansion to the highway was for many years the principal approach used by family and visitors. It is bordered by large trees, and affords a fine view of central building and wings, that to the visitor's right being the chapel built in 1717 by the first Charles

Carroll. Mrs. Mary Digges Lee Carroll, the mother of Governor Carroll and Charles (VI.), a woman of much executive ability and refined taste, designed the winding avenue turning away from the main road a few rods beyond the extensive grounds of St. Charles College.

After a drive of six miles over the macadamised turnpike laid between Ellicott City and Doughoregan Manor, on the fourth of a series of torrid June days that taxed physical and moral powers to the utmost, the relief was sudden and exquisite as we entered the green arches of the wood beyond the lodge-gates.

The crude newness of the "City" I had left behind, made hideously depressing by the rough thoroughfare torn up and hollowed to receive the "trolley track," to be laid from the railway station to the College; the glare from the pale hot heavens reflected from the glittering white turnpike until I was fain to close my eyes upon the beauties of undulating hills and fertile meadows stretching away for miles on either side of the cruel road, were, for the next delicious half-hour, as if they had not been. Such calm, such refreshment, and such generous breadth as had belonged to the life of him whose story had engaged my thoughts all day, were about us and beyond us. The dim depths of the wood through which we wound; the velvety reaches of lawn that, by-and-by, appeared between the trees; the artistic grouping of plantations of shrubbery and larger growths; the glass houses and gardens by which we drove around to the porch and hospitable doorway,—all were English, and of a civilisation singularly un-American in design and finish.

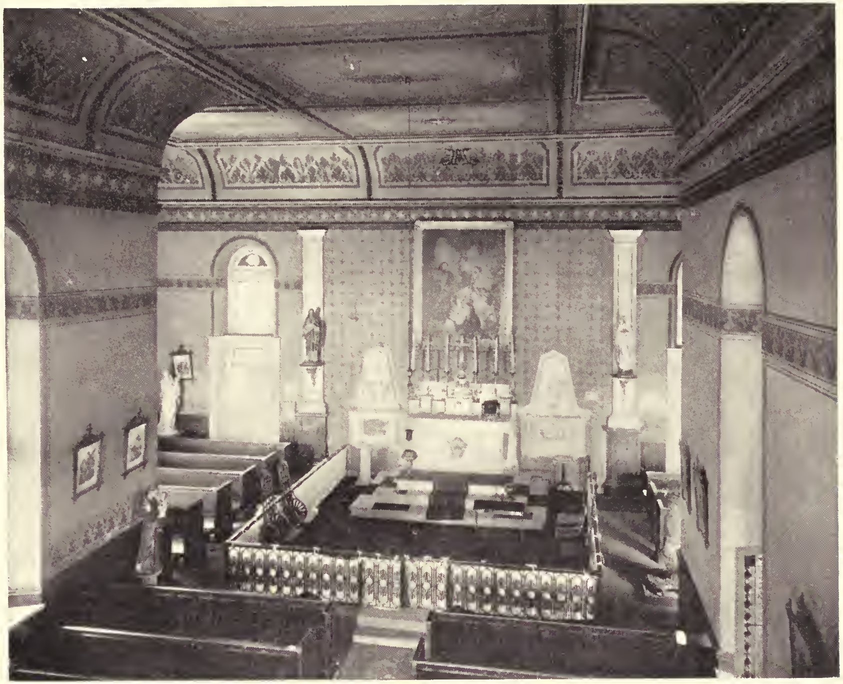
The central hall is luxurious with couches, cushions, and lounging-chairs, and full of the viewless, pervasive spirit of Home—a sweet and subtle presence that meets the stranger upon the threshold like an audible benediction. The lines of the noble apartment are not broken by the staircase which figures prominently in the middle distance of most colonial houses, and in the narrower passages of modern dwellings.

Upon the wall of the inner and smaller hall, from which the stairs wind to the upper floors, hangs a map of the estate, as laid out in 1699 by the grandfather of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The primitive specification of "two boundary oaks" is given upon the ancient chart. The places of the departed trees are now designated by two memorial stones. There were 14,500 acres of arable and wood lands in this original grant from the "Lord Baron of Baltimore." All but one thousand acres still pertain to the estate. A great slice, or section, in the very heart of the domain is known as "the Folly." *Not*, as it may be needful to explain, because it was willed to certain daughters of the house, Mrs. McTavish and others. Whatever may have been the origin of the term, it has become technical, and occurs often in English title-deeds.

From the inner hall we enter the bedroom in which "the Signer" died, consecrated even more by his blameless life than by his holy departure. The adjoining drawing-room is rich in historic portraits, conspicuous among them being the Crichton of "Homewood." The walls are panelled from floor to ceiling in rich, dark woods, and like all else in house and grounds, in perfect preservation.

In a niche of the dining-room across the hall stands a tall clock that has marked the hours of birth, of living, and of death for the Carroll race for over a hundred and fifty years. From the panel over the mantel the founder of the American branch of the family looks majestically down upon the goodly company of his lineal descendants who assemble daily about the beautiful board in the middle of the room. Near by, his son, Carroll of Annapolis, repeats the family lineaments with marked fidelity. The transmission of the racial type with so few modifications from generation to generation is consequent, no doubt, upon the intermarriages which we have noted. We must look to other and more occult influences to account for the extraordinary resemblance to Charles Carroll of "Homewood" that, in one of his great-grandsons, is so exact as to be startling to those who have studied his portrait in the Manor drawing-room. The reproduction of feature, colouring, and expression in the third generation is almost eerie.

A likeness of "the Signer," taken when he had passed his eightieth year, is in the dining-room. It was given by him to the patroon, Mr. Van Rensselaer, and after the latter's death was presented by his daughter to Mr. Carroll's family. The wainscot of this room is valuable and curious: a sort of plaster or concrete, of a warm cream colour, sound and smooth, although laid on and moulded more than a century ago. Over the doors are the



INTERIOR OF CHAPEL OF DOUGHOREGAN MANOR.

heads of wild animals killed in hunting by the absent sons of the household; the yachting-cups upon the buffet were also won by them.

What is, I believe, the only private chapel attached to a colonial homestead, is a silent witness to the loyalty of the Carrolls to their ancestral faith. The few changes made in the interior have been careful restorations. We see the sacred place as the founders planned it, seven generations ago, an oblong room of admirable proportions, and tasteful, yet simple, in decoration. In passing up the aisle, my host stayed me to show where the "poor little infant, the dear and engaging" yearling of Charles Carroll of "Homewood" and Harriet Chew, was laid. Mrs. Darnall, the mother-in-law and aunt of Carroll of Carrollton, his father, and the wife to whose dear memory he remained true through fifty years of widowerhood, also lie here. "The Signer" was buried under the chancel. Upon a mural tablet to him, at the left of the altar, is a bas-relief of the Declaration of Independence, with a pen laid across it; above this are the thirteen stars of the original States, and, set high above all, is the Cross, the symbol of his religion.

A congregation of from three to four hundred meets here every Sunday for worship, coming from all quarters of the neighbourhood. When front and back doors are open, framing pictures of park, trees, and ornamental shrubs; when the birds, nesting in the ivied curtains of the ancient walls, and running fearlessly over the sward, join their songs to organ and chant, one gets very near to Nature's heart and to the Father-heart that loveth all.

X

THE RIDGELY HOUSE, DOVER, DELAWARE

"Soon after Penn's arrival in America he conceived the idea of a county seat in the centre of 'St. Jones County.' In 1683 he issued a warrant, authorizing the surveyor to lay out a town to be called 'Dover.' It was not until 1694, however, that the land of the town was purchased. . . . The price paid the Indians was two match-coats, twelve bottles of drink, and four handfuls of powder. The old court house was built in 1697.

"Dover has sent to Washington a Secretary of State, an Attorney General, a District Judge, two Senators, and eight Representatives. To the State she has given four Governors, five Chancellors, five Chief-Justices, four Associate Judges, six Secretaries of State, and six Attorneys General." [1]

The Green is the heart of old Dover.

It is a quiet heart, this oblong of turf and trees, but four or five city blocks in length, with "The King's Road" running, like an artery, through it. About it on all sides stand homesteads that were here when Dover was a village, and the State of which it is the capital was a dependence of the British Crown. At the eastern end is the State House, erected upon the site of the older and first edifice of the same name that was here a hundred years agone. Hard by is the dwelling built early in the eighteenth century, and subsequently tenanted by Dr. Samuel Chew before a goodly slice was pared from southeastern Pennsylvania and christened "Delaware." (See "Cliveden," *Some Colonial Homesteads*, p. 107). Here was born Chief-Justice Benjamin Chew, who, prior to his removal to Pennsylvania in 1754, was Speaker of the House of Delegates in Dover. The building is sound and comfortably habitable and is still known as "the Chew House," although it was occupied for several years by one of the most eminent sons of Delaware, John Middleton Clayton. Mr. Clayton was Chief-Justice of his native State, twice U. S. Senator, and, upon the accession of General Taylor to the Presidency, Secretary of State. The homestead of his brother-in-law, the late Hon. Joseph P. Comegys, at the other extremity of The Green, is full of interesting souvenirs of the lives of both these distinguished men, and of early periods of family and State history. Every foot of the brief parallelogram of earth hemmed about with ancestral houses is steeped in tradition and romance. In the busiest noontime the place is never noisy. After learning who lived here and *how* they lived—and died—fancy easily conjures up the figure of the Muse of History standing beside The King's Road, her uplifted finger warning aside the thoughtless and sacrilegious from holy ground.

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[1] Ridgely MSS.

I copy again from the Ridgely MSS. kindly placed at my disposal by Mrs. Henry Ridgely, Jr., of Dover.

"Here a regiment was raised and mustered by Col. John Haslet before the Declaration of Independence. A few days after the news of the act of Congress reached Dover they marched to the headquarters of the army and placed themselves under the immediate command of Gen. Washington. They probably remained in Dover long enough, however, to assist in the ceremony of the burning of the portrait of the King of Great Britain, which took place upon The Green on the receipt of Cæsar Rodney's copy of the Declaration of Independence. A procession marched around the fire to solemn music while the President of the State declared that, 'compelled by strong necessity, thus we destroy even the shadow of that King who refused to reign over a free people.' Upon The Green, at a later date, was the final muster of the gallant Delaware regiment before their disastrous campaign in the South. This regiment is said to have been in more engagements and to have suffered more than any other troops of the army."

The Vining house is nearer the arterial road than the Comegys mansion, and on the northern side of The Green. Of the family who made it famous I shall have more to say by-and-by. Across the road, and on the same side of the street skirting The Green, is the Ridgely House, one of the oldest dwellings in Dover, and almost in the shadow of the State House.

RIDGELY CREST.

The Honourable Henry (I.) Ridgely of Devonshire, England, settled in Maryland in 1659, upon a Royal grant of 6000 acres of land. He became a colonel of Colonial Militia, Member of the Assembly, one of the Governmental Council, Justice of the Peace, and Vestryman of the

Parish Church of Anne Arundel, dying, after a prosperous life, in 1710.

His nameson and heir, Henry (II.), lived and died at "Warbridge," the home the father had made near Annapolis. Although but thirty at his death in 1699, he left a widow and three children. With that one who bore his name, Henry (III.), this story has little to do. His biography and dwelling-place are catalogued with other Maryland worthies and homesteads.

Nicholas Ridgely, the second son, was born at Warbridge in 1694. He was, therefore, thirty-eight years old when he removed to "Eden Hill," a handsome plantation near Dover, and bought also the house on "The Green," built in 1728. Mr. Ridgely at once took his place among the leading citizens of his adopted State, filling with honour the offices of Treasurer of Kent County, Clerk of the Peace, Justice of Peace, Prothonotary and Register in Chancery, and Judge of the Supreme Court of Newcastle, Kent, and Sussex Counties, enjoying the honour until his death in 1755.

"In 1735, as foreman of the Grand Jury, he signed a petition to King George II. against granting a charter to

Lord Baltimore, in abrogation of the rights of the Penn family in the 'Three Lower Counties.'

"In 1745, he was elected by Cæsar Rodney to be his guardian; and his papers show his great interest in, and warm attachment to, a ward who proved to be the most distinguished patriot of his State.

"To his training may partly be attributed the successful career of Charles Ridgely, his son, John Vining, his wife's grandson, and Cæsar Rodney, his ward.

"His wife was Mary Middleton, widow of Captain Benj. Vining, of Salem, New Jersey.

"Her son, Judge John Vining, married Phœbe Wynkoop, and *their* son John was called the 'Patrick Henry of Delaware,' a brilliant lawyer, great wit, member of the first Continental Congress, and known as the 'Pet of Delaware.' His sister Mary was a beautiful girl and a great belle."[1]

Of whom more anon.

Dr. Charles Ridgely was born in 1738, studied medicine, and became an eminent physician, filling also many positions of public trust. His son Nicholas, born of his first marriage (to Mary Wynkoop), was known as the "Father of Chancery in Delaware." Dr. Ridgely's second wife, Anne Moore, brought him five children.

Henry Moore Ridgely, his son, succeeded him in the proprietorship of the homestead, at the father's death in 1785. He was admitted to the bar in 1802. An incident connected with this stage of his career is of interest, as illustrating the temper and customs of that day and the fiery spirit of the chief actor in it :

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[1] Ridgely MSS.

> " Dr. Barrett of Dover was grossly insulted by a Mr. Shields of Wilmington, and sought satisfaction through the code. He desired Mr. Ridgely to bear his challenge. Shields refused to meet Dr. Barrett, but challenged Mr. Ridgely himself. The duel was fought, and Mr. Ridgely severely wounded. For a time his life was despaired of, and although he recovered, Mr. Shields was obliged to leave Wilmington, public sentiment against him being so strong that he could not live it down."

In strong contrast to this stormy introduction, I give a rapid *résumé* of Henry Moore Ridgely's public life :

He was a member of the House in Congress from 1811–13 ; Secretary of the State of Delaware in 1817, and again in 1824, performing a most valuable and laborious work in this office, in collecting and arranging in proper form for preservation the scattered and poorly kept archives of the State.

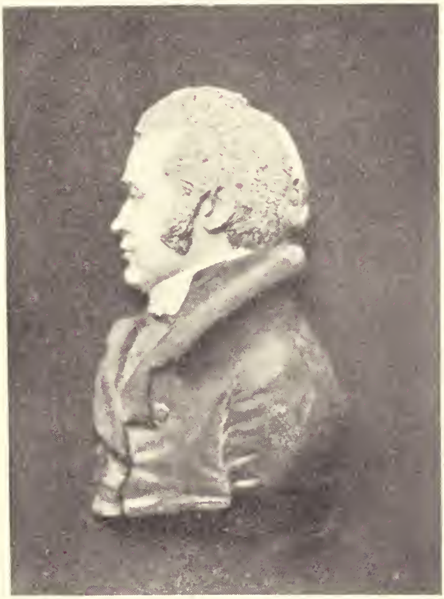
He was repeatedly elected to the Legislature, and framed some most important laws; was elected by the Legislature to the United States Senate in 1827, where he was known, as he had been in the House, as the advocate of a protective tariff.

A true anecdote relative to the persistency with which his fellow-citizens thrust greatness upon him, their good and gallant servant, faithful in the few and lesser matters of his stewardship as in the many and weighty, was told to me by a member of the family. It is, of course, a Delaware edition of an episode of an Athenian election day more than two thousand years old; another of the million self-repetitions of history and human nature:

Mr. Ridgely was walking through "The Green" on the day of his second election to Congress when a countryman accosted him with, "Say, Mister! you can write, can't you?" Upon receiving a reply, he thrust a ticket into the gentleman's hand, asking him to "scratch out Ridgely's name," and substitute one which he named carelessly. Mr. Ridgely complied, and in handing the ticket back, inquired smilingly:

"Would you object to telling me what you have against Mr. Ridgely? Do you know him?"

" Never saw him in my life! Don't know nothing against him. But I certainly am sick and tired of having his name on my ticket every election day. That 's all."



HENRY MOORE RIDGELY.

Mr. Ridgely retired from public life in 1832. He died in the old house on " The Green " upon his eighty-second birthday, August 6, 1847. He left fifteen children. The eldest of these, Henry (V.) Ridgely, is now, in a serene and honoured old age, a resident of Dover, although his home was, until recently, at "Eden Hill." His son Henry (VI.), a prominent lawyer, occupies the family homestead hard by the State House.

The exterior is severely plain. The walls are flush with the sidewalk, the windows of drawing-room, library, and the master's law-office on the ground-floor are so low that pedestrians could rest their elbows sociably upon the sills and chat with the occupants. The interior is unconventional, full of unexpectedness, and altogether captivating. The floral designs of the low ceilings are the work of Miss Rose Virden, a Dover artist of much promise and a graduate of the Artists' League of New York. The delicate tinting of drawing-room walls and the artistic hangings of the guest-chamber contrast harmoniously with the dark panelling of the wide hall, which is also the library. In the far corner of this last, remote from the fire-place is the quaintest, crookedest staircase conceivable by builder's brain and passable by human feet. It runs directly—or as directly as is consistent with the tortuousness aforesaid—down into the hall.

On this, the second day of my sojourn in the haunted house, I listen to a story which adds another to the wraiths mingling with the flesh-and-blood entities whose own the enchanted ground is now. The romance belongs to the school represented by *The Spectator's* list of killed and wounded in *Bill of Mortality of Lovers.* Such as—

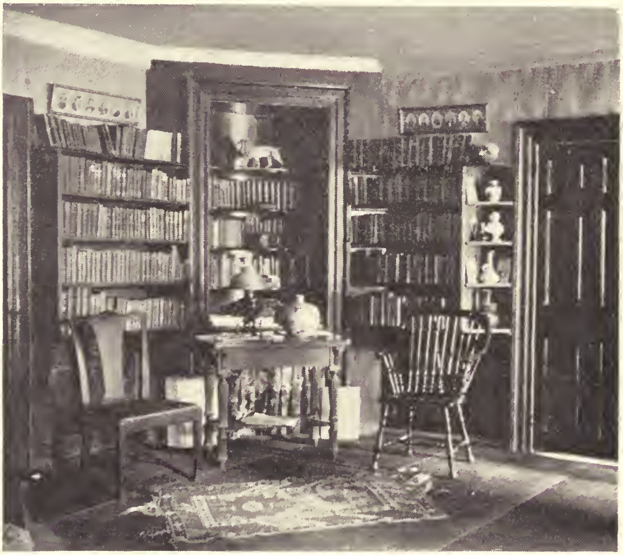
" T. S., wounded by Zerlinda's scarlet stocking as she was stepping out of a coach," and—

" Musidorus, slain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in Belinda's left cheek."

A daughter of the Ridgely house had, among other marketable charms, a perfect foot and ankle. A susceptible swain, who had been unfortunate in his wooing, paid a farewell call to his inamorata almost upon the eve of her marriage with another man. While seated in the hall awaiting her appearance, he heard the tap of her high-heeled slippers on the winding stairway and saw appear at the last, steepest and sharpest turn of the flight—above the slippered foot,—slender, round, supple, swathed in snowy silk,—THE ANKLE !

" Whereupon," concludes the laughing narrator, " the poor fellow swooned away on the spot. It sounds very absurd, but that was the sort of thing they did in those days."

Sitting by the window in the same place and, for all I know to the contrary, in the very chair the swooning swain may have occupied on the well-nigh fatal occasion—I hear another tale of another sort of thing they did in those days.



WILLIAM PENN'S CHAIR AND CORNER OF LIBRARY IN RIDGELY HOUSE.

Mr. Nicholas Ridgely, as his genealogy has informed us, became the guardian, in 1745, of an orphaned youth of seventeen, Cæsar Rodney by name.

> " William Rodney married Alice, the daughter of Sir Thomas Cæsar, an eminent merchant of the city of London, and his son William died near Dover, Delaware, in the year 1708, leaving eight children and a considerable landed estate which was entailed, and, by the decease of elder sons, finally vested in his youngest son, Cæsar, who continued his residence as a landed proprietor in Delaware until his death in 1745.
>
> " Cæsar Rodney, the eldest son of Cæsar, and grandson of William Rodney, was born in St. Jones' Neck near Dover in Kent County, Delaware, in the year 1728.
>
> " Mr. Ridgely caused his ward to be instructed in the classics and general literature, and in the accomplishments of fencing and dancing, to fit his bearing and manners becomingly to the station in life in which he was born." [1]

So well was the work done that the princely young fellow came into his kingdom at the age of twenty-one, well-equipped in body and in mind for leadership in society and in State. His brother, Thomas Rodney, has left in MS. a picture of Delaware life at that period which, in many features, reminds us of New England, rather than of a Middle Slave State :

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[1] Oration delivered by Hon. Thomas F. Bayard in 1889, upon the occasion of unveiling the monument of Cæsar Rodney at Dover Delaware.

> "Almost every family manufactured their own clothes ; and beef, pork, poultry, milk, butter, cheese, wheat, and Indian corn were raised by themselves, serving them, with fruits of the country and wild game, for food ; cider, small beer, and peach and apple brandy, for drink. The best families in the country but seldom used tea, coffee, chocolate, or sugar, for honey was their sweetening. . . . The largest farmers at that time did not sow over twenty acres of wheat, nor tend more than thirty acres of Indian corn."

Very un-New England, however, was the jolly comradeship that prevailed in village and country. Everybody knew everybody else. "Indeed," says the Rodney MS.,

> "they seemed to live, as it were, in concord, for they constantly associated together at one house or another in considerable numbers, to play and frolic, at which times the young people would dance, and the elder ones wrestle, run, hop, or jump, or throw the disc, or play at some rustic and manly exercises.
>
> "On Christmas Eve there was a universal firing of guns, travelling 'round from house to house, during the holiday, and all winter there was a continual frolic, shooting-matches, twelfth cakes, etc."

Cæsar Rodney was a favourite with high and low, the lowest class being represented by the negro slaves. He was "about five feet ten inches high," writes his brother. "His person was very elegant and genteel, his manners graceful, easy and polite. He had a good fund of humour and the happiest talent in the world of making his wit agreeable."

When it was known that he had political aspirations, the popularity gained by the kind heart, the pleasing personality, and the ready wit graded and smoothed the path many found arduous. In 1758, when he was barely thirty years of age, he was High Sheriff of his native county of Kent; two years later, a Judge of the Lower Courts. In 1765, he was a member of the "Stamp Act Congress" which was convened in New York City. A New York newspaper of 1812 gives a post-mortem sketch of "the estimable and patriotic Cæsar Rodney, for many years the great prop and stay of Whiggism in the lower part of his native State."

In 1766, he was one of the Committee appointed to draft resolutions addressed to George III., thanking him for the repeal of the Stamp Act, and assuring him of the loyalty of the Delaware Legislature and the constituency it represented. As a member of this

Legislature he threw all the weight of his influence into the ineffectual effort to stop the importation of slaves into Delaware.

No man in the Province had the promise of a brighter future than the rising statesman, trusted and beloved by his fellow-citizens, the co-worker of the first men in the Colonies—when on June 7, 1768, he wrote to his brother of a visit paid to Philadelphia for the purpose of consulting physicians there upon "a matter that had given him some uneasiness." The matter proved to be a cancer in the nostrils, "a most dangerous place." His friends strongly advised him to "sail at once for England, and by no means to trust to any person here."

A few days later he wrote again that he had decided to put himself into the hands of Dr. Thomas Bond of Philadelphia. Should the treatment adopted by him "fail in making a cure," he should go to England.

> "But to conclude, my case is truly dangerous, and what will be the event, God only knows. I still live in hopes, and still retain my usual flow of spirits. My compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Vining. Tell Mrs. Vining the cloud now hanging over me, tho' dark and dismal, may (God willing) one day disperse."

Mrs. Vining was the sister-in-law of the woman he had loved, and whom he had hoped to marry in the heyday of his youth and popularity. There is nothing sadder in the archives of the Vining, or Rodney, or Ridgely family than a creased and torn "returned" letter in his strong, legible hand. It was written from his guardian's house in Dover, May 27, 1761.[1]

TABLE OWNED BY CAPT. JONES, 1800, IN BEDROOM OF RIDGELY HOUSE.

"Yesterday evening (by Mr Chew's Tom) I had the unwelcome and unexpected news of your determining to go to Philadelphia, with Mr. & Misses Chew--If you

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[1] *American Historical Register*, July, 1895.

Remember, as we were riding to Noyontown Fair, you talked of taking this journey & mentioned my going with you; you know how readily I [*torn*] & how willing in this, as in everything else, I was to oblige & serve you. . . . When I was last down, you seemed to have given over all thoughts of going. This determined me, & accordingly, gave Mr. Chew, for answer, that he might not expect me with him; thereby I 'm deprived of the greatest pleasure this World could possibly afford me—the company of that lady in whom all happiness is placed. . . . Molly! I love you from my soul! In this, believe me, I 'm sincere, & honest: but when I think of the many amiable qualifications you are possessed of—all my hopes are at an end—nevertheless intended [*torn*] down this week, & as far as possible to have known my fate. . . . You may expect to see me at your return. Till then, God bless you.

"I 'm Yrs."

Miss Mary (Molly) Vining was the lovely aunt of a more beautiful niece who was named for her, and was endeared to Cæsar Rodney on that account. The elder Molly—to whom was written the letter, so incoherent and ill-expressed that one hears all through it the irregular heart-beats and broken breaths of the impassioned, doubting lover—married the Right Reverend Charles Ingles, who was first Bishop to the Colonies. She outlived her bridal day but a year, dying in 1764.

She had, then, been in her grave four years when the horrible shadow of doom overtook her former suitor, a cloud which was never to be dispersed until it thickened into the night of death. Fallacious hopes; discouragements; a rally of the brave soul to sustain the "usual flow of spirits"; the valiant purpose to sink selfish dreads in unremitting labours for the good of his kind and his country—these were the fluctuations of feeling and reason that were to fill the next fourteen years of the life he would not, could not, believe was irreparably blighted.

In one of the deceitful lulls in the progress of the disease, he accepted the appointment of Speaker of the Colonial Assembly (in 1769). Before the session was ended he was identified with the more resolute of the Colonists who were already banding themselves together to resist the growing aggressions of the parent government. His name stood first upon the committee of three deputies to the Continental Congress called by the voice of the people to assemble in Philadelphia in 1774. Another representative to this body was George Washington of Virginia.

Again Cæsar Rodney's name stood foremost among those of the "Deputies to the general Congress" called to meet in Philadelphia, May 10, 1776. Mr. Bayard says of him at this crucial period in our national struggle:

> "He was a man of action in an era of action; born, not out of his proper time, but in it; and, being fitted for the hour and its work, he did it well. He was recognised, and, naturally, at once became influential and impressive—distinguished for the qualities which were needed in the days in which he lived on earth. . . . Moved by patriotic impulse, he had counselled the selection of Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial forces, and from the beginning to the end of the conflict, sought to hold up his hands and sustain him at all times and in all ways."

The distinguished orator goes on to quote from another eminent jurist to the effect that "to Rodney, more than to any other man in Delaware, do we owe the position which our State and people took in that most important contest,"—*i. e.*, the War for Independence.

In furtherance of the great purpose he had at heart, he came home to strengthen the hearts of timid constituents and to advise with cool heads and steadfast hearts like his own, over the final step, then imminent, to be taken by Congress.

"On one side stand a doubtful experience and a bloody war; on the other side unconditional submission to the power of Great Britain."

This was the situation as he put it before himself and his fellow-citizens. If they had much to lose, he had more: fortune, the friends of years, many of whom, even those in the Congress with him, were opposed to the formal severance of the tie binding Great Britain to her restless colonies; probably his life, for he was colonel of the "upper regiment of Kent County," and pledged to bring fifteen hundred men into the field should war be declared. He was absent from Congress upon this errand, and energetically canvassing the counties of Sussex and his native Kent, when Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, on June 7th, executed his immortal *coup d'état* by offering the resolution, "That the United States are, and ought to be, free and independent States, and that political connexion with Great Britain ought to be dissolved."

The resolution was passed in secret session by six out of seven States, on June 8th.

Cæsar Rodney, Thomas McKean, and George Read were delegates from Delaware. McKean voted for the resolution; Read, although Rodney's intimate friend, against it, making a tie in the State vote. A second vote, to secure unanimity if possible, was taken on July 1st. Nine colonies were in favour of the passage of the motion into an act; South Carolina and Quaker Pennsylvania were against it. Delaware was divided, as before. A third ballot was ordered for July 4th, and Thomas McKean, aroused to frantic energy by the peril of the occasion, mounted a trusty messenger upon a swift horse and bade him ride, as for life, to find Cæsar Rodney, and bring him to Philadelphia.

Local and family traditions give an explanation of his prolonged absence and silence at this crisis which is not offered by history. According to this, McKean had not waited until the eleventh hour before summoning his colleague. More than one letter had been despatched to Kent, describing the gravity of the position at headquarters, and entreating Rodney to hasten his return. Not one line of these had reached the unconscious absentee.

Postal facilities were few and slow, and Rodney seems to have rested in the conviction that McKean would recall him if he were needed, to have and gone on with his canvass unconcernedly, addressing public meetings, visiting from plantation to plantation, and, in the interim of pressing duties, solacing his cares by the society of intimate friends, notably the Vinings and Ridgelys, when he was in Dover.

Mr. Bayard opines that the express, sent, Mr. McKean says, at his own private expense, "must have found Mr. Rodney at one of his farms, 'Byfield,' or 'Poplar Grove.'"

I could not forgive myself if I did not give the afore-mentioned tradition (in this instance as truthful as her younger and more cautious sister, History) in the very words of the Ridgely MSS., produced for me, at my earnest petition, at this point of the story :

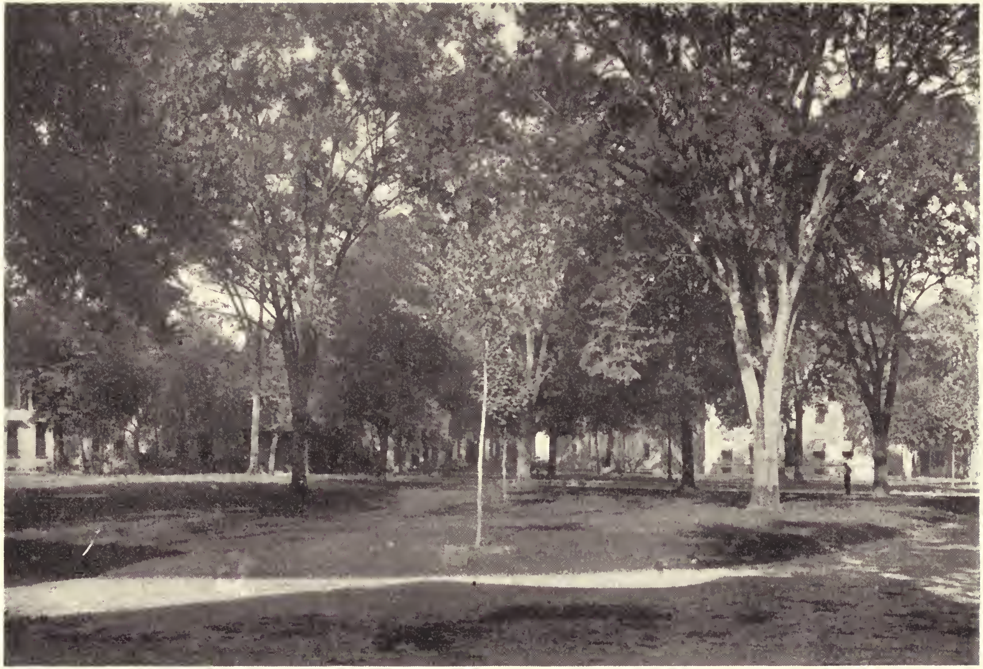
> "A celebrity of Lewes, the old seaport of Delaware, was Sarah Rowland, who, according to tradition, almost prevented the Declaration of Independence from having the necessary number of signers.
>
> "She was a beautiful Tory, for, in the first years of the Revolutionary War, there were many friends of England in the lower part of this peninsula. The news of a Tory uprising in Sussex County and Maryland reaching Cæsar Rodney, who was attending the Delegates' Convention in Philadelphia, he immediately mounted his horse and went thundering down the State, using threats

and persuasions all along the road. While at Lewes the beautiful Sarah so infatuated him by her charms that he lingered longer than his business required, and was only aroused to a sense of his delinquencies when he was presented by a loyal servant-girl in the Rowland household with a number of letters which had been intercepted by his enchantress. Then it was that he made his famous ride to Philadelphia. This story adds many miles to the length of his ride, as, in most accounts, he was at his home near Dover when the call to Philadelphia came."

Return we to Mr. Bayard and history:

"You may know how little time there was for dainty preparation—barely enough for tightening of saddle-girths and buckling on of spurs—before the good horse stood ready to be mounted, and our hero began his immortal ride on that hot and dusty July day, to carry into the Congress of the Colonies the vote he held in trust for the people of Delaware, and which was needed to make the Declaration of American Independence the unanimous act of thirteen united States."

From the window-seat of the old house, which was the bachelor hero's dearest earthly home, I see, bisecting "The Green," what is still known as "The King's Highway," along which the rider dashed through Dover when the noonday sun was at the hottest. The hostelry, "King George's Arms," stood at that corner, facing the open square. There,



"THE GREEN" IN DOVER.

(THE THIN, THREAD-LIKE LINE BEISDE WHICH THE MAN STANDS AT RIGHT OF PICTURE, DEFINES "THE KING'S ROAD.")

at Rodney's imperative shout, a fresh horse was brought to him, and he was again in the saddle and away at breakneck speed, riding, not for his own, but for a Nation's life.

> "He is up! he is off! and the black horse flies
> On the Northward road ere the 'God speed' dies;
> It is gallop and spin, as the leagues they clear
> And the clustering milestones move arear."[1]

On the morning of July 4th, Thomas McKean, until then ignorant of the success of his messenger, met Cæsar Rodney "at the State House door, in his boots and spurs, as the members were assembling."

The briefest of salutations was exchanged, and not a word as to the momentous business before them. Not a moment could be lost, for they were the last to enter the hall, and the proceedings had begun. They were hardly in their seats when "the Great Question was put."

At the call for the vote of Delaware, all eyes were turned to the bronzed face and disordered attire of him who was to break the "tie." He arose composedly, and spoke with calm deliberateness:

"As I believe the voice of my constituents and of all sensible and honest men is in favor of independence, my own judgment concurs with them. I vote for Independence."

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[1] "Cæsar Rodney's Ride."

Neither romancist nor dramatist need add to, or take away from, the thrilling incident of Cæsar Rodney's Ride. When one considers the tremendous issue involved, the character of the man who risked health, already infirm, to fulfil his pledge to colleague and to conscience, and the quiet dignity with which he redeemed it—the scene is sublime.

The Rodney coat of arms bears the motto, *Non generant Aquilæ Columbas* ("Eagles do not beget doves").

This one of the brood, albeit knowing that he was fatally hurt, bore himself gallantly to the last. He was General Rodney in 1777, when ordered by Washington to "gather his Delaware troops in close proximity to the enemy; to hang upon his flank, observe and report his movements, harass his outposts, and protect the surrounding country from marauding parties." The honour was no sinecure. His letters to Washington are models of conciseness and comprehensiveness, yet are worded with a sort of respectful familiarity betokening an *entente cordiale* between the two men, unusual in the circumstances. Rodney's "usual flow of spirits" had not deserted him. "God only knows," was still his staff and strength.

"Be assured all I can do shall be done," he assures the Commander-in-Chief. "But he that can deal with militia may almost venture to deal with the devil. As soon as I can set forward I shall advise you. God send you a complete victory!"

All the while he suffered unspeakably in body. Aware that the loves of home and family could never be his, he poured out his ardent soul and great heart in a passion of patriotism. His last important public declaration of this absorbing devotion is embodied in a resolution passed by the Delaware General Assembly in 1782, when the war was supposed to be virtually at an end:

"*Resolved:* That the whole power of this State shall be exerted for enabling Congress to carry on the war until a peace consistent with our Federal union and national faith can be obtained."

He lived to see that peace established. Just one year after the terms of the definite treaty were signed (in 1783) the Legislature of Delaware "met at the house of Hon. Cæsar Rodney, Esq., the Speaker, he being too much indisposed to attend the usual place of meeting."

He died the next month (June, 1784).

For almost a third of his earthly existence he had been the tortured victim of the malady which killed him at last, an affliction peculiarly humiliating to a proud, sensitive man who, freed from it, would have been the possessor of all that makes life best worth living.

XI

OTHER "OLD DOVER" STORIES AND HOUSES

MY dear young hostess of the Ridgely homestead is still the *raconteuse.* She has a story in a lighter vein to beguile me from the reverie into which I have fallen, with Dover Green and the King's Highway before my eyes, and, in the ears of my imagination, the echoes of those flying hoofs that,—to quote for the last time from the Delaware orator: "will reverberate in American ears like the footfalls of Fate—

> " 'Far on in summers that we shall not see.' "

In 1840, Lucretia Mott was advertised as intending to lecture in Dover, and the conservative, slave-holding element of the town protested indignantly against the measure. When she and her companions appeared on the day set for the lecture, they were given to under stand that the attempt would be dangerous. To the menace was added a demand that the party leave Dover at once. Judge Henry Moore Ridgely interfered boldly between the obnoxious visitors and the rising mob.

"Not"—as he explained privately to his family—"that I am fond of abolitionists. But I will not have a woman insulted in this town."

He welcomed Mrs. Mott and her aides to his own house, and invited a dozen or more prominent members of the Legislature, then in session, to meet them at supper that evening. But two of those bidden to the feast came. Both of these men were lovers of Miss Ridgely, the host's daughter, and neither dared decline, lest his rival should score a point against him by accepting.

I give the scene at the Court House in another's words:

> "When supper was over Lucretia Mott announced her intention of speaking that evening in the Court House at Dover; Judge Ridgely, feeling, no doubt, that his presence might be a protection to the Quakers, offered to accompany them thither; Miss Ridgely, whose heart was quite won by Mrs. Mott's gentle manner and delightful fluency in conversation, begged that she might go also, to hear the address, and Mr. DuPont, one of the Members aforesaid offered to be her escort. Judge

ELIZABETH RIDGELY, DAUGHTER OF JUDGE HENRY MOORE RIDGELY.

(AGED 19.)

Ridgely took Lucretia Mott under his protection, gave her his arm, and led the way, followed by the rest of the Quakers and his daughter with Mr. DuPont The little party reached the Court House in safety, notwithstanding that they were subjected to threatening murmurs and surly looks from the bystanders, who wished to prevent Mrs. Mott from speaking in Dover ; but Judge Ridgely conducted her safely to the platform, looking around upon the crowd and saying, 'I *dare* you to touch her!'

"Mrs. Mott then made an earnest and beautiful address, but without any allusion to the exciting subject of Slavery, and all present were delighted with it."

There was more to follow before the eventful visit was over. After the lecture the company returned to Judge Ridgely's house and sat about the drawing-room fire, in full view of a gathering crowd without. For Judge Ridgely had sternly refused to have the shutters closed, and the windows, as I have said, opening directly upon the sidewalk, are so low in the wall as to allow passers-by to look into the ground-floor rooms. In emulation of her entertainers' equanimity, the stout-hearted Quakeress feigned not to observe the dark faces pressed against the panes, or to hear the hoarse murmurs from without, like the wash of the surge upon the beach before a rising storm. She had never been more brilliant in talk, or apparently more happily at her ease, almost charming her auditors into forgetfulness of what might be impending should the tempers of the rioters finally break through the restraint of one man's influence and defy his authority.

The scene was full of dramatic elements, had any of the spectators been sufficiently cool-headed to note and appreciate these. By and-by, Lucretia Mott arose to her feet in telling a story that demanded animated action. A young daughter of the house, fancying that she was weary of sitting and wished to walk about the room, drew back Mrs. Mott's chair to give her more space. Simultaneously with this action, the lady sat down again, and had a hard fall. The rival suitors were nearer to her than Judge Ridgely. One stood stock-still and laughed. The other sprang to the assistance of the abolitionist, raised her, assisted her carefully to a seat, and begged to know if he could help her in any other way.

Miss Ridgely spoke her mind to Mr. DuPont the next day, when Lucretia Mott and her friends were safely out of Dover.

"You proved yourself a true man and a

thoroughbred," said her father's daughter. "The other is neither!"

There are other stories—dozens of them—lingering about the house, and stealing in with the odour of the honeysuckles from the garden at the back. The garden where the box-bushes have grown, in a century and more, into great trees and thick hedges, on the top of which one may walk fearlessly, as upon a wall. Where Judge Nicholas Ridgely and his family, including Cæsar Rodney, liked to take tea all summer long.

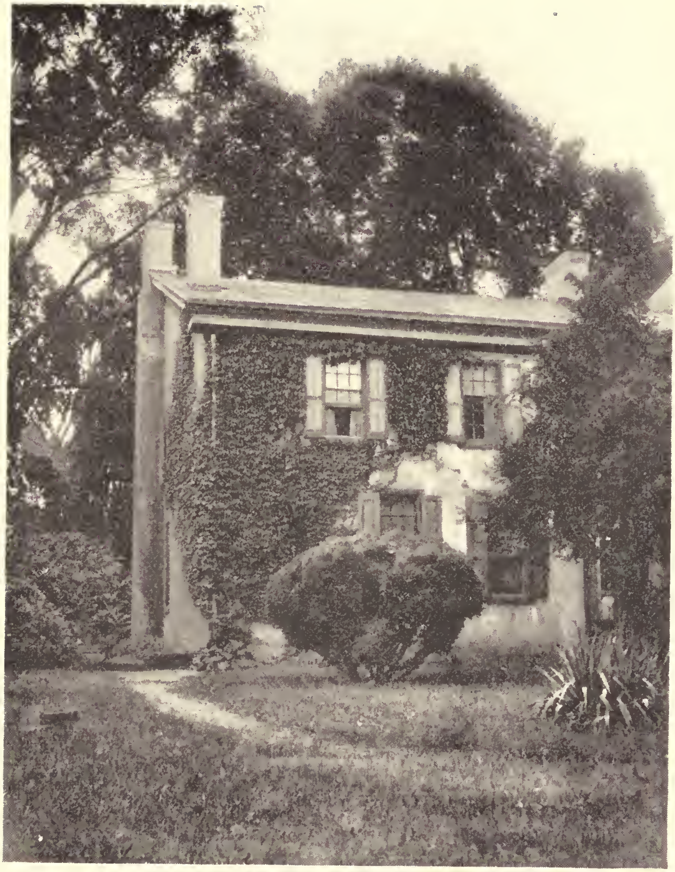
"I seem to know them so well and to have seen them there so often that I could paint the group if I were an artist," says Mrs. Ridgely.

And I, awakened by memories of it all at early morning, before the birds have stopped singing to breakfast in the cherry trees, make a picture for myself and hang it upon a nail fastened in a sure place in my mental gallery.

The next day is filled with sight-seeing and dreaming. The pretty town is rich in historic shrines. We drive by the picturesque little church, so clothed upon with ivy we can hardly see the venerable walls of the burial-ground in which the remains of Cæsar Rodney, brought from "Poplar Grove" in 1887 by the "Rodney Club" of young Delawareans, were laid with appropriate ceremonies. In 1889, the monument overtopping the churchyard wall was erected by the same organisation, Henry Ridgely, Jr., the descendant of the hero's guardian, being the President.

"Woodburn" opens hospitable doors to us, when our eyes ache somewhat with much gazing, and the dust stirred by our wheels reawakens sympathy with the mad rider of 1776. There is an ocean-cave, coral-grove effect of whiteness and shade, in the spacious hall where Mrs. Holmes and her son welcome us. The weight of unperformed duties slips from our souls for an enchanted hour, while we look and listen. The woodwork of the lofty rooms was paid for by the Colonial proprietor by the transfer of a valuable farm to the builder. The toothed cornices were carved by hand, as were the deep panels of the doors, the window-casings and -seats and the wainscots. All are as sound and whole as if they had left the workman's hand ten, and not one hundred and forty, years ago.

The hostess speaks when we are midway in the easy ascent of the noble staircase :—



REAR VIEW OF RIDGELY HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN.
(BUILT 1728.)

"Just here, Lorenzo Dow passed the 'old gentleman, the other visitor.'"

Then we have one of the authentic ghost-stories, such as my soul loveth:

"You will find it in Lorenzo Dow's published works. He was a guest in this house for several days. The morning after his arrival, on his way down to prayers and breakfast, he overtook on the stairs an old gentleman in Continental costume,—long coat and waistcoat, knee-breeches and long stockings. His white hair was tied at the back of his neck in a queue, and he moved slowly, as if infirm, holding to the rail as he walked. Mr. Dow bowed respectfully in passing him, but neither spoke. When the lady of the house requested Mr. Dow to begin family worship, he asked: 'Are we not to wait for the other visitor?'

"'Whom do you mean? There is no other visitor in the house.'

"'The old gentleman I passed upon the stairs just now,' he persisted.

"The hostess coloured painfully, and seemed very uneasy, and the matter was dropped. Mr. Dow learned, afterward, that others besides himself had seen the apparition, and that, for some reason, the subject was a sore one to the family."

The ghostly visitant showed himself again, and in broad daylight, to a guest of a later generation than Lorenzo Dow's. A college-boy, coming to spend some time at Woodburn, was shown to his room, a pleasant chamber on the second floor, opening upon the wide, airy hall we traverse to the scene of his adventure. A long glass is at one end, and as we stand before it, we see, reflected in it, the window, and a chair set within its embrasure. The youth was brushing his hair and arranging his cravat when he beheld in the mirror the figure of an old man, dressed as I have described, sitting quietly in the chair and looking straight at him.

"Hope I don't intrude!" said the collegian jauntily, turning toward the stranger, who, on the instant, vanished. A comical touch is supplied to the tale by another Dover resident, who adds gravely that the old gentleman went to pieces *jerkily* before the poor boy's horrified eyes, his arms going in one direction, and his legs in another.

Natheless—as the books used to say when the old gentleman was solid flesh and bone—the collegian declared that he was sane and sober when he saw the apparition, and could not be persuaded to stay in the chamber or house after the unpleasant dismemberment of his roommate.

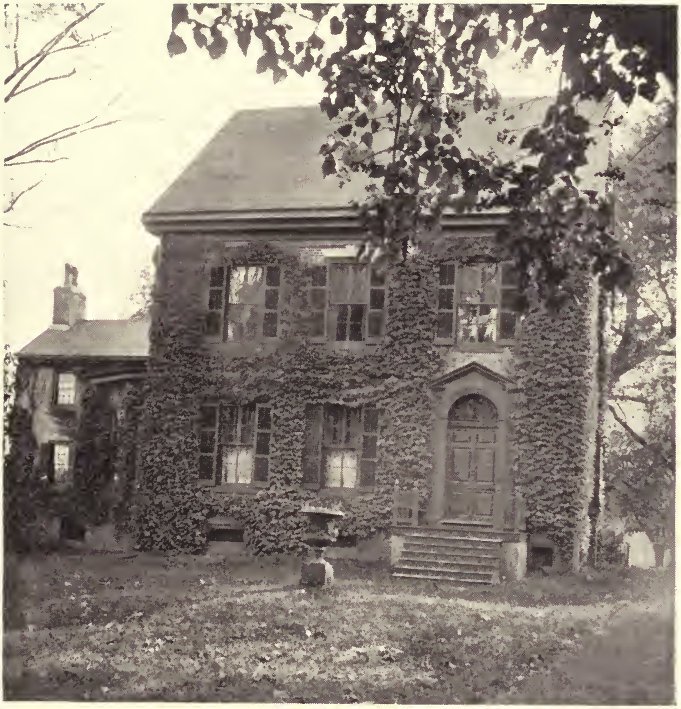
A modern story-wright, George Alfred Townsend, says of "Woodburn":

> "Built by a tyrannical, eccentric man, it passed through several families until a Quaker named Cowgill, who afterwards became a Methodist, made it his property. . . .
>
> "The first owner, it was said, had amused himself in the great hall-room by making his own children stand on their toes, switching their feet with a whip when they dropped upon their soles from pain or fatigue. His own son finally shot at him through the great northern door with a rifle or pistol, leaving the mark to this day, to be seen by a small panel set in the original pine. . . . The room over the great door has always been considered the haunt of peculiar people who molested nobody living, but appeared there in some quiet avocation, and vanished when pressed upon."

The present occupants are the descendants of a Dover lawyer who bought the place about fifty years ago.

We get no ghostly anecdote during our call upon the Misses Bradford, who occupy a bewitching homestead built by one of the Loockerman family in 1746. We are introduced, instead, to a wealth of old china, much of it older than the house, each piece of it an heirloom beyond price. It is arranged in orderly rows within corner cupboards reaching to the ceiling, showing so many unbroken sets that one conceives a profound, almost an awed, respect for housewifery that must also have been a transmitted heritage from age to age. The curious tiled fireplaces have shared in the care which warded off craze and crack and nick from other fragile treasures; there are curtained bedsteads, solid mahogany, with twisted posts and carved headboards, and chairs yet older, and ancient tables of divers patterns, and a wonderful escritoire with a secret drawer we cannot refind after the location and way of working have been explained and illustrated to us twice over.

The Bradford garden is a "good second" to the house and its plenishing. An enormous box-tree is believed to be a century old, and looks half as old again. It has a round poll, green and firm, and is perhaps fifty feet in circumference. Iris beds—purple, white, white-and-purple, and yellow—line the walks; peonies, pinks, cinnamon-roses, and many other



"WOODBURN," DOVER, DEL.

dear flowers planted and tended by our great-grandmothers, grow where they were set when the portrait of King George III. was burned upon Dover Green, and,

> " From that soft midland where the breezes bear
> The North and South on the genial air ;
> Through the County of Kent, on affairs of State,
> Rode Cæsar Rodney the Delegate."

Thoughts and talk recur to him as we pass the Vining house on our homeward way.

We have seen, in the preceding chapter, that Judge Nicholas Ridgely's third wife was Mrs. Mary Middleton Vining. She was the widow of a wealthy citizen of Salem, and, in accordance with a pledge made to him on his deathbed, secured her large fortune to their three children before her second marriage. Her brilliant son, Chief-Justice John Vining, was the father of the " Revolutionary belle," Mary Vining, the name-child of the aunt who was Cæsar Rodney's first love.

A charming sketch of the younger Mary Vining, written by Mrs. Henry Geddes Banning, appeared in the *American Historical Register* for July, 1895. Every child in Dover has heard her name and some particulars of her life. Mrs. Banning, a descendant of Thomas Rodney, Cæsar Rodney's brother and executor, is in possession of several relics of the American beauty whose fame was carried back to France and England by officers who served in the Revolutionary struggle.

> "Thomas Jefferson, when minister plenipotentiary to France, was proud to assure the lovely Queen of France that the extravagant admiration of the Delaware belle by the French officers, which had reached her ears, was no exaggeration, for the American lady was worthy of it all. Marie Antoinette replied she would be glad to see her at the Tuileries. . . . She was mentioned in flattering terms, also, at the English Court of George III., and likewise at the Court of Germany."[1]

Besides the marriage which connected her with the family of her step-grandfather, Judge Nicholas Ridgely, she was related by blood to the Ridgelys and Rodneys, and a great pet in both families. But one of the many letters written by her has been preserved for our reading. The loss to the epistolary literature of that period is inestimable, for her pen was as facile as the tongue that gained her the reputation of being the finest conversationalist of her generation. She spoke French with

[1] *American Historical Register.*

grace and fluency; her voice was rich and flexible, her charm of manner irresistible and indescribable. Her brother, John Middleton Vining, the "Pet of Delaware," shared with her the magic and mysterious gift of personal magnetism that gives plausibility to the folk-stories of fairy conclaves and presentations about the cradles of certain infants, who are, thenceforward, blessed or banned.

When Cæsar Rodney was Governor of Delaware, (in 1778) he hired a house in Wilmington for the winter, and his young kinswoman, Mary Vining, was the presiding genius of every entertainment given by him when women were present. Lafayette was a close friend and frequent guest of the bachelor host.

"It was in the cellar of this house that, the Governor consenting, General Lafayette stored his little casks of gold wherewith to pay his little army, and help the cause of freedom," Mrs. Banning says, and proceeds to narrate the following pleasing incident:

> "My grandfather, C. A. Rodney, was a boy at this time, and he related this anecdote to my mother: 'I was studying my Latin by the parlour fire when the door opened, and Miss Vining appeared in full dress. She

approached the mantel, looking approvingly at the reflection in the glass. She observed my look of fixed admiration, for she turned and said, extending her hand to me—"Come here, you little rogue, and you shall kiss my hand." I refused, drawing back with boyish bashfulness, when she replied, "You might be glad to do so! 'Princes have lipped it'" (from *Cleopatra*). All the time, I did think her the most beautiful creature I ever saw, and I still recall her as a beautiful picture. . . . '"

The beauty was capricious—as was natural. She was, also, spoiled and imperious, with all her gracious sweetness of disposition and manner—as was inevitable. The Frenchmen lost their heads, and told her so in ecstatic ravings which expressed all they felt. More phlegmatic British victims laid hearts, and all they had of fortunes, at her feet, and meant more than they could say. She was as often in Philadelphia as in Wilmington and Dover, and her conquests there were as notable. When Philadelphia was evacuated by the British in 1778, a British officer risked character and life by making a flying trip to Wilmington, without leave of absence and under cover of night, to entreat Miss Vining to reconsider her refusal of him. Luckily, the transgression was not discovered by the authorities, a piece of good fortune for which he was probably

MARY VINING.

(FROM OLD MINIATURE.)

less grateful than he should have been, being driven from desperation to despair by the belle's tranquilly kind repetition of her former sentence.

Louis Philippe, then Duc d' Orleans, was among her visitors and admirers. Her friendship with Lafayette, begun while he was Governor Rodney's guest, lasted while she lived. They corresponded regularly in French after his return to France.

" Do you never mean to marry ?" asked a wondering acquaintance after reckoning up the offers Miss Vining had had. " Will you never accept anybody ? "

Mary Vining was frank with herself, if with no one else. Her reply was prompt and serious, almost regretful :

"Admiration has spoiled me. I could not content myself with the admiration of one man."

One of the regal fancies her great wealth enabled her to indulge was that of never going abroad on foot. Another was to wear a veil whenever she appeared in the street or at church. Her costumes, even during the Revolutionary blockade, were the marvel and envy of women with equal ambitions and wealth, but who lacked her taste and genius.

She was still in the prime of beautiful womanhood when Peace sent French gallants and English suitors back to their homes, and disbanded her military admirers. Her Delaware drawing-room remained a *salon*, herself a queen. She was nearing her fortieth birthday, still handsome, still gracious in her imperiousness, when the Ridgely family was agitated by a rumour, at first scouted as incredible, then received shudderingly.

"Is it true," writes the widow of a Revolutionary hero to Mrs. Dr. Charles Ridgely, "that Miss Vining is engaged to General Wayne? Can one so refined marry this coarse soldier? . . . True"—relentingly—"he is brave, wonderfully brave! and none but the brave deserve the fair."

General Anthony Wayne was now a widower. Mary Vining was a child of eleven when he, a man of twenty-two, married and settled upon a farm in Chester County, Pennsylvania. She was twenty-three when the storming of Stony Point, one mid-July night in 1779, fastened upon him the name of "Mad Anthony." In hearing the daring exploit discussed by his brother officers in her drawing-room, she must have laughed over the one *bon-mot* of the Commander-in-Chief transmitted to us, and which Mrs. Banning revives in our recollection :

"Can you take Stony Point?" inquired Washington of the fiery brigadier-general.

"Storm Stony Point, your Excellency! I 'll storm hell if *you 'll* plan the attack!"

"Had n't we better try Stony Point first, General Wayne?" was the dryly facetious retort.

Mary Vining would have enjoyed that. There was a decided admixture of shrewd common sense in her composition, despite her sybaritic tastes and habits.

The one letter from her hand alluded to just now, was written to a cousin just after Chief-Justice Vining's death, when the daughter was fourteen years old. The grateful tenderness of the childish heart cannot be misinterpreted, but she takes thought of the keys of desk and trunks sent by him in "Uncle Wynkoop's letter to Uncle Ridgely," also, that "among them is the key of Mrs. Nixon's trunk, and in that you will find a canister of very good green tea, which you will please to use when Mr. Chew is down."

Tea was already an expensive luxury, although the letter antedates the Boston Tea Party and the burning of the *Peggy Stewart* at Annapolis by three years. Mr. Chew was an honoured guest, for whom the best was none too good.

"Mad Anthony" was made General-in-Chief of the United States Army in 1792. It is supposed that he paid his addresses first to Miss Vining in 1794. He had been in a dozen pitched battles, always serving with valour and distinction. His address, in suppressing the mutiny of the Pennsylvania troops in 1781, and his clear counsels as a member of the Philadelphia Legislature, proved that he had sense as well as valour. By a dashing bayonet charge at Green Spring, Virginia, he had saved the liberty, maybe the life, of the well-belovèd Lafayette. Miss Vining understood him and her own heart so much better than her critics could know either, that she not only promised to marry the "coarse soldier," but loved him ardently and proudly.

They were betrothed, and the wedding-day was set, when General Wayne set out late in 1795, or early in 1796, to conclude the treaty of Greenville with the Western Indians, whom he had defeated at Maumee Rapids the year before. It was a long journey, and the negotiations were tedious. In the civilised Delaware he had left preparations went on briskly for the marriage, which was to take place immediately upon his return. Miss Vining bought a complete service of silver, and refurnished her already handsome home. Before leaving her, the bridegroom-expectant had given her a set of India china, which is still in the Ridgely family at Dover. It was never used in the long lifetime of Mary Vining, but treasured among her most sacred belongings.

RIDGELY FAMILY SILVER.

The warrior betrothed never returned from his long journey and tedious errand. Mary Vining's New Year's gift was the news that he had died, December 15, 1796, at Presque Isle, on Lake Erie, on his way home, his negotiations satisfactorily completed, his heart full of hopes of happiness and her.

Mrs. Charles Ridgely wrote to the correspondent who had been shocked at the news of the projected marriage :

" Miss Vining has put on mourning and retired from the world, in consequence of General Wayne's death."

Mrs. Banning adds that " Miss Vining seems to have deeply mourned General Wayne's death. She lived for twenty-five years longer, but never again entered society."

This romance in real life, all unexpected to us, the admirers of the intrepid, dashing soldier, never named without the amused repetition of his sobriquet—was followed by other disasters. The " Pet of Delaware " lost his sister's fortune with his own. The delicately nurtured woman was compelled to sell her chariot, horses, servants, and home. A suburban cottage left to her by her mother, and a scanty pittance for daily needs, were all that remained when the death of the brother she had idolised revealed the wreck he had made of their means.

To quote again from Mrs Banning:

> "To the north of the eastern yard in which two huge willows grew, arose a blank brick wall that added to the convent-like seclusion of the shaded cottage. It became, indeed, her living tomb. The loss of all that made life dear broke her proud, ambitious heart. She only sought concealment, like a wounded deer, till she could die."

This was in 1802. In 1806, the thoroughbred had rallied her forces to care for her brother's orphaned boys, four in number. To maintain and educate them the deposed queen took boarders, "hesitating at no sacrifice to benefit them, and devoting her time and talents to their education."

From the eldest of these beneficiaries, then a lad of fourteen, we have a rhyming description of the Lady of "The Willows," as she had called her cottage, which is creditable to his head and heart:

"Lady Vining comes first, with her soul-piercing eye,
Let her look in your face, in your heart she will pry.
In her features sits high the expression of truth,
The wisdom of age and the fancy of youth.

> They say a bright circle her figure once graced,
> The mirror of fashion and Phœnix of taste ;
> But Religion soon whispered 't were better to dwell
> In the willow's retreat, or hermitage cell.
> Now, apart from the world and its turbulent billows,
> Contentment she courts in the shade of The Willows."

Miss Vining's last visit to Philadelphia, the scene of her proudest conquests, was made in 1809, upon business connected with the placing of this nephew with his maternal aunt, Mrs. Ogden, of New York. She went to the city by the urgent invitation of Cæsar Augustus Rodney, "the Signer's" nephew and heir, in his carriage, and under his escort, remaining for a fortnight in his house. She received the many faithful friends who hastened to pay their respects to her, conversing with the old winning grace and ease, but entered no other house than Mr. Rodney's.

"The Willows" became more and more like a conventual retreat as the years went by. When the mistress went to church,—which was seldom toward the end of her life,—she wore the muffling cap with wide borders, assumed after General Wayne's death, and never laid aside or changed in fashion ; over this a projecting bonnet or "calash." As face and form lost delicacy and beauty, she saw the few visitors admitted to "The Willows" in a room where the shutters were bowed, and the curtains drawn.

> "But her elegance of conversation, attractive manners, and musical voice remained to the last, also her fine grey eyes. She had an abundance of brown hair that never turned grey. When the concealing cap was removed after her death, a high white forehead, and very smooth, was revealed."[1]

Of her four adopted children, her solace in poverty and widowhood, three died in early life, of consumption; the eldest outliving her by a year.

Mary Vining died in 1821. During the last years of her life, she had busied herself in writing the History of the Revolutionary War. The unfinished MS., with other valuable papers, was destroyed by fire several years afterward.

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[1] *American Historical Register.*

Cæsar Rodney

XII

BELMONT HALL,
NEAR SMYRNA, DELAWARE

WITHOUT disparagement to other broods of the "Blue Hen's Chickens," we must admit that those sent out for public service from Kent County were of a game strain. Not fewer than sixteen Governors of Delaware were born in Kent, or were residents of the Peninsular County when elected to office. The long line began with Cæsar Rodney who, in 1778, was made "President of the Delaware State," for the then constitutional term of three years.

Another President was John Cook, a man of wealth and influence in the Province. He came into office in 1783. In 1772, he had been High Sheriff of Kent County. He afterwards became a member of the first

Assembly of the State in 1776, and of the committee appointed in October of the same year to devise the Great Seal of Delaware. He also served as a soldier throughout the Revolutionary War, after which he was one of the Judges of the State. His landed estate in and about the town of Smyrna included the extensive tract of arable and wooded land upon which now stands the fine old homestead of Belmont Hall.

The original grant of several thousand acres was made to an Englishman from whom it took the name of "Pearman's Choice." A house stood upon the site of the Hall late in the seventeenth century. The next proprietor after Governor Cook was Moore, another Englishman, who erected the rear and lower wing of the house, as we now see it.

The body of the Hall was added by Thomas Collins, the third Governor, or President, given by Kent County to Delaware. He was a brother-in-law of John Cook, and, like him, the owner of much valuable farming land in the lower part of the State. He bought the Belmont Hall tract from Moore in 1771, and enlarged the dwelling to its present proportions in 1773. When hostilities between the

Colonies and Great Britain broke out, he garrisoned the Hall and stockaded the grounds outlying it, raising, by his personal efforts, a brigade of militia from the surrounding country and maintaining it at his own expense while the war lasted. In addition to his duties as a military officer he was a member of the Council of Safety, subsequently, a delegate to the Convention that drafted the Constitution of the State, and Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

COOK-PETERSON COAT OF ARMS.

"Belmont Hall"—we learn from a family MS.—

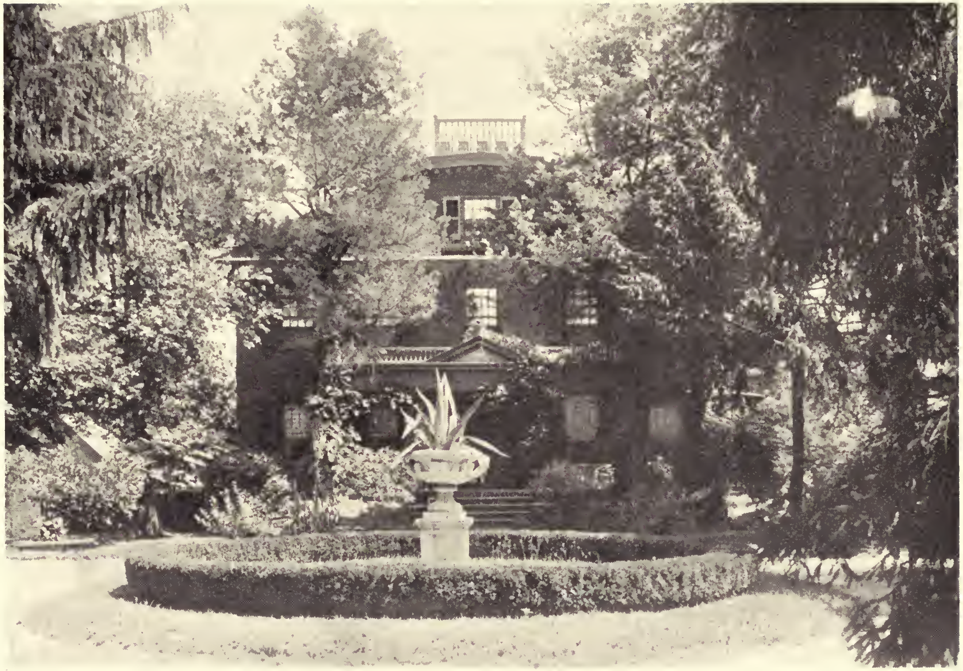
"descended to Dr. William Collins by the will of his father, Governor Thomas Collins, in 1789, and was sold by Dr. Collins to John Cloke, Esq., in 1827. He, in turn, left it to his daughter, Mrs. Caroline E. Cloke Peterson, then the wife of J. Howard Peterson, Esq., of Philadelphia. Mr. Peterson died in 1875. Several years later Mrs. Peterson married again, but is still the owner of Belmont Hall, and the plantation connected with it."

The historic mansion is one of the oldest, if not the most ancient, private house in a State where Colonial architecture and old families abound. Two pictures of it hang in the Relic Room of Independence Hall, Philadelphia. One of the frames contains, in addition to this picture, a Continental specie note made into currency by the signature of War-Governor Thomas Collins, in 1776. The bricks of the Hall are said to have been brought from England. They are as hard as flint, and rich brown in color. Nails, hinges, door-knobs, and bolts were imported expressly for this dwelling and bear the imprint of the British stamp.

The façade of the Hall is imposing, and the effect of the whole building, set in the centre of a park and gardens twenty acres in extent, and quite removed from the highway, is noble and dignified. One of the most beautiful views of the house is to be had from the garden behind it, where a low terrace falls away from the ornamental grounds to the level of the surrounding fields. The stroller in the winding alleys, looking up suddenly at the ivied gables of the oldest part of the Hall, framed in the broad arch of the arbour at the top of the terrace steps, fancies himself, for one bewildered instant, in the Old World, in the near neighbourhood of grange or priory, the age of which is measured by centuries, and not by decades. The illusion is borne out by patriarchal trees, knobbed and hoary as to boles, broad of crown, and with a compactness of foliage unattainable by groves less than fifty years old.

The balustrade enclosing the flat central roof of the Hall was put up by Colonel Collins to protect the beat of the sentry kept for months upon this observatory. The officers of the brigade were the guests of the family while the country swarmed with predatory bands of British and Tories, with an occasional sprinkling of Hessians. These last were believed by the peninsular population to be ogres imported especially for the destruction of women and children, each of the monsters being equipped by nature with a double row of carnivorous teeth.

While there was no regular battle fought in the immediate neighbourhood of Smyrna, the region was reckoned peculiarly unsafe for the reason I have given, and skirmishes were not uncommon. Colonel Collins and his home guard



FRONT VIEW OF BELMONT HALL.

were a committee of safety in themselves; the Hall, with its solid wall and surrounding defences, was looked upon by the fearsome families left unprotected while husbands, sons, and fathers were in active service in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, or Virginia, as a strong tower, into which they might run and be safe in case of peril to their persons or lives. The conformation of the peninsula, a signal advantage when commerce, and not war, was the business of the inhabitants, trebled the present dangers. "The extensive water-front was a constant invitation to attacks, and emboldened British emissaries and sympathisers. British vessels patrolled Delaware Bay, holding frequent communication with the shore, landing at night, and causing terror to the inhabitants."

How imminent were the perils of the situation, and how needful the precautions taken by Colonel Collins, were illustrated by an incident which, thenceforward, invested the lookout upon the housetop with tragic interest. A stray marauder—Tory spy, British scout, or a freebooter from the coast bent upon mischief of whatever kind—ventured near enough to the fortified homestead one night to pick off the sentinel by a well-aimed rifle-ball. The wounded man, alone on his beat, and unable to summon aid, contrived to drag himself down the narrow staircase to a room below, occupied by some of his comrades, sleeping quietly, unconscious of what was passing over their heads. He died there, within the hour, before a surgeon could reach him, lying in a spreading pool of his own blood. The awful stain is upon the boards still, a memorial to this one of the host, which no man can number, of unknown private soldiers who poured out their lives like water to secure to the land they loved

> " A Church without a Bishop,
> And a State without a King."

Following the trail, faint but visible, left by the unknown's life-blood upon the stairs, we mount to the roof, and view the goodly panorama of teeming fields and vineyards, peaceful hills, beautiful homes, and shining river, and hope that *they* know what they conveyed to us under so many, and such precious, seals.

In 1777, the State Council of Delaware met in Belmont Hall by special invitation of the owner, probably because it was a safer place

VISTA FROM PORCH OF BELMONT HALL.

than that in which the Council usually sat. Colonel Collins was himself recalled from the army under Washington by a special letter from the Speaker, or President of the Council, "requiring his attendance, if consistent with the service he owed to his chief."

No part of the State accessible by water was secure from alarms of invasion. In August, Thomas McKean, then executing the duties of the President of Delaware, complained that he was "hunted like a fox." Five times in four months he removed his wife and children from one refuge to another, finally hiding them in a secluded log cabin in Pennsylvania, a hundred miles from Dover. This asylum was soon deserted for fear of Indians and Tories.

George Read was probably President of the Council when it was hospitably entertained in the garrisoned Hall. Richard Bassett, a future Governor of Delaware and Chief-Justice of the State, was also summoned from the army to take his seat in the Council.

In the room where the unfortunate sentinel died there hung, for many years, a framed autograph letter from General Washington to Colonel Collins, ordering him to report with his brigade at Morristown, for immediate service. This valuable relic was lent to a relative, and while in his keeping was accidentally destroyed by fire.

Mrs. Peterson-Speakman, the great-granddaughter of Governor John Cook, is in possession of another autograph despatch from the same august hand, bearing date of the same year. The fate of the infant government was wavering in the balance that winter, and, judging from the tone of the epistle, the temper of the Commander-in-Chief was "on the move."

A second perusal engenders the shrewd suspicion that this was an open letter, meant for the men, and not for their colonel. Recalling the personal relations of the two men, we are furthermore persuaded that Colonel Collins comprehended the meaning of each biting line, if he were not in the secret of the composition. Cæsar Rodney did not scruple to say to his Excellency, when urged to bring his men to the front, "He that can deal with militia may almost venture to deal with the devil." Colonel Collins had his militia and his experience. He had, also, the ear of the General-in-Chief.

"Headquarters, January 21st, 1777.

"Sir:

"To my great surprise I was applied to this morning to discharge your Battalion. If I am not mistaken it came in on Sunday last, and it is not possible that a single man among them can wish to return before they have earned a single shilling. Your people cannot wish to burden the public, and they will do so, by asking pay without deserving any. What service have they been of? None—unless marching from home, when they had nothing to do, and staying four weeks on the way can be called service. If they would consider how ridiculous they will appear when they return without staying a week with me, they would continue here. This is probably the only time they will be needed to maintain our ground till the new army is raised. For this purpose I hope they left home and surely they cannot think of deserting me at so important a time. At any rate, their time of service cannot commence till they were equipped and ready to take the field. Dating it from thence they ought to stay six weeks after they marched from Philadelphia. Please mention these things to your Battalion. If they will not stay, tell them I cannot in justice to the States give them a discharge, and moreover, that I will not suffer them to draw pay for the time they have stayed. This measure being extremely disagreeable to me, I entreat you to use your utmost influence to prevail on your men to stay. They may render special service to their country in a short time, and justly claim the honour of saving it. On the contrary, should they go home, they will not only lose their pay, but remain the scoff of all their worthy neighbours.

"I am, Sir

"Your most obediently humble servant

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The original of the testy epistle was unearthed from a mass of other papers in the attic of Belmont Hall less than fifty years ago, by John Cloke, Esq., the then owner of the homestead, and a copy of it sent to Washington Irving. Mr. Irving's note of acknowledgment is courteous and characteristic:

"SUNNYSIDE, August 27, 1855.

"DEAR SIR:

"I feel very much obliged to you for the copy of a letter of General Washington's which you have had the kindness to send me.

"By the date it must have been written from his Headquarters at Morristown at a time when he apprehended a push from the enemy, and could not afford to discharge a Battalion. But five days previous to the date of this letter, he [General Washington] wrote to the President of Congress—'Reinforcements come up so exceedingly slow that I am afraid I shall be left without any men before they arrive. The enemy must be ignorant of our numbers or they have not horses to move their artillery, or they would not suffer us to remain undisturbed.'

"Washington might well say that troops that could wish to abandon him and return home at such a moment would remain the scoff of all their worthy neighbours.

"Very respectfully, your obliged and obedient servant,

"WASHINGTON IRVING."

The patriotic Delawarean and Daughter of the American Revolution to whom I am indebted for this valuable contribution to my story of Belmont Hall, subjoins with emphasis that is even passionate :

> "Now be it known and inscribed to the honour and glory of these men, and of this State of Delaware, that they *did* stay all through that winter, and that Delaware history records the fact that Brigadier-General Collins led his native militia to Morristown, in the winter of 1777, and then and there saw active service, enduring all the hardships of that memorable campaign."

A list of authorities in support of the vindication follows.

History records a narrow escape from utter spoliation which the garden county of Delaware had in 1781. Arnold was fitting out the expedition that was to carry fire and sword up the Rappahannock and the James, and the wildest apprehensions were entertained of his taking the eastern coast of Delaware *en route.* In a sort of panic Congress "actually decided that the only measure of prevention was to denude the region in question of all its live stock, provisions, and supplies, and starve the inhabitants, in order to deprive the enemy of support in case they should decide to land."

A cavalry regiment was detailed to carry out the ruthless order, and was about to march when Cæsar Rodney made another hurried visit to Philadelphia, and by his determined resistance to the vandalistic decree, saved his home and neighbourhood.

Colonel Thomas Collins was Governor (President) of Delaware in 1781, when her deputies, in solemn convention, ratified the Constitution of the United States. To the wisest statesmen of the infant Republic she seemed to have passed through the dangers of birth only to incur the equal risk of strangulation in her cradle.

"The Constitution, or disunion, are before us to choose from," said Washington. "The political concerns of the country are suspended by a single thread."

General Collins, the loyal executive of a loyal State, spoke out boldly:

"The new Constitution involves in its adoption, not only our prosperity and felicity, but, perhaps, our national existence."

Senator Bayard might well ask;

"May not we of Delaware, descendants of the Blue Hen's Chickens of the Revolution, afford to smile at sneer or jest at our scanty area and population, and say—'Our best crop is Men! men like Cæsar Rodney'?"

He might have added—"Men like McKean, Cook, Collins, Robinson, Sykes, Clark, Bassett, Clayton"—and a score of others, including those of his own illustrious line, now, as of yore, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

Governor Thomas Collins was succeeded in the ownership of Belmont Hall by his son, Dr. William Collins. In 1827, it passed into the hands of John Cloke, Esq., the father of the present mistress of the homestead, Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Cloke Speakman. Each one of this lady's names is a link in the history of the old Hall in which she was born and where she has lived her busy, beneficent life.

Her ancestor, John Cloke, emigrated to America in the 17th century.

His son, Ebenezer Cloke, married Elizabeth Cook, the daughter of the Governor John Cook of whom honourable mention was made in the opening paragraphs of this chapter. His wife was a sister of Thomas Collins, and a daughter married Hon. John Clark, another Governor of their native State. Belmont Hall was one of Elizabeth Cook's early homes. A vivid scene, pictured for us by the traditions of the place and time, is of the young wife of Ebenezer Cloke, sitting by the tiled fireplace in the parlour, assisting her aunt, her cousins, and other patriotic women to mould bullets, while armed men bivouacked upon the lawn, and the sentinel trod his lonely round upon the balustraded roof. She had her own peculiar martyrdom to the righteous Cause. Her husband, Ebenezer Cloke, fitted out a privateer at his own charges, and commanded her in person in coast cruises against the enemy. In one of these he was captured with his vessel and consigned to a prison-ship.

> "Here," says a chronicler, "overtures of release were daily made to him and the other prisoners, provided they would take sides with Great Britain against the Colonies; but he resisted this bribe of a dishonourable freedom, and with liberty in reach, did he but choose to grasp it, he languished and died of ship-fever, a worthy patriot to the last."[1]

The tale, as sad as it is brief, is the dark curtain against which is cast for us the figure of the bullet-moulder, lighted by the red shine of the fire. Prayers and tears went into the shaping of the missiles that were to defend the Cause which had cost her young husband liberty and life; tears for what she

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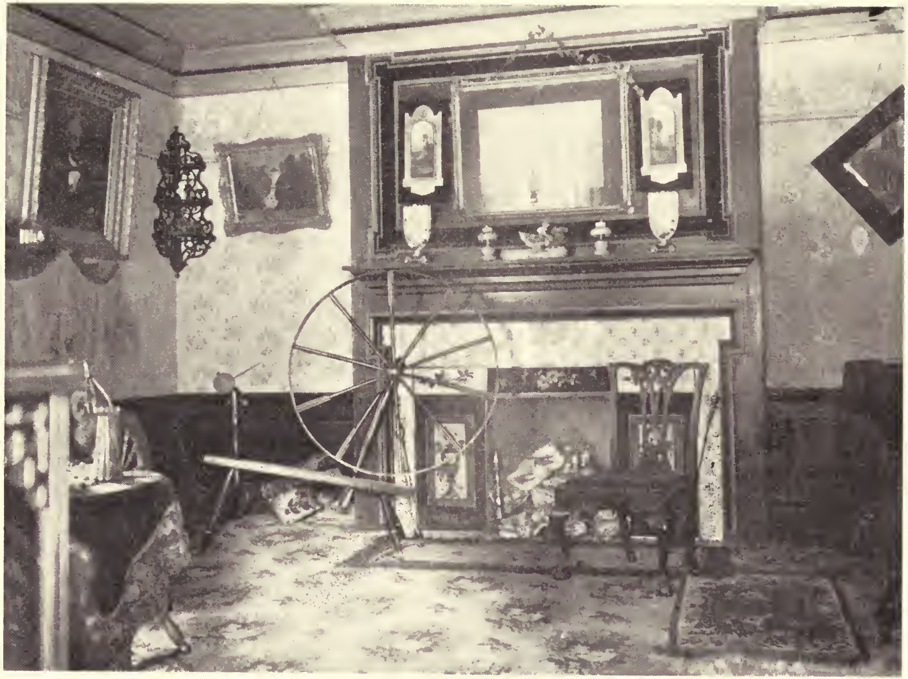
[1] Rev. G. W Dame, D.D. Address delivered upon the organisation of Elizabeth Cook Chapter. Belmont Hall, 1896.



DRAWING-ROOM IN BELMONT HALL.

had lost, prayers that the sacrifice might not be in vain.

There is fine poetic compensation in the facts that her son became the master of the estate her father had once owned; that the Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution organised beneath the ancient roof should receive her blessèd name, and that the granddaughter who proudly bears the same should be the honoured Regent of the Chapter.

A blood-relative and dear friend of Elizabeth Cook Cloke was Eve Lear, the niece of Dr. Tobias Lear, Washington's confidential secretary, who attended him in his last illness.

"It is recorded of her," says Dr. Dame, "that she gave her entire fortune in gold to feed and clothe the soldiers at Valley Forge."

I had expected, before coming to Belmont Hall, to find it redolent of such hallowed memories as a *potpourri* of rose-gardens and sunny bygones. My anticipations are more than fulfilled in the cherished relics with which it is stored. In the "winter kitchen" in the oldest wing yawns the cavernous fireplace where were roasted mighty barons of beef for the officers of the Collins Brigade; and savory pastries and delicate cates were baked, and wines were mulled, according to Mistress Collins's choicest recipes, for the grave and reverend Councillors who must be braced in body if they would be stout of spirit when the matter before their worships was the resistance of a few and simple folk to the most powerful government upon earth.

We are assured in our own minds, although unconfirmed by history, that it was here, on winter nights, when the bewigged and beruffled Councillors occupied the parlour and dining-room, that bravely patient Elizabeth Cloke—and why not Eve Lear?—melted lead, and manipulated the clumsy moulds, and talked of the belovèd of their blood and hearts, warring for freedom upon land and sea. Ebenezer Cloke's writing-desk, upon which his wife may have written her letters to him while he was off upon his cruise, is in the dining-room. There were no banks then—or none accessible to provincial rebels. Mr. Cloke kept his money in the double row of secret drawers unlike any others we have ever explored. The big spinning-wheel near by whirled all day long for months together, spinning yarn to be woven into cloth for uniforming the

Collins Brigade. I am allowed to handle the old flint-lock musket that was used by John Cook, "soldier, legislator, judge, senator, and president"; the two antique chairs on each side of the drawing-room hearth were passed down in the Collins family as mementoes of the period when Belmont Hall, "in addition to its other memories, posed as one of the State capitals." They were part of the furniture of the room used as a legislative chamber in 1777. Cæsar Rodney may have sat in one, or Thomas McKean, or the warlike lord of the manor, recalled from the field to open his hospitable doors to the Council.

The fireplace is set with blue and white tiles of the time of William and Mary. They are unchanged from the days "when, in front of the chimney, Governor Collins wrote his messages and planned with his officers his campaigns against the British."

About the antiquated spinet, which has stood for over fifty years in the great garret, troop and hover all manner of fancies, sweet, sad, and quaint, such as visited the mind of one who, many years ago, left a page of impromptu verse within the case, above the shattered, tuneless wires:

"In gown of white, in sunset light,
She sits and plays upon her spinet,
And falling clear upon his ear,
Come forth the dainty airs within it.

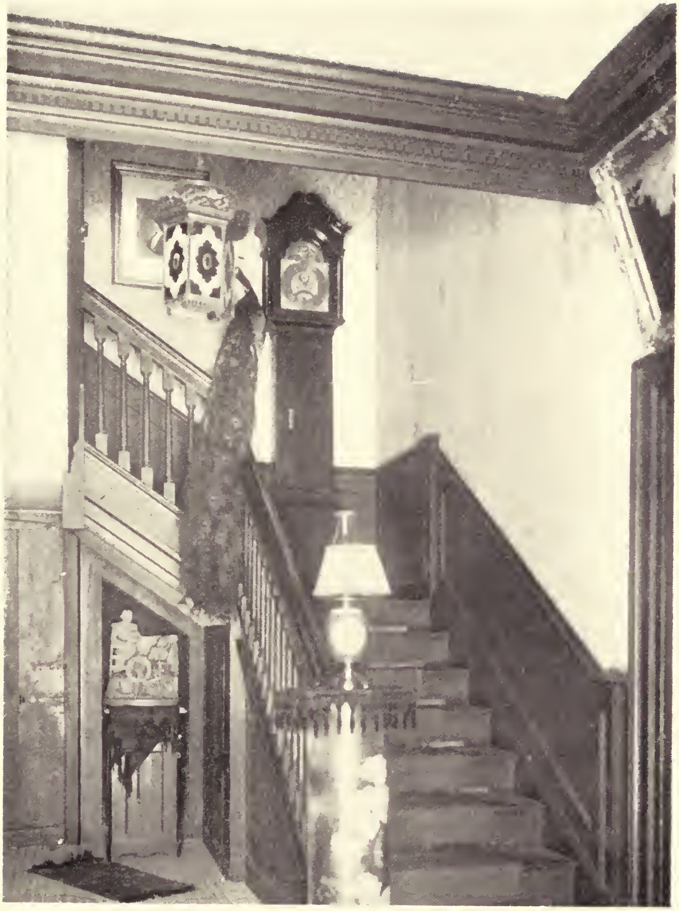
. . . . .

The twilight falls adown the walls,
Yet softly on her fair form lingers
A last red glow, as, loth to go,
The sun leaves kisses on her fingers.

. . . . .

They both are gone! now quite forlorn,
In dusty attic stands the spinet;
And nought remains to mark Love's pains,
Except the airs she found within it."

The tall clock on the landing of the handsome staircase, faced by the stately peacock upon the railing, has mounted guard there for a century. The linen cambric sheets under which I slept last night,—as fine as gossamer, and trimmed with old family lace,—were a part of the bridal gear of Mrs. John Cloke, upon her coming to Belmont Hall in 1849. The stately cedars on either side of the front porch were planted upon the respective birthdays of her two daughters, and named for them. The vista leading from the porch to the gate is walled and arched by the close foliage of evergreens and deciduous trees, where song-birds build and



STAIRCASE OF BELMONT HALL.

make music from dawn to dusk. A mocking-bird was the precentor at the matinal service to-day. Wood-doves are cooing — and presumably building—in the dim greenery, as the day marches towards noontide. Box-trees, syringas, roses, calycanthus, and many varieties of honeysuckles send up waves of warmèd incense when the breeze shakes them. The extensive plantations are enclosed by matchless arbor-vitæ hedges.

I have been graciously allowed to visit the cellars under-running the entire building—erstwhile filled to the ceiling with army stores—and found them, as I had hoped I should, a study and a joy. Cool, spacious, clean, sweet, and in every part—walls, shelves, cemented floor, the very barrels and boxes—white as new-fallen snow. Our hostess is a veritable Mrs. Rundle in the matter of pickles, preserves, and jellies, and this, too, is a hereditary talent.

Her beautiful grounds are ever open to the well-mannered public, not excepting Sunday-school picnics. Delawareans sustain the reputation for law-keeping and orderliness won in the " Long time ago," by never presuming upon this large-hearted hospitality.

We talk of "places," not houses; "plantations," not farms, while lingering in the venerable peninsula. Everybody hereabouts has quotable ancestors, and neighbourhood genealogies are known, and may be read, of all men. Each farmstead has its legend; every old tree its anecdote; and none have been forgotten.

A venerable lady who passed from earth in 1882 did more than can ever be fully told towards keeping the glorious Past alive in the minds of this generation. The grounds of "Woodlawn," the beautiful family seat of George W. Cummins, Esq., adjoin those of Belmont Hall. Mrs. Anne Denny, Mr. Cummins's mother-in-law, was born in Kent County, Delaware, January 1, 1778. She was, therefore, one hundred and four years old at the time of her death, and, retaining all her faculties to the last, was a most valuable bond to the last century. A member of the Society of Friends, the placidity of spirit and demeanour cultivated by them as one of the first of Christian graces, had been brought by her to perfection through all these years of aspiration after the highest good. Her "household's most precious and most highly cherished treasure, the centre of attraction and light of the home," as one who knew her long and intimately called her, she was the pride and delight of the region blest and dignified by her abiding.

"She was older than the Government under which we live";—so runs the loving tribute to her memory. "Her childhood was spent in the days when our public men were noted for that purity of life for which she herself was so distinguished."

Mrs. Denny was a woman of fine intellect, keen perceptions, and extensive observation. "Her memory being clear as to the events of each successive year that had rolled over her," since her early childhood, conversation with her was like drawing directly from the twin streams of History and Tradition.

A biographer writes:

> "We may mention, as one incident of her childhood, that she and many other children gathered in Wilmington to greet General Washington, as he passed through to his first Inauguration as President of the United States. When the great man came opposite to her, attracted probably by that sweetness of expression which was always hers, he stooped, took her in his arms, and kissed her."

Washington Irving never forgot that his

nurse had taken him into a shop where Washington was standing, and introduced her charge to the President as "a little boy who was named after Your Excellency," whereupon the hero laid his hand upon the sunny head and "hoped he would grow up to be a good man."

The little girl whom Washington embraced and kissed told the story to her great-grandchildren. Cæsar Rodney was President of the Delaware State when she was born, and she outlived twelve of the fifteen Governors from Kent County who were his successors in office during the century that followed. She had been a married woman for two years when Washington died in 1799, and was widowed four years after the war of 1812. Born amid the thunders of the Revolution, she read three other Declarations of War, issued by as many Presidents of these United States, and heard, three times, the joy bells of Peace. She marked the birth and growth of inventions we now receive as the commonest necessaries of everyday life,—such as steam-transportation, the magnetic telegraph, the telephone, the electric-car, the sewing-machine and the typewriter. Upon these, and all other subjects of interest and benefit to the human race, she had her opinion, always speaking out bravely for Right and Truth. Physically and mentally her bow abode in strength—and strangest of all, when we consider what the wear and tear of a century's joys, griefs, and worries must be to brain and nerve, "None of the family at Woodlawn, — children, grandchildren, or servants —ever received from her a harsh word, or an unkind look."

I account it a privilege and a rare honour to hear all this from the lips of my hostess (who was her loving friend and nearest neighbour), while we sit under the ancestral trees of Belmont Hall in the summer seclusion of shade and silence. It is a fit place and time for listening to a letter read to the accompani-

MRS. ANNE DENNY.

(TAKEN AT THE AGE OF 101.) BORN 1778. DIED 1882.

ment of the weak wind playing with the Norway firs and losing itself in the vista they enclose:

> "It seemed to me, then—and it is a deepened sense now—as if she had been so long at the heavenly portal that she was breathing the very atmosphere of the New Jerusalem. As if she had had some glimpse of the King in His beauty, and that, though her feet were on the earth, yet her conversation was in Heaven.
>
> "Do you recollect the message she gave me?
>
> "'Tell my friends,' she said, 'that I have a beautiful home here, but that I desire so to live that I may be ready and willing to leave it when the message may be sent to me.'"

This was upon her one-hundred-and-fourth birthday, when, as was their custom, her most intimate friends, Mrs. Peterson-Speakman among them, gathered at Woodlawn to pay their respects, offer congratulations, and express their desire that the wonderful life might be prolonged yet further into her second century. One of the company, on taking leave, "hoped that he might meet her again on the next anniversary."

Her answer was firm and sweet; "I neither expect nor desire it!"

In four days more the beautiful link binding together three generations of mortal lives, parted gently. The listening spirit had received " the message."

XIII

THE LANGDON AND WENTWORTH HOUSES, IN PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

IF geologists are trustworthy sources of knowledge, the stony spine of New Hampshire was the first part of our continent upheaved from the primeval ocean.

As if in obedience to an occult law of priority, the "Granite State" has consistently pressed to the front ever since she took upon herself the name and the dignity of a commonwealth. The map of her brief coast was one of the earliest charts made out by the first admiral of New England, Captain John Smith (in 1614). From the Portsmouth Navy-yard, the oldest in the country, was launched, in 1777, the *Ranger*, ordered by the Continental Congress, which, under the command of John Paul Jones, had the distinction of being the first war-vessel to hoist the Stars and Stripes and receive a formal naval salute.

Stark's Volunteer Brigade, that helped to win the first decisive victory for the Americans in the Revolutionary War, was fitted out at the expense of John Langdon of Portsmouth, and his was the first signature affixed to the Federal Constitution drafted by the Convention of 1778.

Portsmouth, the only seaport of the sturdy State, was settled in 1623, and was created a township in 1653. In 1890—just three hundred years after the launching of the *Falkland*, the first war-vessel built in her docks—she had a population of 10,000, with an allowance of one church and-an-eighth for every thousand inhabitants, and public-school property to the amount of $100,000. All of which shows oneness of spirit with pioneers who marched five hundred strong to do battle at Louisburg in 1645, and who furnished the same number of soldiers to attack Crown Point in 1755. Of a like strain were the 12,500 Continental militia who answered the call of Congress during the eight years' struggle for the liberty of the Colonies. Something of the strength and inflexibility of the Eözoic period, to which belong her everlasting hills, would seem to permeate New Hampshire's civic, religious, and moral institutions.

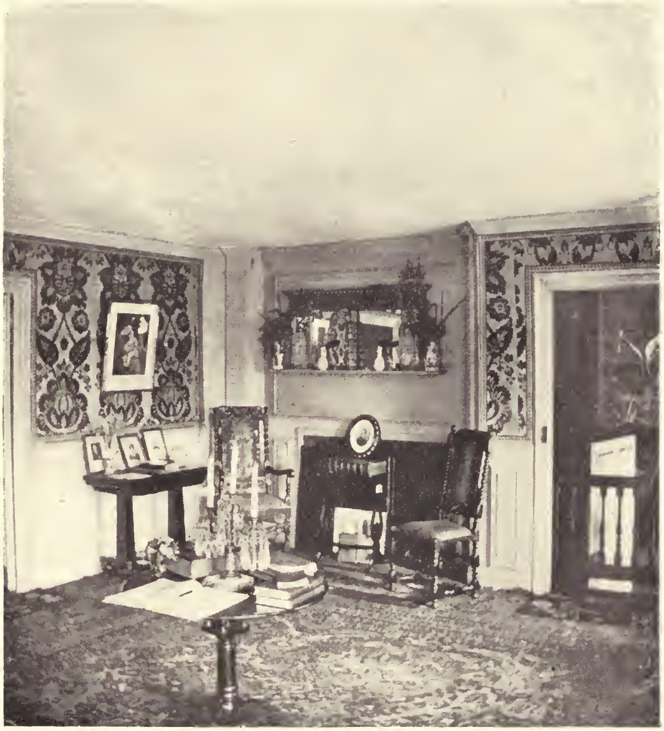
Benning Wentworth was made Governor of the State in 1741. Most of us are more familiar with his name than with that of the very much better man who was born that same year. History was made of John Langdon's works and warrings. Poetry has made Benning Wentworth's wooing and wedding famous.

The Colonial parody of the story of *Lord Burleigh and the Village Maid* is musically rendered by Longfellow. Governor Benning Wentworth married Martha Hilton, once a servant-girl at the Stavers Tavern in Queen (afterward called "Buck," now State) Street, but since promoted to the housekeeper's office in the Governor's household. The wedding feast was a surprise party, given upon the bridegroom's sixtieth birthday.

"He had invited all his friends and peers,
The Pepperills, *the Langdons*, and the Lears,
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the rest—
For why repeat the name of every guest?"

The Reverend Arthur Brown hesitating to perform the ceremony, was commanded, in the name of the law, to proceed with it.

The marriage was at Little Harbour, the gubernatorial mansion there having been built



PARLOUR OF WENTWORTH MANSION, IN WHICH GOV. BENNING WENTWORTH WAS MARRIED TO MARTHA HILTON

in 1750. Until that time the Wentworths had lived in what is known as the Wentworth-Vaughan Tavern, on Manning Street, Portsmouth. Samuel Wentworth, the grandfather of Governor Benning, was licensed in 1690, "to entertain strangers, and to sell and to brew beare as the law allows," in this, the house he had built. It is one of the dozen or more Colonial homesteads in Portsmouth that repay the visitor to the quaint old seaport for the time and trouble the journey hither has cost him.

The event that gave us the poem of *Lady Wentworth*, is squeezed in the Parish Register of St. John's Church, into a space just one inch square:

"*Portsmouth, March 15th, Benning Wentworth, Gov., Martha Hilton. '59.*"

Another entry dated a few months after the elderly bridegroom's death, shows that Lady Wentworth speedily consoled herself for the loss of her Burleigh by wedding his brother, Colonel Michael Wentworth of His Majesty's service.

Sir John Wentworth, LL.D. was the uxorious Benning's nephew. He was, by three years, the senior of John Langdon. The boys may have fought together on the village green, and upon the play-ground attached to worshipful Major Hale's school, as they struggled in their manhood in the arena of Colonial politics.

The Langdon family was one of the oldest in Portsmouth and always conspicuous in her domestic and public annals. John, the most distinguished citizen of town and Province, was born in 1740 or 1741.

> "His boyhood was unmarked by prophecy or wonders. He did what other boys did; trudged to the Latin school kept by the celebrated Major Hale, who was one of the characters of his day, recited his lessons, and left no gleaming legend for scholarship. Langdon was not a genius, and sound sense always kept him safely within bounds."[1]

John Wentworth, the Governor's nephew was graduated at twenty-two from Harvard College; at twenty-eight (in 1765), he was sent by the Provincial Government to England upon a special mission. That year, his titled relative, Charles Watson Wentworth, Marquis of Rockingham, was made Premier of Great Britain. He was to become the idol of a fleeting hour in America on account of his

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[1] Charles R. Corning, in *New England Magazine*, July 1894.

GOVERNOR BENNING WENTWORTH

agency in the repeal of the detested Stamp Act, and was always popular in the Colonies.

John Wentworth returned to Portsmouth in 1767 as "Surveyor of the King's Woods in America and Governor of New Hampshire." The curled and perfumed darling of Fortune—like his uncle and predecessor in office—

"Represented England and the King
And was magnificent in everything."

Longfellow paints a street scene in that Old Portsmouth for us:

"A gay
And brilliant equipage that flashed and spun,
The silver harness glittering in the sun,
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank;
While, all alone within the chariot, sat
A portly person with three-cornered hat
A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,
And diamond buckles, sparkling at his knees."

Ah! the world went very well then with the future baronet in his Great House at Little Harbour, "looking out to sea."

The sea upon which John Langdon, who was never to prefix or suffix a foreign title to his honest name, was then making the fortune to be staked upon the result of the conflict between his native Province and the King represented by his former schoolfellow. After serving an apprenticeship in a Portsmouth counting-house, the man without genius chose his career. Money was to be made surely and swiftly by trading directly with the Indies, Africa, and Europe. John Langdon was one who ever knew his own mind intimately; who understood his own purposes and abode by them. He meant to become rich, and that Portsmouth and New Hampshire should profit by his prosperity.

LANGDON COAT OF ARMS

> "Moons waxed and waned; the lilacs bloomed and died.
> In the broad river ebbed and flowed the tide;
> Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,
> And the slow years sailed by, and ceased to be."

The world was not going so well for Governor Wentworth when the seafarer decided to leave off roving and resume home and mercantile life. Fortune's darling was still personally popular with his fellow-citizens, but the King he represented was growing daily more obnoxious. The gallant fellow had done his best, according to the light that was in him, toward securing the best interests of the country as dear to him as to any of the malcontents. He had given a charter to Dartmouth College, rising superior to any small partiality for his own Alma Mater; he was the farmer's friend and zealous coadjutor, and, as chief magistrate of the Colony, encouraged immigration and development of all her resources. As the direct result of his wise legislation, New Hampshire had, by now, a population of 80,000, and was growing rapidly in numbers and wealth.

With indignant pain the Governor awoke to the truth that has confounded many another favourite of the people,—to wit, that the dullest yokel can dissociate men and measures when self-interest is abraded. One and all of those who visited the Great House, or bared their heads as the Governor's chariot drove through the streets of his capital city, liked and approved of him, and of what he had done in the past for town and townspeople. But resentments and resolves which were, in two years' time, to crystallise into the Declaration of Independence, were as rife in New Hampshire as in her sister provinces. A long series of wrongs and misread rights had aroused the loyal and patient young giant that now knew itself to be a nation. It was beyond the power of any individual to quiet the tempest.

John Wentworth, too, was loyal and patient. Loyal to his sovereign and in love for his fellow-citizens, patient, to an extent that awakens our affectionate and compassionate respect, with his misguided compatriots. His policy was conciliatory from the outset to the bitter and unlooked-for end. It was, therefore, a heavy disappointment and a personal sorrow when, in the depth of a December night, in 1774, a party, headed by John Langdon and John Sullivan—(Major-General Sullivan of the Revolutionary War, subsequently Attorney-General, then, President of the State of New Hampshire) surprised and overcame the little garrison at Fort William and Mary, New Castle, securing the ordnance and ammunition for the Colonial army. The expedition was a direct assault upon the Royal Government; the assailants were little better than an infuriated mob, such as no one who knew John Langdon as a sober, law-abiding citizen would have expected him to countenance, much less to organise and conduct. Yet there is no record of any effort at reprisal on the part of the King's representative, and nothing to show that the relations between him and Langdon were strained by what was a crime in the eye of established law.

On the contrary, the message sent by Wentworth to the Provincial House of Representatives convened in Portsmouth, May 1775, and to which John Langdon was a delegate, was full of kindly and moderate counsels. The colonists were advised to bear and forbear until the unhappy misunderstandings were cleared up, and exhorted to continued confidence in the Home Government which had been paternal in past kindnesses.

In reply, a Committee from the House waited upon the Governor. John Langdon's was among the serious visages that met Wentworth's ready smile. The two were, as we have seen, not far apart in age, John Langdon being now thirty-five, John Wentworth, thirty-eight. The crisis was too grave for diplomatic circumlocution. The Committee drove straight to the object of their visit. The temper of the Assembly was too fiery to allow calm discussion of the matters set forth in his Excellency's message. They would not answer for the consequences if the members proceeded forthwith to business. John Langdon was a lover of liberty. He was also a lover of fair play, and so far as was practicable in the present excited state of public feeling, a lover of peace and concord. He strongly recommended, and his colleagues agreed with him, that the session be postponed for a month. After a little parleying the Governor acquiesced in the proposition. He was confident, at heart, of winning his people back to their allegiance. Before the month was half gone, another organised exhibition of popular feeling, engineered as before, by substantial citizens, and led by Langdon and Sullivan, heated the blood of town and Colony. The fortifications of Jerry's Point, one of the harbour defences, were demolished; more muniments of war fell to the portion of the insurgents.

The crowning insult to King and to Governor came in May of 1775. Colonel Fenton, "a well-known and well-hated" British officer, was dining with the Governor, when a mob collected in front of the Great House, trained a field-piece upon it, and demanded the loyalist's person. Before the host could interfere to prevent him, Colonel Fenton coolly walked out of the front door and gave himself up. He was hurried away under guard to Exeter.

Stung and humiliated as he was by these repeated outrages, John Wentworth was sufficiently master of himself to essay further conciliation of the turbulent populace. Langdon still held to the opinion that it would be unsafe to bring the Convention together at present, and the Governor once more postponed the session, this time until July.

JOHN WENTWORTH, LAST ROYAL GOVERNOR OF N. H.

"Before the day of assembling came, the last Royal Governor [of New Hampshire] had fled to the protection of H. M. Frigate *Scarborough.* The people at last were kings, responsible only to themselves."

Personally,—and I would fain believe that my reader is with me,—I own to much and sympathetic interest in this special Royal Governor. All that we gather concerning him shows us a right goodly figure, debonair and dashing, as might well be in one richly endowed by nature and circumstance with gifts that captivate his fellow-men and all classes of women.

A local historian treats us to a diverting account of John Wentworth's marriage, which set gossiping tongues—hardly stilled from discussion of his uncle's escapade—to wagging hotly and furiously. The nephew and successor of Benning Wentworth was unhappy in his first love, the lady jilting him to marry Colonel Atkinson of Portsmouth. Two years after Wentworth returned from England, Governor of New Hampshire and Royal Surveyor of the Woods of North America, Colonel Atkinson died. I copy the rest of the tale from *Rambles about Portsmouth :*

> "The widow was arrayed in the dark habiliments of mourning, which, we presume, elicited an immense shower of tears, as the fount was so soon exhausted. The next day the mourner appeared in her pew at church as a widow. But that was the last Sabbath of the widow.

On Monday morning there was a new call for the services of the milliner, the unbecoming black must be laid aside and brighter colours, as becomes a Governor's bride, must take its place."

She espoused Governor Wentworth in Queen's Chapel exactly ten days after her first husband's demise.

The Chief Magistrate of the Province was gorgeously bedight in a white cloth coat, trimmed with "rich gold lace," white silk "stocking-breeches," and embroidered blue silk waistcoat coming down to his thighs. His hat was "recockt" for the occasion, and caught up at the side with gold lace, button, and loop. His bonny brown hair was tied in a queue with three yards of white ribbon.

They were married by the same clergyman to whom Longfellow introduces us in *Lady Wentworth*:

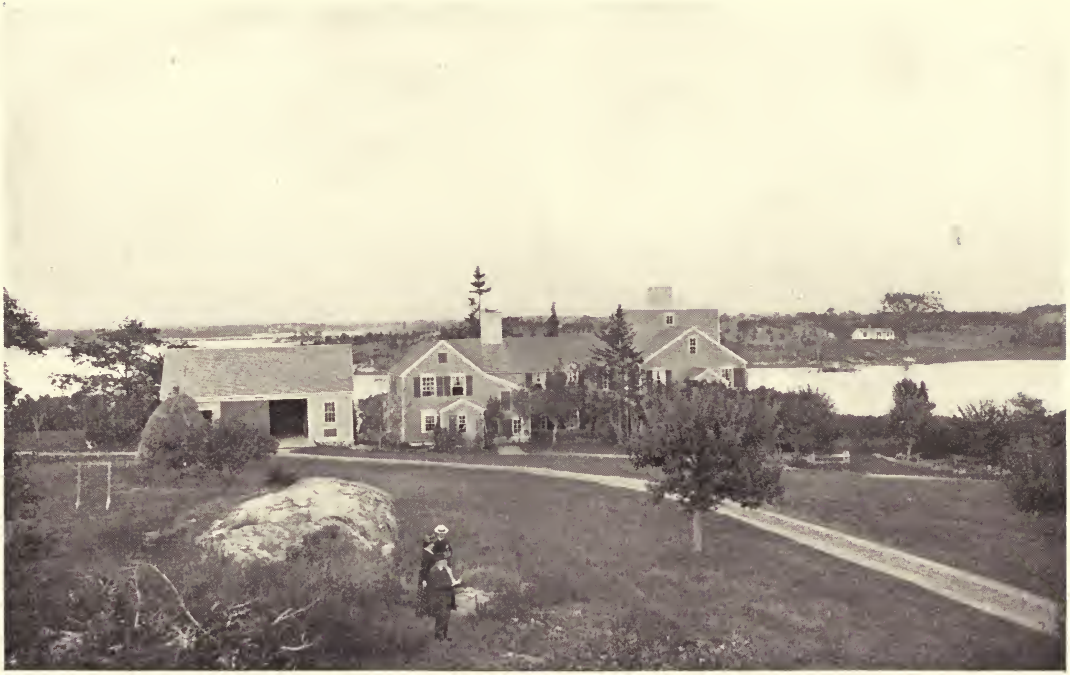
> "The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown
> Of the Established Church; with smiling face,
> He sat beside the Governor and said grace."

As a *sequitur* to this second unconventional performance of the Governors Wentworth, our local chronicle relates:

"Rev. Arthur Brown may have been excited beyond his wont by the celerity of the proceedings, considering the mourning so hastily put off. Perhaps he was soliloquising on the course of human events and wondering what might happen next. Be that as it may, he wandered, absent-mindedly, down the steps after the wedding ceremony, and falling, broke his arm."

This marriage extraordinary took place in 1769. The new Lady Wentworth queened it superbly in the provinces, and when she accompanied her husband to England in 1775, became one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Queen of George III. She lived to extreme old age. Their only son died before either of the parents.

"For a' that an' a' that," we dismiss the bold bridegroom from our pages regretfully. Compared with Edmund Andros of New England, Berkeley and Dunmore of Virginia, and Leisler of New York, he was a gentle and beneficent ruler, and deserved to be held in affectionate remembrance by those he had served. His property was confiscated after his flight to England; he returned to America as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia in 1792, was made a baronet in 1795, and died in Halifax in 1820, aged eighty-three.



WENTWORTH HALL, LITTLE HARBOUR (AS IT IS NOW)

Although we have the story of Lady Wentworth the first at our finger's ends, we think more, and tenderly, of Governor Benning's nephew in visiting Wentworth Hall, at Little Harbour. It is an irregular group of buildings that does not warrant the poet's description,

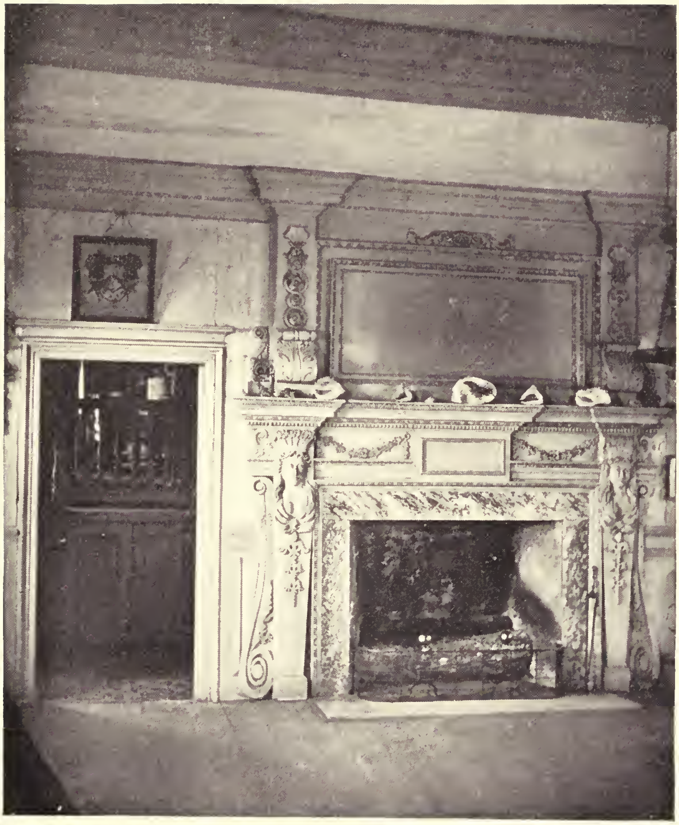
> " A noble pile,
> Baronial and colonial in its style."

The several parts composing it seem to have been thrown together, rather than arranged in obedience to any architectural design. There were originally fifty-two rooms; now there are but forty-five. Rising ground hides the house from the road, but it is open toward the sea on two sides. John Wentworth stabled his horses in the extensive cellars after the era of popular tumults began. Thirty horses could be comfortably housed here. The ancient council-chamber is in admirable preservation. It is an imposing apartment, finished in the best style of the last century. The fine mantel represents a year's work with knife and chisel. In the billiard-room hangs the familiar portrait of Dorothy Quincy, the " Dorothy Q " of Holmes's delightful verses.

The present owner of Wentworth Hall, Mr. Coolidge, formerly of Boston, is most hospitable to those inquisitive strangers whose desire to behold the time-honoured precincts springs from reverent interest in the past it commemorates.

As we sit upon the sofa in the spacious drawing-room, so deftly restored and so jealously protected that we might be gazing upon wainscot and ceiling with Martha Hilton's housewifely eyes, or with the satisfied regards of Colonel Atkinson's late relict, we hearken to another and yet more sensational legend than that perpetuated by Longfellow.

According to this, Governor Benning Wentworth—a widower made childless by the death of three sons—cast approving glances upon Molly Pitman, a lass of low degree, who was betrothed to a certain Richard Shortridge, a mechanic, and therefore in her own rank of life. Her persistent refusal of the great man so incensed him that, by his connivance, a press-gang was sent to the house of Shortridge and carried him off to sea. After sundry transfers from one ship to another, he gained the good-will of his commanding officer, who listened patiently to his piteous tale.



OLD MANTEL IN THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER OF WENTWORTH HALL

" Run away, my lad, and we won't pursue you," was the practical advice of the superior.

Richard Shortridge was not slow in taking the friendly hint. Upon his return to Portsmouth, he found his Molly faithful, and married her.

It was after this most unhandsome behaviour upon the Governor's part (for which we were not prepared by Longfellow, *et als*), that he espoused Martha Hilton.

As they would have phrased it, the Portsmouth people had no stomach for diverting tales of any kind, for gossip of marrying and giving in marriage, of singing men and singing women. All this was vanity of vanities while the old government was going to pieces under them, and the seafaring qualities of the hastily constructed raft of the new were problematical.

John Langdon and John Sullivan were commissioners to the first Continental Congress in May, 1775, conferring there with Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, Cæsar Rodney, Samuel Adams, George Washington, and others. Langdon was at home again, July 3d. We are indebted to Mr. Corning for part of a letter which shows us the moved depths of a nature that, up to this time, has seemed quiet to coldness, self-contained to austerity:

> "The low mean revenge and wanton cruelty of the Ministerial sons of tyranny in burning the pleasant Town of Charlestown Beggars all Description. This does not look like the fight of those who have so long been Friends, and would hope to be Friends again, but rather of a most cruel enemy, tho' we shall not wonder when we Reflect that it is the infernald hand of Tyranny which always has, and Ever will delluge that part of the World (which it lays hold of) in Blood. . . . I am sorry to be alone in so great and important Business as that of representing a whole Colony, which no man is equal to, but how to avoid it, I know not. . . . I shall endeavor, as far as my poor abilities will admit of, to render every service in my power to my Country."

In 1776, he was appointed by Congress to superintend the building of the frigate *Raleigh*, and did not return to Philadelphia for some months. To this absence was due the misfortune that his name did not take its rightful place among the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was made Speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives in 1776 and in 1777.

"He was no orator," says his biographer, "and scarcely a fair talker."

The exigency of Burgoyne's march towards

New England, and the unreadiness of the patriots to meet him induced the Committee of Safety to recall the Provincial Assembly in haste. The summons got the members together in three days' time, but their alacrity in obeying the call was not expressive of the state of their spirits. Men's hearts were failing them for fear. What hope of successful resistance had companies of raw militia, hurriedly drawn together, and commanded by provincial officers, when opposed by the flower of the English army in an overwhelming majority as to numbers? A more despondent and woe-begone set of representatives was never collected in the Assembly Hall. Langdon sat, silent and observant, in the Speaker's chair until the prevalent discouragement began to take unto itself words. Then the patriot who was "scarcely a fair talker" sprang to his feet, the fire of a Henry in his eyes, the ring of Henry's eloquence upon his tongue. Without preamble or the waste of a word, he flung out the briefest and most pertinent speech ever uttered in any Legislature:

"*I* have three thousand dollars in hard money! I will pledge my plate for three thousand more. I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum, which shall be sold for the most it will bring.[1] These are at the service of the State. If we succeed in defending our firesides and homes, I may be remembered. If we do not, the property will be of no value to me. Our old friend Stark, who so nobly sustained the honour of our State at Bunker Hill, may be safely intrusted with the conduct of the enterprise,—*and we will check the progress of Burgoyne!*"

The effect was electric. The House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole and ordered the entire militia of the State to be formed into two brigades. The command was given by acclamation to Stark. As I have said, John Langdon's money equipped a volunteer battalion. John Langdon in person led one company at Bennington. It is with a thrill of genuine satisfaction that we read of Colonel Langdon's presence at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga and that to him was committed the honourable task of bearing the articles of the terms of capitulation from the American general's headquarters to the British forces. We hear of him again, fighting under his old colleague, General Sullivan, in Rhode Island. Then, to him was assigned by Congress the congenial task of supervising frigate-building, enlisting marines, and providing guns and ammunition for the war-vessels when built.

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[1] Portsmouth distillers and merchants had just raised the price of rum to an extravagant figure in anticipation of the demands of the army for "the essential concomitant to war in those days."

When the war was over, he was president of a State convention to consider the vexed question of paper money, and again, a delegate to the United States Congress to deliberate upon certain points of difference between that body and New Hampshire. I have noted as one of the interesting coincidences in the history of the State that his name was the first signed to the Federal Constitution.

When the political outlook was least promising, and just before the impassioned upspringing of patriotic fervor that threw his worldly all into the trembling scale of national existence, he had married Elizabeth Sherburne, daughter of John and Mary Moffat Sherburne. Near the close of the war the Langdon Mansion in Pleasant Street was completed, the building having been often interrupted.

November, 1789, Washington, who had been inaugurated as President of the United States in April of that year, wrote in his diary of a Sunday spent in Portsmouth. There had been a triumphal reception of the President on

Saturday, in which Colonel Michael Wentworth, Lady Benning Wentworth's second husband, was chief marshal. General John Sullivan was Governor of the State, and, with the marshal and ex-Governor John Langdon, accompanied Washington to "the Episcopal church under the incumbency of Mr. Ogden, and in the afternoon to one of the Presbyterian or Congregational churches, in which a Mr. Buckminster preached."

Upon this occasion, the President was attired in a suit of black velvet, with diamond knee-buckles. Tobias Lear, a native of the important seaport town, was with his chief.

The Presidential party was entertained by Mr. Langdon and his wife in the home we visit in Pleasant Street, a residence his Excellency was pleased to pronounce the "handsomest in Portsmouth." The toothèd cornices of drawing-room and hall, the massive doors and thick partition-walls were the same then as we see them now. There are bits of Colonial furniture in every room, each having its story. The whole house is in splendid preservation, a fit and enduring type of the estate of the man who built and occupied it when fortune and fame were in their zenith. No citizen had deserved better of his compatriots, and when he threw open for the first time the great doors of the Pleasant Street mansion, his heart was full of grateful appreciation of the manner in which they had tried to recompense him for lavish expenditure of wealth, for valour in the field, and wise counsels in the halls of public debate. It was his hour of triumph, glad and full, the day of prosperity in which none could have blamed him for thinking, if he had not said it,—" I shall never be moved."

Those of his blood, although not his lineal descendants, still dwell under the stately roof.

Of them and of the homestead we shall learn more in the next chapter.

XIV

THE LANGDON AND WENTWORTH HOUSES IN PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

(Concluded)

SENATOR MACLAY, of Pennsylvaina, whose acquaintance we made in our chapters upon the Carroll homesteads, was not, as we know, an admirer of John Adams and some other dignitaries. We have from his caustic pen a sketch of the dinner customs of the rich and great in the last decade of the eighteenth century, and are grateful, even though the tendency of the clever skit be to lower the greatest man of the country a quarter-degree in our imaginations. The scene was the dining-room of the Presidential mansion in Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. John Langdon were among the bidden guests. It is in their company, therefore, that we witness what went on at the state banquet.

"The room"—Maclay complains—"was disagreeably warm."

Then we have the *menu:*

"First was soup; fish, roasted and boiled meats—gammon [that is, ham, probably Old Virginia ham] fowls, etc. The middle of the table was garnished in the usual tasty way, with small images, flowers, (artificial) etc. The dessert was, first, apple pies, puddings, etc.; then, ice-creams, jellies, etc.; then, water-melons, musk melons, apples, peaches, nuts. It was the most solemn dinner ever I sat at. Not a health drank—scarce a word said, until the cloth was taken away. Then, the President, taking a glass of wine, with great formality, drank to the health of every individual, by name, around the table (!)

"Everybody imitated him—changed glasses; and such a buzz of 'Health, Sir!' and 'Health, Madam!' and 'Thank you, Sir!' and 'Thank you, Madam!' never had I heard before.

"Indeed, I had like to have been thrown out in the hurry; but I got a little wine in my glass, and passed the ceremony. The bottles passed about, but there was a dead silence almost. Mrs. Washington at last withdrew with the ladies. I expected the men would now begin, but the same stillness remained. The President told of a New England clergyman who had lost a hat and wig in passing a river called 'the Brunks,' [*quære,* the Bronx?] He smiled, and everybody else laughed. The President kept a fork in his hand, when the cloth was taken away, I thought for the purpose of picking nuts. He eat no nuts, but played with the fork, striking on the edge of the table with it."

This is delightful! It is also seriously suggestive of facts which are generally ignored when we speak of Washington's administration. The hero ceased to be a demi-god in becoming Chief Magistrate of the crude Republic. What the New Hampshire Legislature objurgated as a "spirit of malignant abuse," walked openly in the land, and was especially rampant in high places. To this era belongs the anecdote of John Adams's private ebullition of jealous contempt when the Father of his Country was nominated for a second term. Chancing to be, as he supposed, alone, in a room where the most conspicuous decoration was a portrait of the successful nominee, Mr. Adams is said to have walked up to it and shaken his fist in the impassive face:

"Oh! you d—d old mutton-head! If you had not kept your mouth so closely shut, they would have found you out!"

The connection of the profane story with the ponderous festivities so well depicted by Maclay that we yawn while we laugh is obvious.

John Langdon, when elected for the second time to the Senate, was honestly opposed to Washington's administration, and did not cloak his hostility. The passage of the Jay treaty was the signal for a display of partisan fury, imperfectly suppressed until the unpopular measure afforded a pretext for the eruption.

This celebrated treaty, known by the name of the then Minister to the English Court, determined the eastern boundary of the State of Maine; awarded to the United States $10,000,000 as reprisal for the property of private citizens captured unlawfully by British cruisers; and certain Western forts occupied by British garrisons were given up. Thus far the advantage to the United States was unequivocal. Joined to these provisions, however, were clauses excluding United States vessels from the ports of Canada, and restricting the lucrative West India trade. No security against the

GOV. JOHN LANGDON
FROM A PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART

impressment of sailors was offered, and there was equal neglect with respect to such neutrality laws as regulated British and French privateers.

When the Jay treaty was approved by the Senate and signed by the President, a wild wave of excitement rushed over the country. Mass indignation meetings were held in every city, and angry mobs wreaked their wrath upon the property of legislators who had forwarded the measure. John Langdon had fought valiantly against it in the Senate, and had an enthusiastic ovation upon his return to Portsmouth.

In connection with this demonstration came the first proof to him of the uncertainty of popular favour. Other portions of the State saw things in a different light from that in which they appeared in the capital. The dissenting Senator was hung in effigy in one town, and at the next session of the Legislature resolutions were passed affirming the confidence of that body in "the virtue and ability of the minister who negotiated the Treaty; the Senate who advised its ratification, and the President, the distinguished friend and Father of his Country."

The tide had turned. John Langdon was a politician instead of a patriot, "a partisan," to quote Mr. Corning, "whose hand was against all who did not think and act as he did. He had taken a leading part in the political warfare, and he must abide the inevitable hostility of his former friends."

And again, of him at a later date of the troublous career upon which this partisanship had cast him :

"His ideas of civil service, as applied to office-holders, were Draconic. He is on record as declaring that he hoped to live to see a change in men, from George Washington to door-keepers."

It is an extraordinary testimony to the hold this opponent of Washington and ally of Madison and Jefferson had gained upon the confidence of the bulk of his fellow-citizens, by his probity and his personal gifts, that he was again elected to the Legislature, and for two years served as Speaker of the House. Moreover, he was chosen Governor in 1802, "receiving nearly half the entire vote," and was a successful candidate for the gubernatorial office three times afterward—namely, in 1803, 1804, and 1805.

In 1812, he declined the nomination as candidate for the Vice-Presidency, with Madison as President upon the ticket.

"I am now seventy-one years of age," he wrote, "my faculties blunted, and I have lived for the last forty years of my life in the whirlpool of politics, and am longing for the sweets of retirement. . . . To launch again upon the sea of politics at my time of life appears to me highly improper."

Less than a month later than the date of this simple and dignified letter, he put pen to paper in a very different spirit. He had always been an ardent admirer of James Madison, yet a campaign libel declared that he had declined to run for the Vice-Presidency "because of his disapproval of Madison's course." In repelling the charge, John Langdon affirmed that he considered his "great and good friend, Mr. Madison, one of our greatest statesmen, an ornament to our Country, and above all, the noblest work of God, *an honest man.*"

There is sad acrimony in one of the concluding sentences of the last public deliverance of this other "honest man."

"As our patience is worn out, and we have drunk the dregs of the cup of humiliation, if we now act with spirit and decision, we have nothing to fear."

Those who sigh sentimentally for the purity and calm of those elder days of our Republic, would do well to study the history of the administrations of our first four presidents and the private correspondence of the men who then ruled and fought, and who suffered "the stings and arrows of outrageous" calumnies, such as are not peculiar to our times, or to any particular time.

Our oft-quoted travelled friend, the Marquis de Chastelleux, who seems to have left no notable nook or family unvisited, was marvellously taken with John Langdon, whom he met in 1780 or 1781.

> "After dinner," he says, "we went to drink tea with Mr. Langdon. He is a handsome man, and of noble carriage; he has been a member of Congress, and is now one of the first people of the Country; his house is elegant and well furnished, and the apartments admirably well wainscoted; he has a good manuscript chart of the harbour of Portsmouth. Mrs. Langdon, his wife, is young, fair, and tolerably handsome, but I conversed less with her than with her husband, in whose favour I was prejudiced from knowing he had displayed great courage and patriotism at the time of Burgoyne's expedition. For,

repairing to the Council Chamber, of which he was a member, and perceiving that they were about to discuss some affairs of little consequence, he addressed them as follows :

" 'Gentlemen, you may talk as you please ; but I know that the enemy is on our frontiers, and I am going to take my pistols and mount my horse to combat with my fellow-citizens.'

" The greatest part of the members of the Council and Assembly followed him, and joined General Gates at Saratoga. As he was marching day and night, reposing himself only in the woods, a negro servant who attended him said to him, 'Master, you are hurting yourself ; but no matter, you are going to fight for Liberty. I should suffer also patiently if I had Liberty to defend.' 'Don't let that stop you,' replied Mr. Langdon ; 'from this moment you are free.' The negro followed him, behaved with courage, and has never quitted him.

" On leaving Mr. Langdon's, we went to pay a visit to Colonel [Michael] Wentworth, who is respected in this country, not only from his being of the same family as Lord Rockingham, but from his genuine acknowledged character for probity and talents."

We have a last view of Portsmouth's most distinguished citizen in the diary of his almost lifelong friend, Governor Plumer. The date is July 23, 1816 :

" Visited L. He is so literally broken down in body and mind that it gave me pain to behold the wreck of human nature in a man who had been distinguished for the elegance of his person and the offices he had held in public life."

He lived on thus for three years longer, "civil, kind, and affectionate, and tho' weak in mind, yet not foolish," until he passed away, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was borne from his beautiful home in Pleasant Street to his last resting-place, amid the firing of minute-guns from the navy-yard, the display of bunting at half-mast from public offices and private houses, and all the other tokens of general mourning.

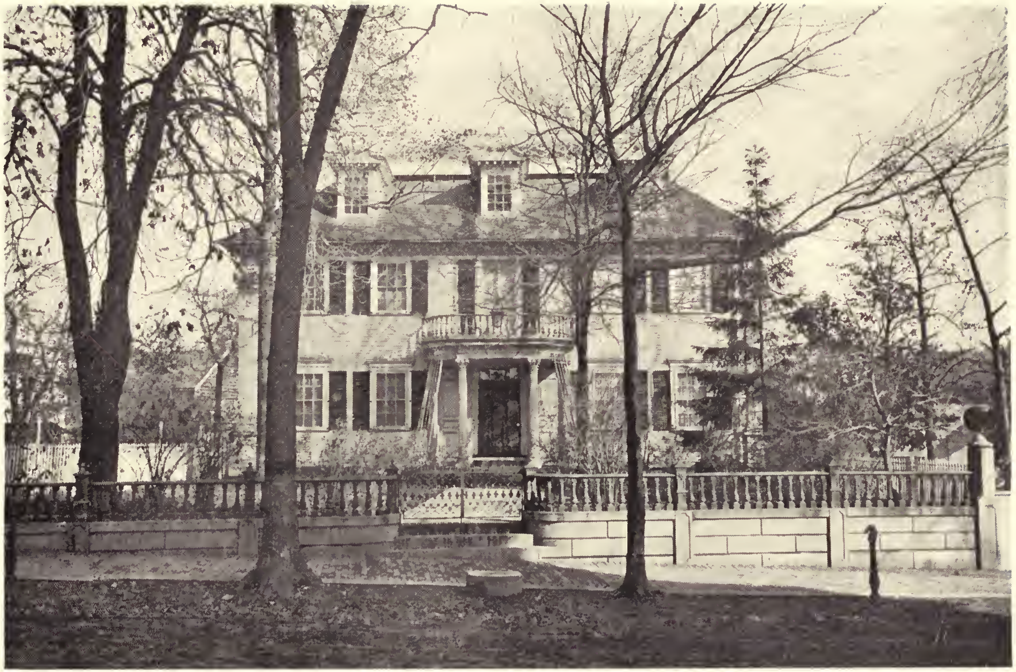
"Every mark of respect was rendered to the memory of the distinguished patriot who had done so much for the welfare of his country and the good of his fellow-citizens."

The handsome homestead in Pleasant Street has sheltered a great companyof "honourables" in its long day. Louis Philippe was Mr. Langdon's guest while in America; Washington and his aids, Lafayette, de Chastelleux, and every other foreigner of distinction who took Portsmouth *en route* in his tour, broke bread with the hospitable owner, and was ministered to by his amiable and accomplished wife. After Mr. Langdon's death it was for many years the residence of that kindly despot, the Reverend Charles Burroughs, D.D.,who "ruled like a king the little literary circle in Portsmouth of which he was undisputed head."

Ever since the death of Dr. Burroughs's widow, the house has been the property of Woodbury Langdon, Esq. of New York City. As he has another country seat near Portsmouth where he prefers to reside, the homestead is presided over by his sister and brother, whose patient courtesy to curious and sentimental visitors is proverbial.

The Reverend Dr. Alfred Elwyn of Philadelphia, whose summer home is just outside of Portsmouth, is a great-grandson of John Langdon, his grandmother having been the only child of John and Elizabeth Sherburne Langdon, who married Thomas Elwyn, Esq., of Canterbury, England. A daughter of Dr. Elwyn is the wife of Woodbury Langdon, Esq., mentioned above.

Dr. Burroughs was Rector of St. John's Church, one of the most important features of a city which is as redolent of ancient story as of the sweet salt waves that bathe her feet and send coolness, health, and strength through her streets.



THE GOVERNOR LANGDON MANSION

For St. John's Chapel—where it may still be seen—was bought by Dr. Burroughs, in 1836, the "first organ that ever pealed to the glory of God in this country."

It was imported in 1713 by Mr. Brattle of Boston, who left it in his will to the well-known old Brattle Street Church, provided "they shall accept thereof, and within a year after my decease, procure a sober person that can play skillfully thereon with a loud noise."

No skill could draw out the loud noise now, but the notes coaxed forth by our respectful fingers are, even yet, tuneful, justifying the original owner's pride and Dr. Burroughs's purchase.

Yet, as we walk over to Queen's Chapel to see the relic, we are amused by the story that the "o'er-pious" Brattle Street people left the legacy boxed up for eight months before the more progressive could overcome the prejudice against the use of "*an ungodly chest of whistles*" in the Meeting House.

The Reverend Dr. Hovey, the present rector of St. John's, is an indefatigable and most intelligent archæologist and antiquarian, and within a few years, valuable discoveries have been made in the venerable building and adjoining grounds. Not the least interesting of these is a set of mural tablets recording several donations to church and parish. One which instantly seizes upon our attention is a bequest from Colonel Theodore Atkinson, in 1754, of a valuable tract of land upon which tombs, vaults, and monuments may be erected. He also bequeathed £200, the interest to be used in the purchase of bread for the poor of the church, the distribution to take place each Sunday. The custom is still kept up.

Another discovery made this year is of a subterranean passage leading to the churchyard from the basement of the church.

In St. John's churchyard sleep the fathers of what was but a seaside hamlet when they helped to make it. The Wentworth vault holds Benning Wentworth and his brother Michael, with the woman whom both had to wife. The last Royal Governor, the rollicking John of our liking, was buried in Nova Scotia, severed from home and kindred in death as in life by loyalty to the King to whom he owed his preferment. The Reverend Arthur Brown is here, and Colonel Atkinson, who would have had no place in the *Annals of Portsmouth* but for his complaisance in making way for the former lover of his easily consoled relict.

The American branch of the Langdon family has been, for over a hundred years, nobly represented by Woodbury Langdon—the brother of John—and his descendants. He was the junior of John by two years, having been born in 1738. He married at twenty-seven—twelve years before his brother entered upon the holy estate—Sarah, the daughter of Henry and Sarah Warner Sherburne. Ten children were the fruit of this union:

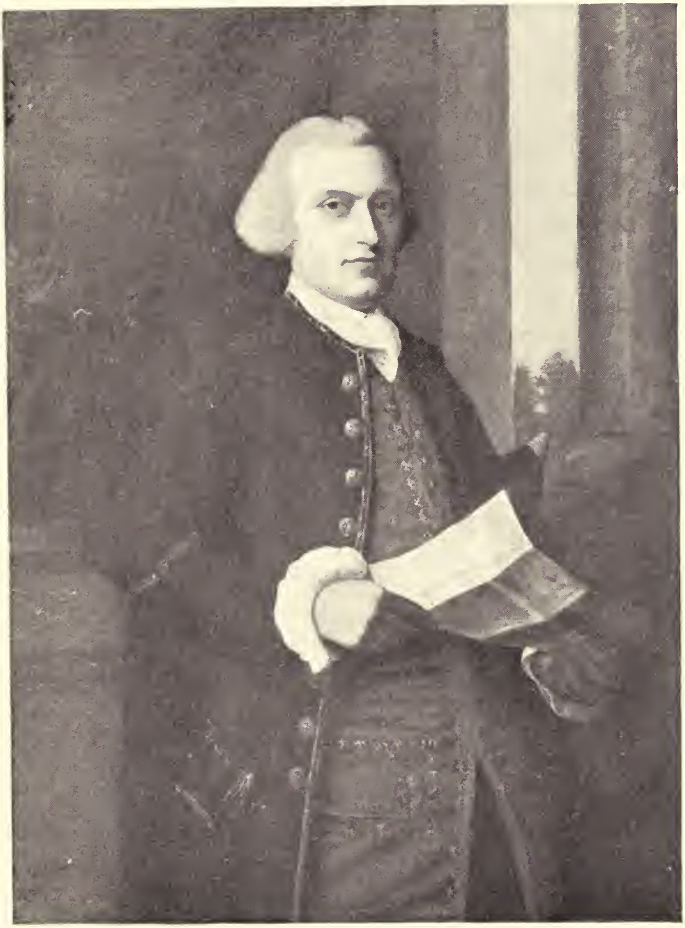
SHERBURNE COAT-OF-ARMS

(1) Henry Sherburne, who married Ann Eustis, a sister of Governor William Eustis. (2) Sarah Sherburne, married to Robert Harris. (3) Mary Ann, died, unmarried. (4) Woodbury, died, unmarried. (5) John, married to Charlotte Ladd. (6) Caroline, married to William Eustis, M.D., LL.D., Surgeon in the Revolutionary War; Member of Congress, 1801–1805 and 1820–1823; Secretary

of War, 1807–1813; Minister to Holland, 1814–1818; Governor of Massachusetts in 1823. (7) Joshua, died, single. (8) Harriet, died, single. (9) Catherine Whipple, married Edmund Roberts. (10) Walter, married Dorothea, daughter of John Jacob Astor.

Woodbury Langdon was a man of singular personal beauty, and exquisite charm of manner, a family characteristic, and hereditary. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress, 1779–1780; Counsellor of State of New Hampshire, 1781–1784; President of New Hampshire Senate, 1784; Judge of Supreme Court of New Hampshire, 1782–1791.

His wealth and taste enabled him to erect for his private residence the building which has been converted into the palatial Rockingham Hotel. The mansion cost Judge Langdon $30,000, and was built with bricks brought from England. It was supposed to be fireproof, and far surpassed in dimensions, decorations, and general architectural beauty any other house in New Hampshire—or indeed in New England. It was finished in 1785 and kept up in superb style during Judge Langdon's lifetime. After his death and the marriage and dispersion of the large family that



WOODBURY LANGDON, 1775

FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY

had filled it, his sons sold it (in 1810) to Thomas Elwyn, Esq., the husband of Elizabeth Langdon, the only child of Governor John Langdon. In 1830, it passed out of the family and since then has been used as a hotel. In 1884, a fire damaged the building greatly, but spared the fine wainscots and the magnificent octagonal dining-room, the marvel of ancient Portsmouth and the pride of the modern city. It is still the study of architects from near and from far; and an enduring memorial to the intelligence and refinement of the first proprietor.

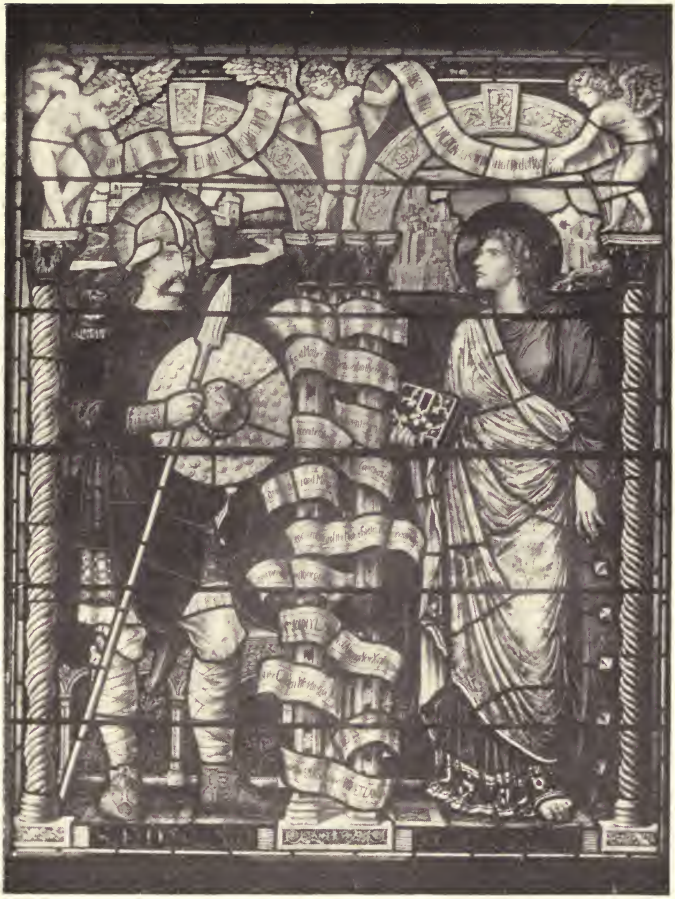
The portrait of Judge Woodbury Langdon has a distinguished place in the State House at Concord, the present capital of New Hampshire.

The name of Edmund Roberts who married Judge Langdon's youngest daughter is inseparably associated with our earliest diplomatic relations with the Far East. Born in Portsmouth in 1784, he was offered an appointment as midshipman in the United States Navy at thirteen, but preferred a place in the merchant service, dividing his time between England and South America until he was twenty-four years old. He amassed a large fortune and became a heavy ship-owner before he utilised, in diplomatic life, the results of his wide observation and deep thought respecting our foreign commercial relations. He was sent upon a special embassy by the Government to make treaties with Muscat, Siam, and Cochin China in 1830, and again in 1835, "to visit Japan with like purpose," but died at Macao before the work was fully accomplished. A posthumous volume under the caption of *Embassy to Eastern Courts*, details his successes during a voyage of twenty-six months.

A memorial window of exquisite design and execution in St. John's Church, Portsmouth, was presented to the parish by Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn in honour of her grandfather, the first American diplomatist in Asia, whose unfinished work was consummated many years later by Matthew Perry and Townsend Harris.

One of his surviving daughters married the Reverend A. P. Peabody, D.D., of Harvard University; another, Harriet Langdon, became the wife of the Honorable Amasa Junius Parker of Albany.

The marriage ceremony of Judge and Mrs. Parker was performed by Rev. Dr. Burroughs, who had also baptised the bride. The first ten years of their married life were spent in



WINDOW TO EDMUND AND CATHERINE LANGDON ROBERTS IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH

28

Delhi, New York. In rapid succession Mr. Parker was chosen a Regent of the University of New York, made Vice-Chancellor and a Judge of the Circuit Court, Member of Congress, 1838–9; then, Judge of the Supreme Court. He was one of the founders of the Albany Law School, and for twenty years one of the professors. His contributions to the legal literature of the United States were important.

In 1884, Judge and Mrs. Parker celebrated their golden wedding at the "The Cliffs," the Newport home of their daughter, Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn. There were then living of the ten children born to the honoured parents:—Mrs. Pruyn, General Amasa Junius Parker, Jr., Mrs. Erastus Corning, and Mrs. Selden E. Marvin. The fine "Holiday Window" in St. John's Church, Portsmouth, to the memory of Edmund Roberts and his wife was erected by Mrs. Pruyn in honour of the golden wedding. The figures therein depicted are those of St. Edmund and St. Catherine, with their legends. The harmonious family group assembled upon the memorable occasion I have chronicled, was broken by the death of Mrs. Parker, June 28, 1889.

The *Albany Argus*, in a biographical sketch of one who was, for forty years, a ruling influence in Albany society, says :

> "Mrs. Parker had strong religious convictions and high ideals, and was possessed of great force of character and the many graces and charms that are embodied in the character of a good woman. She was a woman, also, of extraordinary unselfishness and always solicitous of the comfort and welfare of others."

How far the eulogium understates the sterling qualities and exceeding lovableness of the subject, those who were admitted to her home and a place in the true, tender heart, can best say.

Judge Parker died May 13, 1890, and Mrs. Erastus Corning very suddenly at Easter-tide, 1899. To the rare, fine spirit whose life was a continual benediction to church, community, and home, the translation, upon the dearest and most joyful of Christian festivals, was a beautiful passing over, not a passing out.

In reviewing the history of the New-World lines of the Langdon race, the believer in hereditary influences in shaping and colouring human destiny finds abundant confirmation of what is no more theory, but a science which is not far from exactness.

MRS. WOODBURY LANGDON

FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY

In addition to the pure strong flood poured by Woodbury Langdon into the minds and souls of his descendants, Judge Parker's children have drawn high principles and fine mental traits from their mother's forbears,—Governor Thomas Dudley of the Massachusetts Bay Colony; Governor Theophilus Eaton of the New Haven Colony, and Lieutenant-Governor Gibbins of the Province of New Hampshire; also, from Henry Sherburne of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a Judge and a member of His Majesty's Privy Council, and a delegate to the famous Congress held in Albany in 1754.

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